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YOU CAN'T GET AWAY WITH IT!

Little sinlets, such as these, can be forgiven once or twice, but the trouble is that they're apt to grow.

By DIANA KAYE

First, there's "gold-digging"

I DON'T mean anything so obvious as a pickaxe and shovel, of course—just a little chiselling on the side. Craving for caviare when you know he'd reckoned on spaghetti. Purring over orchids when he's just told you violets might have been designed for you. Being afraid of heights at the suggestion of gallery seats at a show.

Not gold-digging, you see—oh, my, no!—just prospecting for a little gold-dust to garnish your glamor.

But where's the gold-rush leading you? To moon-faced youths and tired business men, with money as their only asset. You may get away with it, but you can't take it with you, remember. And you won't get away with it for long.

Now it may be only the gilt on the gingerbread you're after; but when you really get into the swing of it you'll be wanting more and more.

No, you won't get away with it—you'll get it in the neck!

Then—poaching...

IT'S only small game you're after—not the fiancés or the husbands; just the sweethearts and the boy-friends. Of course, you could dig up a man of your own, but that would be tame. The fun lies in bagging your game on someone else's preserves.

And anyway, all the attractive men seem to be attached.

Now that's not too bad—whose agin a bit of flirtation? But—sooner or later, small fry won't satisfy you; you're going to start stalking bigger game. An engagement ring will flash a challenge and not a warning.

Trespassers will be prosecuted—



that doesn't apply to you, of course; you can always get away with it... Until the fatal day when you notice

"JUST AT the moment you may get away with being a casual sophisticate," but—

AT LEFT: Making appointments with men friends and then ringing them up to break them off may be good fun—while it lasts.

that all the attractive men are married. Come now, really, truly, do you want to get away with that?

Those little white lies...

NOW, I don't mean, "Darling, what an adorable hat," when you think it's a cross between a mushroom and an old boot, or "No, of course it doesn't make you look fat!" since you know she spent three weeks' salary on the dress and didn't take a back view. I mean the really misleading lie like, "You know I wouldn't go out with anyone but you, Johnnie dear. I was at grandma's last night," when you were really listening to Montmorency's life story under the palms.

Little white lies which spare someone's feelings at the moment fit right into the social scheme. But great big whoppers which only spare your feelings are beyond the pale.

It's the profit-making lie with the loss for someone else that deserves a mouthful of soap and water.

Little white lies change color pretty easily if they're used too much; first they become grey, dirty grey and then black. And don't expect to get away with it when you tell three men that they're the only one you adore. You'll just get caught.

Common discourtesy...

YOU'RE casual. Fifteen or twenty minutes late—well, it's a mere bagatelle. And what's the first act of the show to a good entrance? Bread-and-butter letters seem pretty stale to you, and dates for you were made to be broken.

Just at the moment you get away with being a casual sophisticate. And you keep everyone on their toes, wondering what you're going to do next. But if you go on this way, you won't need to keep them wondering.

Just once you'll keep someone waiting too long. Or you'll break a date you won't get a chance to make again. Just once you'll be casual,

"JUST ONCE you'll keep someone waiting too long..."



IT'S EASY to say "I'm sorry" when you forget to return a borrowed book—but your friend won't be very pleased.

through force of habit, when you meant to be careful. And then, it's too bad for you—you'll be a casualty.

Malice aforethought...

YOU know the sort of thing. "Helen, darling, I wish you always wore those slacks—you look just like the Giant Panda." Or, "Here's Henry. Don't stare so, my pet, he always looks like that." It is not viciousness—just wit with a dash of bitterness. Everyone laughs. You feel a warm glow—especially when you overhear someone saying, "She's so amusing!"

So you have got away with it. Oh, you have, have you? Sooner or later you'll find your little arrows striking deeper.

Perhaps just once you'll overshoot the mark. And then, if you listen carefully, and admit that it is meant for you, you'll find more than one person whispering, "She's pretty poisonous."

Taking advantage...

MARY likes lending her things, and just because you know it gives her so much pleasure, you don't mind borrowing. It's nothing to you if she has to wait months for that book you borrowed.

John adores driving—so why shouldn't he run you in his car wherever you want to go? As for Violet, she dotes on dogs, so it's really doing her a favor to let her take Spot for a run round the block.

Ah, there's the rub. The moment you find yourself doing people a favor by taking advantage of their pet generosity, you're fooling no one but yourself.

First thing you know, you'll be splashing Mary's evening coat with champagne and thinking it's not worth while having it cleaned as you'll be borrowing it again next week. First thing you know, you'll begin to regard John's car as your own—and feel downright ill-treated if he can't always act as chauffeur.

And woe unto you the day that Spot follows Violet home! Don't tell me you can't see that you've doubled your handicap and lost your advantage.

Let's Talk Of Interesting People



Gifts for research

ONE of Melbourne's most public-spirited citizens is Mr. W. Russell Grimwade, chairman of the Victorian committee of the Council for Scientific and Industrial Research. Specially interested in forestry—he has written a book on Australian eucalypts—Mr. Grimwade has made gifts of £6250 to provide apparatus for the forest products laboratory.

It was through his generosity that Captain Cook's cottage was brought to Melbourne.



Famous French avicoman

MLLE MARYSE BASTIE is one of six noted French avicomen planning a flight in formation from Paris to Syria and North Africa.

French authorities have considered the possibility of using women pilots in wartime to fly hospital planes. It is hoped the flight will encourage French women to take up aviation.



President of Turkey

FOLLOWING Kemal Ataturk's advocacy of the breaking down of social barriers, Turkey's new President, General Ismet Inonu, entertains high officials and distinguished guests accompanied by their wives with the help of his wife.

These receptions have assumed the significance of a momentous innovation in Turkish society, and the President and Mrs. Inonu, with their children, have been popularised as the ideal of a modern Turkish family.

ERASMIC FACE POWDER gave her new beauty

then romance...
a brilliant wedding
... happiness!

She might have remained in the background all her life... but she changed to Erasmic Face Powder... and captured the heart of the handsomest and most eligible man in town.

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Years and years ago, Erasmic was the exclusive powder of titled English beauties and glamorous actresses. To-day this rare and lovely powder, containing every beautifying ingredient known to the world, is the chosen powder of beautiful women everywhere. Fluffy and fragrant, exquisitely super-fine, Erasmic gives your skin a flawless smoothness and transparency... flower-like... irresistible.



Erasmic Vanishing Cream—Light, smooth, fragrant, 1/- a tube. Erasmic Cold Cream—for nightly complexion care, 1/- a tube.

AT ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES.



MRS. S. MCINTYRE, of Drummoyne, mother of Lady Oakes. With her millionaire husband and children Lady Oakes is paying a visit to her parent from her home in the Bahamas.

Former Fort St. school-girl who married millionaire

Romantic story behind rich couple's return to Australia

Former Fort Street schoolgirl Eunice McIntyre, who worked in a bank, went to Africa and there met and later married a millionaire, came back to Australia in the Monterey last week after sixteen years abroad.

Friends who remember her as a tall, attractive girl in her "home town" of Drummoyne sent flowers and telegrams to the elegant, beautiful woman who is now Lady Oakes, wife of the millionaire baronet whose wealth comes from one of the richest goldmines in the world and who owns nearly a whole island in the Bahamas.

WHEN they were still Mr. and Mrs. Harry Oakes they were presented at Court at Buckingham Palace in 1934. Sir Harry was made a baronet in the last honors list in June.

Now the millionaire baronet's Australian wife has come home again to renew old friendships, visit her mother, and see the changes that have occurred in her home town.

Merry-faced

WHEN a representative of The Australian Women's Weekly arrived at the Oakes' hotel suite, a gruff voice from within said, "Come."

Inside was small, merry-faced Sir Harry Oakes, surrounded by magazines in a flower-decked sitting-room.

He was reading Mandrake in The Australian Women's Weekly.

Sir Harry is so absent-minded that he can't remember the ages of his five children, the names of their various schools, when he gave up his London house, or how many motor cars he owns. But he has the keen eyes of a shrewd business man.

Son of a surveyor in Sangerville, Maine (U.S.A.), Sir Harry, a young man "just out of college," went to the Yukon prospecting for gold in 1908, came to Australia in 1909 to look for gold in Queensland, and after much adventuring discovered the Canadian Lake Shore Gold Mine, second richest in the world, which provides him with an income of more than a million pounds a year.

On a visit to Portuguese East Africa in 1923 Harry Oakes visited a sugar plantation managed by Mr. Desplace, whose wife is an Australian.

Staying with Mrs. Desplace was her sister, Eunice McIntyre, very tall, very beautiful, with big blue eyes, a glorious complexion, and a radiant smile that produced dimples each side of her mouth.

Harry Oakes stayed longer at the sugar plantation than he had intended.

He proposed to Eunice at Victoria Falls.

"The noise of the falls made it a bit difficult for her to hear what I was saying," he said, "so she agreed to marry me."

Just then Lady Oakes came in from the hairdresser's, elegant and well-groomed in a smartly-cut black frock, small black hat, and silver fox cape in which three orchids were pinned.

She continued the story.

"Harry returned to Australia with me and we were married at St. Mark's, Darling Point, three months after our first meeting.

"Then we went to America and on to Canada, where we made our home until five years ago."

Though Sir Harry was born an American, his wife an Australian, and eleven of their sixteen years' married life has been spent in Canada, they and their family are Bahamians.

Five years ago Sir Harry bought almost half a large island, New Providence, at Nassau, in the Bahamas, so they became citizens of the Bahamas, a British possession.

Their lovely tropical home, Cayes Point, is built on the shore of Lake Killarney.

"It is built for coolness," said Lady Oakes, "with wide verandahs and terraces."

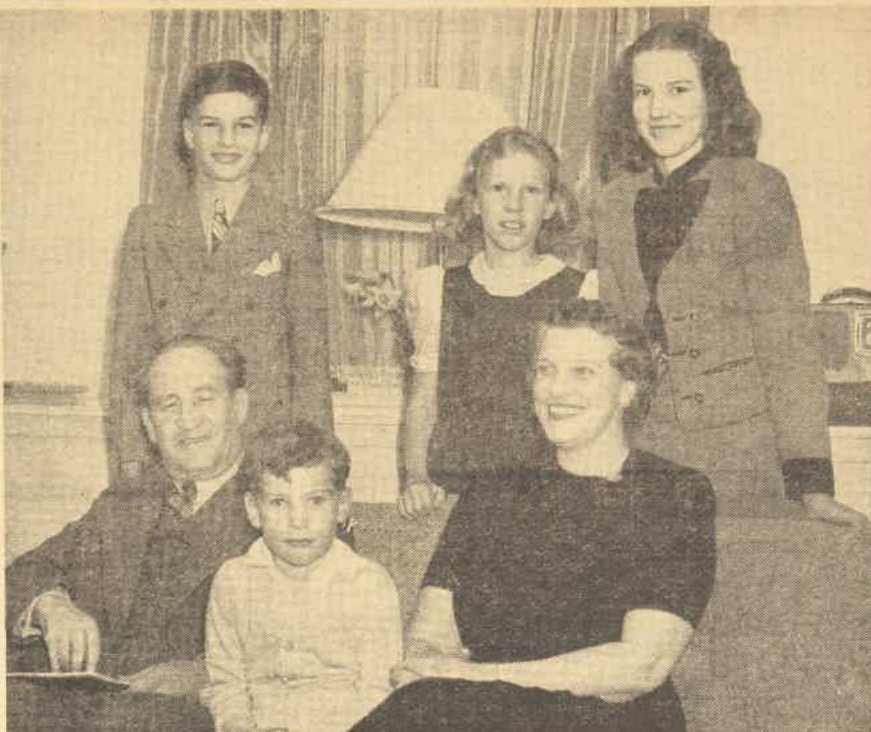
"Our staff is half white people and half natives. We are a large household, so we need a fairly large staff."

Handles staff

"I AM a perfectly domesticated woman," she said. "That's why I can keep my staff. I know just how long it takes to do different branches of housework so I do not harass them with orders."

"My English cook has been with me for twelve years, and our maids have been with us for many years."

Lady Oakes is the daughter of Mrs. S. T. McIntyre, of Drummoyne. The five Oakes children—Nancy,



HOME to see her mother. Lady Oakes, with her husband and children: Seated (from left), Sir Harry Oakes, Harry Phillip Oakes, Lady Oakes. At back: Sydney, Shirley and Nancy Oakes. Bill, aged 8, the temperamental one of the family, refused to be in the picture.

14, Shirley, 10, Sydney, 12, named after his mother's home town, Bill, 8, and Harry Phillip, 6—came in, and shook hands solemnly.

Slender, and bright-eyed, they are all suntanned from their outdoor life at home.

All of them have been to school in England, but have an American accent.

The Oakes family travelled with forty pieces of luggage for nine people—the family and the children's two English nurses.

The luggage also includes the children's cameras and a small portable radio.

All the family are ski-ers. They have been to Switzerland regularly and are going to Koscusko for ski-ing.

While Harry Phillip reminded the family it would be his birthday in a week or two, Sir Harry pored over an atlas, looking for Bali and Mauritius, where they will probably go after leaving Australia.

Lady Oakes' mother, Mrs. McIntyre, lives in a big brick villa in Drummoyne.

Does own cooking

MRS. MCINTYRE, a little woman with snow-white hair, does most of her housework, all her own cooking, and looks after her big garden and green house.

"It's lovely to see them all again," she said. "I've seen them several times, when my daughter gave me trips to England, but children grow so quickly."

"They all spent a whole afternoon here and all our relations and old friends in the district came, too."

"I have three daughters and a son, but they are all married now and I'm by myself."

"Besides Myrtle—she doesn't like her first name, Eunice—and the daughter in Africa, there are Mrs. Dixon, who lives at Elizabeth Bay, and my son, Everett, who is at Punchbowl."

Mrs. McIntyre's house is called Tesdem.

"My daughter, Myrtle, thought up the name of it for me," she said.

"The name is made up of all our initials, beginning with my husband's name, 'Thomas,' and the 'S' is for me—Sarah."

"My daughter worked at the National Bank and saved up her fare to go to Africa where her sister and her husband live—and that's how she met Harry Oakes."

"All my children went to Fort Street school. It's a very good school, don't you think? So many fine men—Sir George Reid, for instance—went to school there."

Among Mrs. McIntyre's household treasures are many gifts sent to her by her daughter from all parts of the world, but her proudest possessions are the photographs of Sir Harry and Lady Oakes and their children, at various ages.



LADY OAKES and two of her children at the salt-water swimming-pool which is one of the features of their luxury home in the Bahamas.

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Extra Vitamin "B" sends vitality UP!

Holland wanted a young Prince



PRINCESS JULIANA and her husband, Prince Bernhard, are shown here with their first baby, Princess Beatrix, who is now 20 months old.



ROYAL STORKS wearing crowns were sold in Holland to commemorate the birth of Juliana's baby.

But the people are happy about Juliana's second lovely daughter

By Beam Wireless from MARY ST. CLAIRE, our special representative in England

For ninety years Holland has been waiting for a Prince of Orange—a male heir to the throne of the Netherlands.

The booming of 51 guns at dawn from Soestdyk Palace on August 5 dashed hopes to the ground. Princess Juliana's second baby was a girl—the fourth Royal female in Holland.



NO, IT'S NOT PRINCESS BEATRIX, but a life-like doll named after the Princess. Such dolls are sold by the thousand in Holland. Now that Princess Irene has arrived the toymakers will be busier than ever.

give
NUGGET
a
TURN

and give your shoes
new lasting brilliance

It's "Nugget's" turn to come to the
rescue with a more brilliant and
lasting shine than your shoes have
ever had.

There is a "Nugget" shade for every shoe made.

DURING the night many Dutch families waited impatiently for news, hoping that 101 guns would boom out announcing a boy born to Juliana.

Nevertheless, Holland welcomed the new princess with great enthusiasm.

She has been named Irene (meaning peace) Emma Elisabeth. The celebrations were done in right royal style.

A national holiday was proclaimed, while 4000 families in the Soestdyk district, where the Royal Palace is situated, regaled themselves on stocks of buttered rusks, an orange-colored sweetmeat which is the traditional feast for celebrating the birth of a child.

Every child born on the same day as Princess Irene received from her father, Prince Bernhard, a complete layette and perambulator—blue for boys and pink for girls.

The Princess was actually born at 1 a.m. on August 5, just missing a birthdate similar to the Queen of England, who was born on August 4. The child was born during a thunderstorm, but only the hundreds who had cycled from the neighboring villages and gathered round the palace in pouring rain knew of the birth until morning, as the guns were not fired for five hours in order not to disturb Princess Juliana.

The succession to the Dutch Throne is now firmly assured.

For fifty years it rested on the lives of only children, Wilhelmina, Juliana, and Beatrix.

Wilhelmina's father, William III, had three sons by his first marriage, but all died early.

Successful rulers

AT the request of the people William remarried, Queen Wilhelmina being the only child of the second marriage.

She in turn had only one child, Juliana.

The first telegram announcing the birth was despatched to the King of England.

Then followed similar telegrams to the French President, the King of the Belgians, and the German Government, while the former Kaiser was one of the first to send congratulations and flowers from his palace at Doorn.

While a boy heir to the Dutch throne is still possible, most of the people of Holland are now reconciled to a matriarchy, and though all hoped for a prince many now point out that the rule by a woman has proved the happiest and most successful for the country.

Born to rule

The horoscope of Princess Irene

By JUNE MARSDEN

PRINCESS IRENE, born under the zodiacal sign of Leo—the lion—has an inborn ability to rule and conquer.

She is of Royal descent twice over—through human heritage and through the stars. Her powerful star-map shows she will meet difficulties, but other influences will smash them.

Many unusual events will occur in her life, but she will be immensely popular, possessing good looks and charm.

She will win prestige on her own account apart from being of Royal blood, and will develop a flair for friendships among both rich and poor.

Extreme artistic ability shows in her star-chart.

Were she not Royal she would probably make a success on stage or screen.

As she grows older she will make her own rules and regulations of conduct.

She may make a secret and sudden marriage to an unusual person.

Her peak years of happiness will be from 18 to 25—and from 38 to 45.

"Some day I shall have a son. I shall have a dozen children."

Princess Juliana said this some months before her second child was born.

The Princess is not worrying about the latest arrival being a girl.

She is passionately fond of children, and is a believer in big families, possibly because she, like her mother, was an only child.

Juliana was married in January, 1937, to Prince Bernhard, of Lippe-Biesterfeld, and it was a love match.

It is said that Queen Wilhelmina was at first opposed to the match, but now she is very fond of her son-in-law.

The first child, Princess Beatrix, was born on January 31, 1938.

Prince Bernhard is an amateur photographer, and has taken some delightful pictures of Princess Beatrix. He has an album full of studies of the child. The first picture was not very good, so the Prince took lessons in camera work, and hopes to be able to photograph the new baby with greater skill than when he was trying out his prentice hand on Princess Beatrix.

It was stated last year that Princess Juliana would visit the Netherlands Indies and would probably visit Australia as well.

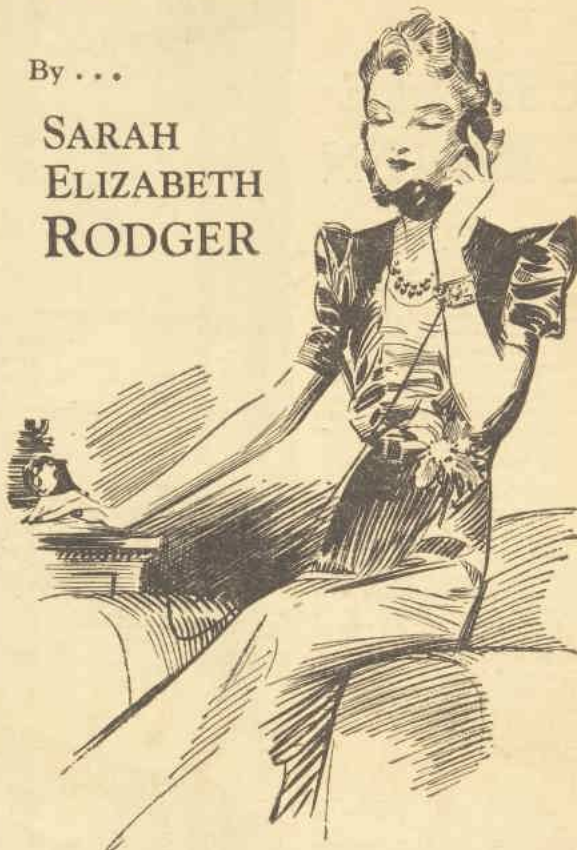
The tour did not take place, but it is understood that the idea may be revived.

Complete
Short
StoryIllustrated
by
FISCHERISABEL comes
to TOWN

By ...

SARAH
ELIZABETH
RODGER

The age of
chivalry was
not past for
one young
man who saw
a girl fighting
back her tears



HEARING his voice, she reproached herself for thinking he would fail to call her.

ISABEL knew it was foolish to be so excited about coming to stay in London. She had been up only two short years ago, when she had first come to visit Jean in her tiny new flat. Jean had a house now in the suburbs.

Isabel got off her train, boarded the bus that Jean had written and told her to take, as neither she nor Alan could meet her, and looked eagerly out of the window at the streets unwinding before her.

Isabel had the advantage of being able to appear cool and detached whether her heart was singing inside her blouse or aching with hurt or disappointment. The neatness and durability of her simple navy-blue suit proclaimed her as having been a schoolmistress for the past two years.

No one in the crowded bus knew that Isabel's heart was beating furiously and that her thoughts were scampering about in her proud little head with no more rhyme, reason or discipline than the children in their playtime.

"Dare I telephone him right away at his digs—or perhaps he'd be out now—or should I send him a short letter, giving Jean's telephone number? Or ought I to wait a day or two to hear from him, in case anyone at home should have written to him and happened to mention that I was coming up?" she wondered.

The bus rounded a corner and thundered along the street where Isabel had been told to get off.

She walked past the row of unpretentious little houses, glancing at them with a friendly feeling.

Jean must live in one of these, judging from the anapshot. They were rather sweet, with geraniums in some of the windows and children's bicycles in the front gardens.

Here was Jean now, running down the path, her heels clicking with quick staccato taps.

"Isabel, you're looking lovely!"

"HULLO, Isabel. This is Teddy Scott. I was wondering if you could lunch with me."

Jean murmured, as she kissed her.

They dragged Isabel's bags upstairs and hung up her crushable dresses to shake out the creases.

Jean bubbled with gossip and questions.

Isabel knew Jean was happy with Alan, but she seemed a little homesick. Isabel told her all she knew and a little more, harmlessly embroidering all the situations Jean was interested in, and digging up any fresh news she could possibly remember.

Then she caught hold of Jean's hand.

"Jean, ought I to telephone Teddy Scott—or write him a note or what? He's in London, you know."

"I know," murmured Jean, smiling, "and I wrote him a note myself the other day. I told him you were coming and asked him to dinner to-night. He wrote and said he was sorry but he had something on at dinner-time, but might be free afterwards and would telephone you. It was a very nice note."

ISABEL had a moment's disappointment that Teddy wouldn't be coming immediately, but she was sure if he had said he'd telephone he would. There was a time when Teddy had taken her about a lot. He had kissed her occasionally—at one time, she thought, almost as though he cared for her.

But then he had gone away to live in London, and after that they saw each other only occasionally.

The dull little ache in her heart during his long absence had suddenly stopped when she had realised that she had promised to visit Jean in the spring, and Teddy would be in London.

So Isabel, instead of buying only a new navy-blue suit, dug into her small savings to get a new evening frock, too, and an afternoon and evening dress.

At the last minute she had recklessly thrown in a new hat to go with the afternoon dress, and three

pairs of kid gloves and a tiny, glittering evening bag.

Isabel and Jean talked gaily and at length most of the day.

Alan came home at seven and Jean rushed off to put her chops under the grill. All three of them laughed and chatted through dinner, but under Isabel's laughter, like a delicious little current, ran the thought:

"He might telephone now—he might ring up at any minute if he can get away."

It was not that she thought a great deal about being in love with Teddy; it was that nobody else seemed as nice after having known him. No one else had the faintest trace of what Isabel thought of in her secret mind as "glamor."

The telephone had not rung by ten o'clock or at half-past ten, and Jean and Alan were smothering little surreptitious yawns.

At a quarter to eleven the dull ache at Isabel's smooth temples said that Teddy would not telephone—not that night, perhaps not to-morrow.

Or ever.

In a panic she felt the sting of tears, and pretending to yawn like Alan and Jean, said:

"Heavens, children, I feel like a limp rag. What I need is sleep."

TEDDY wrote it virtuously on a little pad, as if to save his conscience: "Telephone Isabel in morning before ten o'clock."

When he woke in the morning he saw the pad propped up on the table by his bed, and he decided uncomfortably that Isabel might not be up yet and it would be more considerate to wait until after lunch. Or, he supposed, he could telephone now and ask her out to lunch or tea or something and mumble that he hoped to see her again during her visit, and that would be that.

Teddy was not callous about hurting people's feelings, but he often wished that he could be. He was not casual about anything whatever—and that, too, he sometimes regretted. Yet Teddy's very steadiness and serious-minded attitude towards life in general were what were making him such a success. He was the sort of young man who set a good example to other young men. He was well liked and invited here, there, and almost everywhere, by hostesses seeking partners for their debutante daughters.

At one of these parties he had been introduced to old Mr. Harblston, a retired millionaire, who had seen Teddy's steady dogged brown eyes, his trident chin and a certain seriousness about his nose and mouth.

Before he left he had taken Teddy aside and had asked him to keep an eye on his son Steven. He had indicated that it might be well worth while for an ambitious young man to do him this service. It had not been difficult for Teddy, because Steven and he already shared the same digs. They were friends, each watchful of the other, each slightly apprehensive, but good friends for all that. Steven was a gay, dashing young man, very irresponsible and given to doing the unexpected on all possible occasions.

Teddy sat in his bath, thoughtfully and debated further on Isabel.

It was more awkward having to bother with Isabel now than ever before—this particular spring just when he was widening his acquaintance and getting more invitations than ever.

Isabel's coming was more than an inconvenience.

It was a disturbance that had kept him from sleeping all the night. Because, try as he might, he had never quite got Isabel off his mind. She had been, and remained, a poignant, irrelevant memory that recurred at odd moments on frequent starlit evenings when some girl other than Isabel stood at his side and lifted her face to Teddy and the night.

"What's the matter with you?" asked Steven bluntly from the doorway, a quarter of an hour later.

"Nothing. Why?"

"You've tied that tie four times, perfectly, and each time taken it off again."

Steven grinned with enjoyment. He liked to catch Teddy a little out of his usual calm.

Swinging into the room in his violently-striped pyjamas, he disposed his long slender length on Teddy's bed and laughed at the scowl he saw in the mirror.

"I've got to telephone a girl," remarked Teddy, and instantly regretted it.

IT would be just like Steven to ferret out who the girl was and go and have a look at her and come back to twist Teddy on his little teacher friend.

He flushed unhappily, tied his tie for the last time with a fierce twist, stammered something hasty and unconvincing about being hungry and went out.

Some time later he dashed into a call-box.

"Hallo—Isabel? This is Teddy Scott. So sorry I wasn't free until too late to telephone you last night. How long will you be in town? Oh, yes, school; I forgot. Still like the

little brats? I was wondering if you could have lunch with me to-day? Well, that's splendid. Then we could meet at one. At the Lancaster Gate entrance to the Park, Good. See you later."

Teddy decided he had done a good job. After lunch he would say goodbye to Isabel, say he'd telephone her soon, and make a graceful exit. And tea with the Matthews this afternoon would rid him of that faint nostalgic feeling that always bore down upon him after seeing Isabel—a feeling of sweetness and bitterness which had the strange power of holding up some inner mirror to his neat pigeon-holed mind. Not a pleasant mirror, though all it reflected was a scrupulous tidiness.

Steven Harblston got on well with Teddy, considered him a good sort at rock bottom, but sometimes very, very funny in his total lack of humor; but it is doubtful if he ever thought much about him as a person until that week in April.

Then, suddenly and absorbingly, from the morning when he followed him at a wise distance in his car to, of all places, the Park entrance, Teddy began to take on life and color like a character in a novel.

Teddy was walking towards one of the entrances with what Steven called his self-conscious expression on the back of his neck—a little stiffness that Teddy could not control when he was embarrassed about anything. Steven saw him walk up to a slender girl sitting on a seat, coaxing a squirrel to come nearer to her.

The girl looked up, smiled rather formally, Steven thought, and they shook hands.

Presently they walked away.

For some unaccountable reason Teddy took this rather lovely-looking person to a little hole-in-the-corner tearoom where only light lunches were served, and Steven prepared to eat a salad and chocolate blanc-mange, too. He chose a seat facing the girl and Teddy's stolid back.

Please turn to Page 50

Wife of a Stranger

By ...

ESTELLE CRAVEN

A GOOD dinner, three guineas and your expenses. Would you like to go?"

Would she like to go? Sylvia's heart missed a beat. Little did Arthur Roscoe know that three guineas and a dinner seemed to her like a fortune, in the state she was in! She had been pretty well desperate when she had walked into Roscoe's Concert Agency. This seemed like a miracle to her—after all the weeks she had been out of work.

"Hubert Forrester is taking a concert party to Kenton Gaol to-night and one of the singers has gone down with the flu," he went on. "I mentioned you to Forrester and he seemed rather keen to get you." He laughed. "I think he imagines you're a Russian because of your name. He kept on asking me all sorts of questions about you. Are you Russian, Miss Voloff?"

"No, but I believe a great-grandfather came from there originally. Can I take it as fixed, Mr. Roscoe?"

She tried to hide the eagerness in her voice. Three guineas! The two weeks' back rent she owed and ...

"Yes, definitely, if you are agreeable. There's a chance it may lead to something more. Forrester is always looking for talent. And he's always taking musical parties over to the Continent. It's a chance—if he likes you."

A chance! Sylvia knew it was more than that. When she walked out ten minutes later with her contract safe in her bag life looked quite different to her ... because hope had come back to her heart.

Though singing in a prison could scarcely be called terribly thrilling, she was with Hubert Forrester, whose name was known all over the world. And if he liked her voice ...

Exquisitely dressed she looked that evening when she joined the private bus which was to take the party to Kenton.

She was wearing her best evening dress, a crimson velvet which hung in soft folds to her feet. On her head she wore the only jewels she had left, a fillet of brilliants which had belonged to her mother. She looked rather like a princess with her high forehead, calm grey eyes set wide apart, and her generous, well-shaped mouth.

Hubert Forrester's name was known the world over, and if he included her in one of his tours her future was made.

A dapper, foreign-looking little man, he greeted her kindly. "I don't know your work, Miss Voloff, but Roscoe spoke so highly of you that I felt it would be a privilege to have you with us."

"That's terribly nice of you," she said. "It has always been my great ambition to belong to one of your companies."

"Well, it's an unusual start, performing before convicts. I don't suppose you've ever done it before, but believe me they're a wonderful audience. It's my one hobby. I give several shows a year to them at my own expense. After all, it's just chance that you or I aren't there." He laughed at his joke, then suddenly shot out, "Any relation to the Voloffs at Notaky?"

Sylvia shook her head. "As far as I know I have no relations in Russia. It's awful having a name like mine! People are always asking questions—still, it's good for my profession, so that's why I never changed it."

It was a queer experience driving through the grim entrance to the



Illustrated by
WYNNE W.
DAVIES

prison and hearing the heavy gates locked behind them.

An audience of convicts! It was eerie, to say the least of it, Sylvia thought when, dinner over, her turn came.

She had decided to give a selection of the "Indian Love Lyrics," and though she usually forgot everything when she was singing, to-night she was conscious all the while of one man in the back row.

He sat slightly apart from the rest, his head bent. There was something compelling about him. Sylvia wanted to see his face, meet his eyes. Judge for herself as to why he was in the dreadful place. But he never looked up, and when she left the stage she felt vaguely disappointed. The audience was enthusiastic. She gave an encore. And another.

Hubert Forrester nodded meaningfully. "You'll do," he said. "Go on. Give 'em another."

Still the man at the back took no notice. He might never have heard her. He had not even bothered to clap and a feeling of anger rose in her heart against him. His indifference challenged her. She felt she must move him as she had done the others. Now she chose one of the "Indian Love Lyrics" she seldom sang. Her voice rose and fell. Without really being conscious of it, she was singing to him.

"You never loved me, and yet to save me ..."

"You never loved me!" The notes rose and fell compellingly. There was a hush in the hall when she finished. Then as the last note died

away the man at the back raised his head and for a split second their eyes met. In that brief moment she saw his face, proud, insolent; his ice-hard eyes seemed to hold a sneer.

When she left the stage her whole body was burning. She felt ashamed of the emotions which were coursing through her. She could neither explain nor understand them; yet it seemed that for the very first time she was understanding something of the untamed passion of the love songs she sang.

WHO was he, that convict? It was useless to ask questions. The Governor had made that quite clear. The audience must remain unknown. That was only fair. But now she wished she could find out something about him!

When she went to bed that night, Sylvia was filled with a new excitement and she knew it was not merely because Hubert Forrester had asked her to call at his office next week.

It was because of that look which had passed between her and the unknown convict.

Sylvia stared out of her hotel sitting-room window at the snowy streets below: at the droshkies drawn by shaggy little Mongol ponies; at the fur-clad men and women and half-Oriental looking buildings. Everything was so strange to her that at times she had to pinch herself to make sure she was not dreaming.

It was barely six weeks since she

He was standing by the window staring out. "Adrian! I'm frightened ... What has happened?" Sylvia asked urgently.

had sung at Kenton Prison and so much had happened in that little time.

Hubert Forrester had engaged her straight away to sing at six concerts he was arranging. Then had come her chance. Calling at his office one morning, he had asked, "I suppose, Miss Voloff, you wouldn't care to do a short tour in Russia, alone?"

"I'd love to," she said eagerly. "I've always longed to travel."

"I've had a request for an English concert singer from a Continental syndicate," he told her. "Ten weeks or a little longer, visiting all the big cities and some of the smaller ones." Details and a definite offer had followed at terms which had made Sylvia gasp.

Now she had arrived in Notaky after a successful appearance in Leningrad and several other places.

Opening her dressing-case she took out an envelope. Before she had left England, Mr. Forrester had asked her to deliver some letters to half a dozen of his Russian friends.

"Things aren't as they used to be, out there," he had told her sadly. "My friends belonged to the old Imperial party so they are more or less outcasts among their own people. And they suffer a great deal. I don't mind admitting that I give them a little help occasionally, but I have to

do it secretly or the Government would step in and take any money I send. So keep the letters well hidden and be discreet."

It was at Hubert Forrester's suggestion that Sylvia had hidden them between the lining and padding of the lid of her dressing-case. "Always be on the safe side," he had warned, "though, as an English girl, you are in no sort of danger. I wish I could say the same about my Russian friends."

She had already delivered three of the letters; now there was one to deliver in Notaky. It had stopped snowing. She felt she would enjoy a sharp walk and she could get her errand done at the same time.

As she left her hotel she frowned, for she had caught a glimpse of a man who had been hugging the shadows. She had seen him before. In Leningrad. And Moltai, and the other places she had visited. It was almost as if she was being followed—she put the thought aside as being ridiculous.

The letter safely delivered, she wandered back through the quiet old town with its narrow, winding streets. It was dark when she got back to the hotel, and without a hint of any impending danger she ran up the stairs to her room.

Please turn to Page 59

The MAN in MY LIFE

Mystery deepens
in this intriguing
instalment of our
new serial

By OSCAR
SCHISGALL

SEVEN years ago, Bert Cameron, a Special Prosecutor, vanished mysteriously, and searching investigations failed to discover what became of him.

It has been rumored that his disappearance was the outcome of an affair with an actress, Arlene Bray; also that Frederick Novack, whose affairs Cameron was investigating, made away with him. However, his wife, Leslie, feels convinced that he is still alive, and has reopened the inquiry through Philip Ranney, who took her husband's place as Special Prosecutor.

Both she and Ranney feel that Arlene Bray failed to tell the police all she knew of the affair; and now Ranney has located the actress, living under the assumed name of Helen Lunden, in Miami, and Leslie is flying there with him and his mother to interview her.

Meanwhile, at his home in New York, Novack is interviewing one of his informants—the switchgirl in Ranney's office. She has just told him that Ranney held a conference in his office before leaving for Miami.

CHARACTERS IN THIS STORY:

LESLIE CAMERON, young and beautiful. HARLEY PITT, a lawyer, formerly Bert Cameron's partner. PHILIP RANNEY, a Special Prosecutor. MRS. THOMAS RANNEY, his mother. FREDERICK NOVACK, a city business man with a very doubtful reputation. PAUL, one of his assistants. ARLENE BRAY, an actress.

NOW READ ON:

BEATRICE paused. When she continued, it was as if she were reciting something she had memorized.

"Mr. Ranney called his whole staff into his office. I mean the lawyers, of course. The rest of us didn't go in. I got one of the other girls to take the switchboard while I pretended to hunt up something in the files. The cabinets are right next to Mr. Ranney's door. I could hear pretty well what he was saying." She looked up at him in momentary embarrassment. "It—it isn't very complimentary, Mr. Novack. I hope you'll understand I'm simply repeating what I heard."

"I'm not asking for compliments. What did Ranney say?"

"It was a sort of—of pep talk. He reminded his men of their responsibility. He showed them how New York City spends almost half a billion dollars a year, a great deal of it for public improvements and construction work. Then he showed them how easy it would be for a good part of those millions to go into graft and swindles. He said that some building inspectors could be paid enough to keep their eyes closed so that they wouldn't notice when cheap materials, not in specifications, went into construction. His investigation, he said, was aimed at Jerry-builders and such who had been swindling New York—paying bribes to get contracts, and supplying cheap materials instead of those specified. Ranney said he proposed, before he was through, to get quite a few indictments." Beatrice hesitated and bit her lip. "Then Ranney said," she continued, "that there were probably twenty or thirty fairly important men in New York who'd been getting contracts on which they'd been swindling the city. Most of them, he said, were small fry. People like Correll and Stafford. It was the big gun he was interested in. If he could trap the biggest one of them all, the rest would—would scurry away."

"And whom did he mean by the big gun?" Frederick Novack inquired, smiling. "Me?"

"Yes, sir." Uncomfortably the girl swallowed. "He said if he could get his hooks into you—with enough evidence and proof to swing an indictment—that's all he'd need. He told his assistants to try their hardest to go after you; that you'd been getting away with murder too long."

"Murder, eh?" Frederick Novack laughed. He

turned, crossed the room, and put his glass on the liquor table. When he came back to the red-haired girl he was still smiling. "Now you're earning your salary," he applauded. "Let's have the rest of it."

"There wasn't much more. He said you had come through two or three investigations untouched—that the nearest you ever got to trouble was during the Cameron investigation seven years ago. He told the men he was relying on them all to do their best to get evidence against you. . . . That—that's about all, Mr. Novack."

He nodded. Without speaking, Frederick Novack went to a window and gazed meditatively down upon the light-studded darkness of Central Park.

Finally, having settled something to his satisfaction, he came back to the girl. "I think that will be all for to-night, Beatrice."

He stood still, fingering his watch-chain, while the red-haired girl departed. Then he went to a corner of the room and picked up the telephone. He called a number, and when the connection had been made he said:

"Paul, I've got another job for you."

The voice in the receiver answered, "I'm listening."

"I'll need two or three more men. I want them to go to Florida and locate Philip Ranney in Miami. And Mrs. Cameron. I want nightly reports of what they do, where they go, whom they see."



"FOR fifty dollars a day, plus expenses, per man," said Paul, "you can have anything you like."

Novack ignored the comment. "Tell your men to stick with Ranney until I give the order to ease up."

"They stuck with him all right in this town, didn't they? By the way, where do I reach you with these reports?"

"I'm going on a trip, Paul," Novack said. "I'll be in Washington, at the Willard, to-morrow night. Then I'm going on to Jacksonville to meet my boat. I'm thinking of taking a cruise."

"Sounds as if things are getting hot in New York," chuckled Paul. "So we'll have to pick up the yacht, eh?"

"When you call me at Jacksonville I'll give you our itinerary. You can pick us up without trouble."

"All right with me. . . . What's Ranney up to?"

"I'm paying you," quietly retorted Frederick Novack. "To get me information, not to ask me questions. Good-bye."

The plane arrived in Miami on schedule.

"We'll go to the Double Cross Club about eight," said Philip Ranney. "Arlene Bray ought to be singing at the dinner show."

Little Mrs. Ranney preferred not to go. "After that long flight," she maintained, "I'll have much more fun with a quiet dinner and an early snuggle in bed."

So they went alone, and Leslie Cameron found the Double Cross Club one of Miami's lesser delights. A sprawling log cabin, it was hemmed in by palmettos that rattled

noisily in the night wind. You were admitted by a swaggering pirate, complete with boots, cutlass, patched eye, and earrings.

You stepped into an atmosphere that was fetid and smoky and alcoholic, and the thumping music was wild.

When Leslie and Philip Ranney entered, sixteen partly-clad girls were doing a frantic dance.

Leslie's heart hammered with the rhythm of the band. She searched the crowded room—even the chorus—for some glimpse of Arlene Bray. But she didn't see the girl.

They had been in the Double Cross Club perhaps half an hour, through the antics of singers, tap dancers, and the repeated appearances of the chorus, when Leslie abruptly whispered, "There! There she is!"

Ranney glanced around and saw a tall spectacular girl with platinum hair waiting beside the orchestra's dais.

"A work of art," he murmured.

And then the young master of ceremonies announced,

"Now, folks, we're going to hear the little lady who's the smash hit of Miami this season. Folks, I give you our own Helen Lunden!"

The young man himself launched the applause. It provoked perfunctory echoes here and there, mostly from waiters; and Helen Lunden, her figure half revealed in a swirling dress of silvery chiffon, walked to the microphone. In a flood of saffron light she clasped her hands, closed her eyes, and sang. She sang "My Heart Won't Believe Me." She sang it huskily, in a deep contralto voice that threatened to become a moan.

To the woman who now called herself Helen Lunden recognition came with a shock. "Is this an—an accident?" she demanded huskily.

Please turn to Page 10

THE MORE I SEE of MEN—

AFTER he'd driven his car off the ferry at the small town of Newbridge his excitement took on a heady quality, as if he'd partaken of strong wine. For now there were barely fifty miles more to his goal.

The sun was vanishing when at last he turned off the main road into the Bevan place, the white of the house faintly visible through a screen of yellowing foliage. Beyond the back door he could see Martha moving ponderously amid her network of clotheslines. He stopped his car at the front of the house. And while he was taking his case from the back seat there was a mild commotion in a bed of hydrangeas across the lawn, and the three simple souls—as Harriet sometimes fondly called them—put in a sudden appearance.

From previous visits he knew each of them, of course, by name. Andrew McAndrew, the black Scotty; Cedric, the Seslyham; James, the small, silver-grey Cairn. But there his knowledge of the dog-world ceased, and Harriet felt that there was something extremely pitiful in this fact. From her point of view he was merely another pathetic victim of city life, a hard-working cave-dweller who had never experienced the supreme joys of canine companionship.

Now, with growing amusement, he watched the short-legged trio change formation as they emerged from the thrilling jungle of hydrangeas and attained the expanse of the lawn.

Suddenly Andrew, the leader, beheld the car and awarded it a single gruff, disinterested bark. A nominal recognition of Anthony Lloyd's arrival, without the slightest trace of enthusiasm. That caused Anthony to shake with silent laughter, because it seemed so characteristic of an elderly gentleman, preoccupied with his comforts yet never lacking a certain shrewd power of observation.

The two other dogs then glanced at the car, but their reaction was strikingly different. They came floundering across the lawn, Cedric, the clown of the household, leading; shattering the twilight with a deliriously falsetto welcome. Followed by little silver-grey James, eyes brimming with affection, head bowed under an eternal sense of humility.

WITH the utmost cordiality they welcomed him. Amid yips and licks and snuffles, he managed to carry his case up the steps, and just as he reached the uppermost step Harriet Bevan appeared from a deep blue panel of shadow that marked the interior of the old house—Harriet, in a squirrel-colored sweater, a gay plaid skirt. As she ran towards him with a happy little cry the sunlight caught the bloneness of her head; emphasised its radiance, until it seemed to possess a halo.

Yet their meeting proved not at all as she had planned it. For, both of them knowing its importance, knowing that she had at last written, "Oh, Anthony, I can't pretend any longer; I must see you soon," they were now assailed by a perverse shyness.

She flung herself down at full length on the ground, lavishing all her attention on the dogs, while he watched on, vaguely disappointed, and keenly envious. Then they talked of inconsequential matters.

She had, she declared, arranged the spare bedroom on the top floor for him. She would have preferred giving him the large front room on the second floor, because Aunt Meredith was away for the weekend, but she hardly liked to move her belongings.

Anthony, secretly elated over Aunt Meredith's absence, declared with enthusiasm that she was a wonderful old lady. In theory he had always approved of Aunt Meredith, although there had been times when her presence, her knitting needles, and her prattle about the affairs of the nation had been a definite hindrance to him.

"How about that broadcasting

job?" he asked, as they entered the house. "Have you still got it?"

She nodded; but immediately reassured him: "I only supervise the afternoon programmes now. Someone else takes care of the evening broadcasts."

"That," he exulted, "means that we have the whole evening to ourselves."

She showed him into a tiny attic bedroom, its bleakness relieved by two violent chintz curtains over a dormer window. But the room was like the seventh heaven to him, because the roof which crowded down so overwhelmingly upon him was the same roof that was privileged to shelter Harriet.

"If there aren't enough bed-clothes," she was saying rapidly, and with an incredible concern over details, "you'll find two extra blankets in the linen cupboard. The nights

are getting cold. Anthony, in fact, I've never known it so cold in September."

"Harriet!" he cried. "Do we really have to talk about the weather?" And with a great, boisterous laugh he captured her and held her. Thus the pact was sealed unexpectedly, wordlessly, and without ceremony.

Anthony began unpacking his case, and Harriet offered to help. "I've never unpacked a man's case before," she announced somewhat unnecessarily. "It's too exciting! Show me where to put things, Anthony." She hurried into the adjacent bathroom with his razor, his shaving brush, and his bowl of oatmeal soap. "Are you going to shave now?" she called back. "Because I'd like to be on hand. I'm woefully ignorant about certain facts of life." And she laughed gaily.

And now came a forewarning of disaster, if either he or she could only have realised it. For Anthony, hurrying towards an open drawer with a handful of garments, trod on Cedric's tail. Cedric uttered an unearthly scream. Harriet came dashing from the bathroom, to gather Cedric in her arms, while Anthony, still reeling from that startling sound, steadied himself by gripping a convenient bedpost. From the shelter of maternal arms Cedric looked at him reproachfully; licked Harriet's hand.

"Poor fellow," she crooned. "Poor little fel-low."

"I'm sorry," Anthony said humbly. "Of course you're sorry," she declared.

It was while they were on the terrace, awaiting the call to supper, that the real crisis occurred. It came

Illustrated
by
FISCHER



She flung herself down at full length on the ground, lavishing all her attention on the dogs, while he watched on.

bro. "But Anthony, my sweet. Did you notice paragraph ten: 'It is understood that no dogs or other animals shall be introduced into the premises?' Do they really mean that?"

"Yes," he admitted. "I noticed it. I thought we could talk the situation over."

"What is there to talk about?" she asked in a blank voice.

That was how it began. Then, slowly, the realisation of a terrible difference of opinion, widening relentlessly until it threatened to split their newly-built paradise asunder. While Andrew, Cedric, and James lolled in blissful ignorance at their feet.

"No, Harriet," he pointed out presently. "You say there are two kinds of people, dog lovers and dog haters. But there's a third class. People who

look on dogs tolerantly, even with affection, but who've never owned one, and therefore don't think of them as an essential factor in life. That's where I would come in."

She asked, laughing, yet with an undercurrent of earnestness, "Could one really look on dogs with affection and not consider them an important factor in life?" She was still skirmishing. "Somehow I don't like the sound of this man Browne. I hate to see you paying rent to him."

"Darling," he pointed out with all the gentleness he could summon. "I've been working at the Media Centre on an average of twelve hours a day. But every evening for the past two months I've been photographing, just in case—well, in case you should suddenly decide what you decided just now. I must have seen three hundred flats. And, compared with this one, the rest were nothing

She was a gorgeous girl with a passion for pet dogs... he was a very determined young man... and it all adds up to the most amusing story you've read for ages



but hovels. It's a treasure I tell you!" Harriet sighed.

Then, luckily, Martha came lumbering out to the terrace to announce supper. They went into the dining-room, the three simple souls following; vaguely hoping for some moment of largesse, yet sceptical because they had dined in the kitchen barely fifteen minutes before.

In a conciliatory mood over the instant soup, Harriet announced: "You know, dearest, I never really expected to take James or Cedric to London. I suppose I ought to have explained that in the beginning. James would be very happy here with Aunt Meredith. He's even more attached to her than he is to me. I realise, too, that it would be cruel to take Cedric. He's slightly unbalanced already, and city life would drive him mad. But Andrew McAndrew is different, Anthony. I've had him for seven years now. I really couldn't imagine life without him, and I don't think he could imagine it without me."

Andrew McAndrew, hearing his name mentioned, looked up solemnly; then, to Anthony's amazement, stood up on his hind legs, pirouetted once, waving his paws in the air, and slumped down again heavily.

"You see?" she said gravely. "He understood just what we were talking about, and he approves. It's his special way of showing that he's pleased about something."

Anthony smiled, although a trifle sadly. Admitting that Harriet had made a handsome concession concerning both James and Cedric, he was going to be a definite factor in his own life from now on; and he was somewhat appalled by that thought.

He would have been glad, then and there, to have assured Harriet that he was ready to look for another flat, but somehow a male obstinacy, a feeling of thwartedness, prevented the words from coming out. His mind clung to the picture of that little silver-and-white flat; the entrance hall with its gay mirrors; the little terrace overlooking the river. And his mind contrasted these engaging vistas with all the other

unimaginative and ordinary flats which were within the range of his means.

Over the tender roast chicken Harriet had an inspiration. You could phone up this Browne man," she suggested, "and ask him to make an exception. Andrew has perfect house manners. And he rarely barks. Probably Mr. Browne made that rule for people who stalk round with a pair of enormous dogs who jump on all the furniture and have no manners."

When supper was over, Anthony and Harriet strolled arm-in-arm to the shadowy apple trees at the foot of the garden, and the magic, end-of-summer stillness of the night. The three dogs followed; but they did not go all the way to the orchard. Half-way across the lawn Andrew, who was leading as usual, raised his head, sniffed, and decisively set a new course towards the back door and the kitchen.

The telephone was ringing when, still arm-in-arm, they strolled back towards the house. Harriet ran to answer its trilling summons, which was like a shower of silver fragments upon the silence of the night. A few minutes later she rejoined Anthony.

"Anthony," she exclaimed, "the most annoying thing's happened! That was the studio. They want me to supervise a broadcast. Someone's ill."

"Confound it!" he declared, with emphasis. "Do you realise I'm leaving at nine to-morrow? There's a special demonstration in the operating theatre at three. Ring them up," he urged. "Tell them you just can't manage it."

She shook her head. "No, Anthony. They gave me this job when I needed money badly, two years ago."

He nodded solemnly. He understood. Loyalty was part and parcel of her life and background. So he made another suggestion.

"I could go into town with you," she was very positive about that. "There'd be no point in it. You've been driving most of the day. You'll have to do the same thing to-morrow. You need a good night's rest. If you went into town with me, you'd only have to sit in some poky little office, waiting. No, my sweet, it's not practical. I'll be back, I promise, by seven-thirty in the morning."

After a while he perceived that he'd have to accept the situation.

Harriet clapped on an absurd little cap, retouched her lips. "Bring the dogs in when you go to bed," she told him. "They sleep in the kitchen. And don't forget to ring up Browne."

She set off purposefully in her car.

He watched her departure with a sense of irony. Within a few minutes, he reflected glumly, she had ceased to be the orbit of his own existence. She had become that independent, elusive creature known as the modern young woman.

He went into the house and telephoned to Mr. Browne.

After listening patiently, Mr. Browne declared: "You're just the kind of tenant I'd like to have, Mr. Lloyd. But I can't make exceptions. As soon as I do, the rest of the tenants will howl."

"But this dog is different," Anthony persisted.

"I'm sure of it," Mr. Browne agreed. "They always are. But I must stand by my original agreement. I'm sure you understand."

Anthony said, after a moment's reflection, "It looks as if I'll have to find another flat, Mr. Browne. I hope you're not going to hold me to that lease?"

"Heavens, no!" Mr. Browne assured him affably. "I've had five offers this afternoon for that flat. But it seems to me that you're giving up an ideal proposition for the sake of a dog. Tell you what—couldn't you persuade the lady to leave him in the country? Between you and me, Mr. Lloyd, it's rather cruel to bring a country-bred animal to the city. I've seen the results myself. They begin to wilt, if you know what I mean, and some of them even die."

Anthony said, hesitating, "There's something in that idea. I'll talk it over with her. Can I have until, say, two o'clock to-morrow afternoon to give you a final answer?"

"Certainly," Mr. Browne laughed. "I'm not worrying about the flat. There are masses of people after it."

Anthony returned to the terrace, smoked a cigarette, decided, yawning, to retire. Recalling Harriet's final instructions, he began to whistle.

with no very great assurance, for the dogs.

Almost immediately two elongated shadows came swimming out of the hydrangea bed; came flopping in an ungainly, staccato measure up the steps. He said briskly, in what he hoped was the voice of authority, "Come along, boys," and held the french window open for them. They were obedient and docile. When they had been safely deposited in the kitchen he turned to the door, began whistling for the third party, Andrew McAndrew.

Ten minutes of this produced no results; and he began a meticulous circuit of the front lawn, still whistling in a despondent fashion. Then intuition led him towards the back of the house. Here he tripped over two croquet hoops, and his whistling gave place to mutterings. In the vicinity of the kitchen he was at last rewarded by a faint crunching

HIS MAJESTY

Step lightly, knave, and make no sound
With anxious Court all fussing round.
For many weeks, the King's dread ire
Has caused the boldest to perspire.
Obedient to his every whim,
They rush to soothe and solace him.
What fever racks the royal frame,
That others fear to breathe his name?

What news is this? The King is well?
That is the tale his subjects tell!
The black mood's gone, and on his face
There wreathes a smile of courtly grace.
His royal mother strokes his head—
"He's cut his tooth at last," she said.

—M. M. Davies.

sound. He made his way cautiously towards it, and discovered Andrew near the dustbin devouring the brittle remains of the chicken.

Realising that he was dealing with a positive personality which possessed neither Cedric's featherweight gaiety nor James' ingratiating desire to please all men, Anthony commanded in a loud, stern voice, "Come here, sir!"

Andrew gave him a brief look of contempt, continued to crunch.

Anthony tried the kitchen door. It was locked. Assailed now by an overwhelming fatigue, he picked up Andrew, who emitted a low snarl, and carried him round to the front of the house, and finally deposited his struggling burden on the kitchen floor. Andrew's eyes distinctly said, "I'll not forgive you for this." At the same time Anthony noticed, with gratitude verging almost on tears, that Cedric and James were sound asleep, curled up like snails under the sink.

He climbed wearily to bed. So quiet was the countryside, so free from Anthony's habitual urban lullaby, that sleep perversely eluded him. He remembered hearing a church clock striking one, far away in the deep, brooding night.

It seemed to him that he could have dozed only a few minutes before he was awakened by a faint but persistent sound of scratching. He sat up in bed; turned on the light. The scratching continued.

HE jumped out of bed and opened the door. Andrew stood there stolidly in a pool of moonlight at the top of the stairs. He gave Anthony an indifferent glance and stalked into the bedroom, somehow managing to convey the impression that this was his inalienable right. He leapt on to the bed, curled at the foot of it—and went promptly to sleep.

Anthony, slightly dazed, climbed back into bed and turned out the light. As soon as he tried to extend his legs beneath the clothes they encountered a hard, immovable bulk. He drew his legs up again, eventually fell asleep in a position resembling a half-opened jack-knife.

Now abruptly he was brought to consciousness again by a slight jarring of the bed, followed by a thud on the floor beside it. He switched on the light, watching this latest development with a calm, almost scientific interest. Andrew made several

slow, thoughtful tours of the room; then returned to the bedside, where he sat on his haunches and began to stare at Anthony with an embarrassing intensity.

This, Anthony decided, must have some profound significance, since Andrew's dour nature was obviously incapable of mere joking. He did some quiet thinking but arrived at no solution... until Andrew himself made his position clear. With a curious movement he elongated his neck and hiccuped twice, loudly.

Anthony, panic-stricken, thought, "Good lord—chicken bones!" He jumped out of bed and opened the door. Andrew left the room, but waited expectantly on the landing.

The excursion, barefooted and in pyjamas, down three flights of darkened stairs, was no mean venture in itself. Anthony, shivering, fumbled at an ancient front-door latch of brass, succeeded finally in opening

it. "Harriet was right," he told himself, "this is positively the earliest, chilliest autumn ever known to humanity."

Andrew McAndrew was apparently of the same opinion. After a brief glance at the pale moonlit expanse of the lawn he turned resolutely towards the door of the kitchen. And Anthony, never suspecting that incredible short-circuit which so often exists between a dog's mentality and his own internal sense of well-being, decided happily, "He feels well now. The trouble's over."

He watched Andrew thrust the kitchen door open with his nose; then ran, shaking with cold, upstairs.

His watch indicated three-fifteen; but he was now thoroughly awake. He took a volume from a little shelf of books which Harriet had thoughtfully provided beside his bed. He glanced at the title: "The Care and Breeding of Scotch Terriers." Controlling himself, he selected another book—a mystery story.

Now, however, he seemed to have lost all ability to concentrate. Time and again his gaze wandered from the printed page towards the door of the room—which, in his haste to regain warm, friendly sheets, he had left partly ajar.

Now the door began to possess for him an insistent yet strange fascination. Finally, aware that something was about to happen, he relinquished the book altogether.

After a minute of hair-raising suspense, something did happen. With eerie slowness, as if propelled by some occult force, the door opened. Andrew stood there.

"Come in, Andrew!" he called out in a gay but strained voice.

Andrew blinked at him with small, shrewd eyes, and then was very ill, silently but definitely, and went clumping downstairs.

In the pale golden light of morning Harriet awaited him behind a hearty array of eggs and bacon, coffee and toast. She was gay, as only country-dwellers can be gay over an early breakfast. She asked, kissing him, "Did you have a good night, darling?"

He shuddered slightly. "I had a little trouble with your friend, Andrew," he admitted, rubbing his laden eyelids. "Otherwise everything was marvellous."

"What kind of trouble did you have with Andrew, dear? I saw him just now in the kitchen. He seemed in the pink of condition."

Anthony said decidedly, "Don't let's go into that, darling."

"Darling, if I may say so, you sound a little bit cross."

"I am definitely not cross." "Did you telephone that Mr. Browne?" Harriet asked, as he gulped down his coffee. It was like a benediction, a glorious new lease of life.

"I did. But he was adamant. He had, though, an interesting theory which I feel I ought to tell you about. He said that country-bred animals are never really happy in the city; that, being deprived of their normal, happy freedom—"

"Andrew," she interrupted, "was city-bred, Anthony. He was two years old when a friend who brought him up in town gave him to me. He likes cities."

There was no answer to that, Anthony decided. He drank a second, then a third cup of coffee. Meanwhile, the simple souls had wandered into the room and had ranged themselves hopefully beside the breakfast table.

Please turn to Page 10

By ARTHUR TUCKERMAN

The Man in My Life

Continued from Page 7

LESLIE'S throat pounded as she listened. Seeing this platinum-haired girl in a spotlight revived a parade of vivid, agonising memories.

She could see Bert again. Slight, dapper, good-looking Bert, with his smoothly-combed brown hair, his easy laughter. Bert dining with this girl on the night he stepped out of the world. Bert's smile flashing brilliantly across a table at this singer who now called herself Helen Lunden. She knows more than she's ever told, Leslie thought desperately. She must!

"I'll go and bring her," offered Ranney, rising. "I'll get her as she leaves the floor."

Leslie was hardly aware of his going. Her eyes, anxious and fascinated, remained fastened on the girl at the microphone. She couldn't help seeing, with a queer pang, that "Helen Lunden" had aged a great deal in these seven years. The quality of girlhood was completely gone. If you looked closely you could see tired, bitter lines around the corners of her mouth.

Then the song was ended and Helen Lunden bowed her way off the stage. A few minutes later the chorus girls surged upon the dance floor, and Leslie saw Arlene Bray and Philip Ranney approaching through shadows.

To the woman who now called herself Helen Lunden recognition came with a shock. She stood motionless, looking down with wide-eyed, unbelieving intensity.

"Mrs. Cameron!" she whispered. Leslie offered a hand across the table, but the singer seemed not to see it.

"Is this an—an accident?" she

demanded, her voice husky. "Did you just happen to drop in?"

"No. We flew from New York to see you. . . . Please sit down, won't you?"

But Helen Lunden stood unshrinking. After a few seconds she forced a scornful smile. "I see," she said. "I see it now. Funny, I had a feeling from the start that I was a fool to fall for that fake ad. I suppose it was Arnold Brock who told you where I was. She jerked her head toward Ranney. "Who's this? Another detective?"

"No. This is Mr. Ranney. He came down from New York with me. Please, Miss Lunden, do sit down. I—I've got to talk to you!"

The entertainer glanced uncertainly at other tables. People were watching her as though she were still on the stage. Suddenly she nodded toward a back door.

"I've got a dressing-room, if you want to talk." And as Leslie rose she added, "Leave your friend here. We'll get along better alone."

Helen Lunden's dressing-room was a suffocating cubbyhole illumined by a single glaring bulb. A three-legged stool in a corner offered the only accommodation for visitors. To this the woman waved as she shut the door. Leaning back against the dressing-table, she regarded her caller with challenging directness.

"So you flew down to see me," she said. "With, I suppose, the same old questions. Or am I behind the times? Has something new happened?"

"Nothing new," Leslie, seated, met distrust with frankness. "I hoped that now, after seven years, you and I might have a—a frank talk."

"Frank?" Again Helen Lunden laughed briefly, almost harshly. "Sure. Just you and me. A sister act. I suppose that's why you brought Special Prosecutor Ranney along. To make sure we'd have privacy."

"Please stop talking as if I've come here to do harm! I haven't. Mr. Ranney simply helped me locate you. I decided weeks ago to make another search for my husband. If he's still alive—if you can help me find him—"

Helen Lunden's fingers crushed her crimson handkerchief. "What do you want with me?" she demanded. "I told you and the rest of them everything I knew seven years ago! Why can't you leave me alone now?"

"Please, Miss Bray—"

"Lorrid! I've stood just about all I can stand! They drove me out of New York. Everybody was pointing me out as the Cameron mystery woman. As if—as if I'd had something to do with the murder of your husband! It almost drove me crazy!"

"THEY kept grilling you," said Leslie, "only because they felt you weren't telling everything you knew."

"Well, I was! What more could I tell them? I said I'd met him for the first time that night. He took me out to dinner because he wanted to question me about some crazy racket he was investigating—something about the money we show girls were supposed to be paying into a so-called protective association. I couldn't give him any information at all. It was the first and last time I ever saw him!"

"But," Leslie whispered, "the

superintendent of your house insisted he'd seen my husband come to—to visit you. Again and again."

Helen Lunden bent forward, grey eyes fiery. "So they believed the superintendent rather than me. Even after they discovered the fool was nearsighted!"

"He—he seemed so positive—"

Helen Lunden beat a single blow of a small fist on the edge of the dressing-table. Under her garish make-up she was pale and her tones became choked. "Would it have made them—or you—feel better if I'd said yes, your husband was my sweetheart?"

"That isn't true!"

"Of course it isn't true! But that's what they were trying to make me say, weren't they? Nothing else would satisfy them. Well, I wasn't going to let them browbeat me into saying it!"

Despite all logic, Leslie Cameron was seized by a choking sense of pity for this platinum-haired woman. "I wish, Miss Lunden, I could tell you how I feel—"

"Oh, I know. You're sorry for me," with quivering sarcasm. "The police were sorry for me, too. Everybody was sorry for me. But how did they show it? By making my life a misery! Six years ago I went to Chicago, changed my name to Helen Lunden, and tried to find another job. It wasn't any good. I'd have starved if I hadn't gone into one of those ten-cents-a-dance joints. And when pneumonia got me, I didn't have a nickel to pay for doctors. A charity patient in a hospital ward—that was me, Arlene Bray, after a year on Broadway! Hot stuff, isn't it? I almost died. Sometimes I wish I had. When I finally pulled through, I had to start all over again. And look how high I've climbed now."

She waved about the tiny dressing-room.

"THIS. A cheap filthy hole in a third-rate night club. Seven years ago I used to dream of a future. Now I'm satisfied just to have a job singing for a bunch of drunks. And why? Because one night I was fool enough to have dinner with a man who walked out of the restaurant and disappeared!"

It seemed to Leslie, listening in awed silence, that the woman hung on the verge of sobs.

"All I'm asking now is to be left alone!" she drove on. "Can't you give me that much of a break? Didn't you and the others take plenty from me seven years ago? Why can't you keep away from me now?"

Leslie Cameron slowly rose. She looked at the actress with understanding, with compassion, too.

"I know," she said softly, "how hard and unfair it must have seemed to you. It's been hard for me, too. I've never been able to believe that my husband is dead. I can't sit back, doing nothing, forever. I hoped you might be able to tell me something—some little thing about Bert—how he acted that night, what he talked about, what he planned to do . . ."

Helen Lunden's expression softened. She even smiled, with a trace of sympathy; but it was a crooked smile.

"Sure," she said. "I guess maybe it's been pretty tough on you, too. I can see that."

"Tell me about that dinner with Bert. How did he act? Was he nervous? Did he say where he was going when he left you?"

While she considered, Helen Lunden's crimson-nailed hand slowly moved to draw a package of cigarettes from a purse on the dressing-table. When she pulled out the cigarettes, two slips of bluish-green paper came with them. She thrust them back; thrust the cigarettes back, too, and snapped the purse shut with decisiveness.

Please turn to Page 12

The More I See of Men

Continued from Page 9

"I SUPPOSE,"

Harriet mused, "I must seem very unfair."

"No," he protested. "No, darling, you're never unfair. But—"

"But what?"

"Well, it's just the principle of the thing—from a man's point of view. I mean, for instance, giving up the perfect flat and revising all our plans for the sake of—"

"Oh, darling," she protested, "if you knew how I dislike the sound of that word 'principle'! It seems so chilly and severe."

"Sorry," Anthony murmured. He

looked at his watch. "Good lord, Harriet, I'll have to be leaving in fifteen minutes. Come on, let's take a little stroll in the garden before I pack."

They left the dining-room, followed by the familiar clicking sounds on the polished floor behind them. As he held the door open for her he stepped backwards, trod on something soft and yielding. Andrew McAndrew, a strong, silent soul, made no outcry because of that crushing contact with one of his front paws. But instantly Anthony experienced a sharp, agonising pain in the calf of his right leg. He looked down; met Andrew's bared teeth and dark, baleful gaze.

Overwhelmed by a mingled sense of pain, resentment and injustice, he gave Andrew a sharp slap.

Andrew ran limping towards Harriet. And, even in that hideous moment of realisation that he had committed the unforgivable sin, Anthony Lloyd made a profounder discovery. He realised that Andrew's limp was stimulated; invented to give Harriet a wrong impression. Because Andrew was limping on the wrong paw.

Harriet, white-faced, stared at him as she swept the dog into her arms. "Anthony! You didn't hit him?"

"Yes!" he cried exultantly, and it was a great relief for the strain of the indignities he had undergone. "Yes, Harriet, I did hit him."

"The more I see of men . . ." She gasped. Then, clapping her hand over her mouth, she fled upstairs. Anthony went upstairs and began to pack.

When he came down ten minutes later he knocked at the door of Harriet's room. The house seemed very quiet, as if brooding over tragedy. There was no answer from

Harriet's room. He lingered awhile on the landing, unhappy and indecisive; then sought the all-comforting Martha in her kitchen.

She said, amid an uproar of pots and pans and dishes, "Miss Harriet went down to the village to do her shopping. She said to give you this note." And she handed him a small, folded piece of paper.

Anthony thought he detected a touch of disapproval in her voice. He wandered out of the back door into the sunshine to read Harriet's note. It was written in pencil, practically illegible, but he managed to decipher a few violent phrases:

" . . . realise things can never be the same again . . . how could we ever lead a happy life together . . . cannot give up Andrew as he depends on me . . . heart-broken, but I think you'd better go . . ."

That, he decided, was one of the most melodramatic documents he'd ever read. What had become of Harriet's habitual balance, her unerring sense of values? Or were all dog-lovers prone to occasional hysteria of this kind? One thing he saw clearly; there'd be no use trying to soothe her in her present mood. Far better to return to town, keep his appointment at the Medical Centre; and write her a conciliatory adoring letter when she'd had a chance to attain some semblance of calm.

HE would, of course, be compelled to look for another flat. It was the decision of destiny that he and the astute Andrew McAndrew were to share together the immense privilege of making Harriet happy.

While he was standing there in the sunshine debating this crisis in his life, Martha appeared from the kitchen with some remains from breakfast which she put into the shining dustbin. Then she returned to the kitchen. But the instant she turned her back a dark shadow appeared round a corner of the house and, without a glance at Anthony, went straight to the dustbin.

With a dexterous upward jerk of his nose, evidently perfected by long experience, Andrew tipped off the lid. Passionately he began to snuffle amidst its contents.

No, Anthony decided with a growing rage. No! This cannot and will not occur. To think that any human

being—any canine being, he corrected himself hastily—could be so inconsiderate of the happiness of others, not to mention his own internal well-being! Anthony strode blindly across to the dustbin, clapped on its lid with a bang, gave Andrew McAndrew a resounding smack on his plump, glossy back.

Andrew stared at him, appalled. A mingled look of outrage and incredulity came into his dark, usually inscrutable eyes. The eyes said plainly, "You dared? You dared to strike me again, a thing which nobody has ever done during my entire nine and very important years?"

A vast, triumphant sense of power, surged through Anthony's being; that sense of power which sometimes grips the most modest of men and leads them toward limitless destinies. He saw now, clearly, the solution of his problem. A solution expressed by one simple word: mastery. He commanded in a loud, harsh voice, backing several paces away from Andrew McAndrew. "Come here, sir! Lie down!"

He didn't remember from what obscure source he gained that inspiration. But the strategy succeeded! Andrew McAndrew came crawling across to him in a fawning series of undulations, his ears flattened back, his eyes limpid with some emotion very akin to humility. At Anthony's feet he remained motionless, prostrate, until, suddenly inspired, he stood on his hind legs, prouetted, waved his paws in an unmistakable gesture of apology.

At this precise moment Harriet's little car, rattling up the lane, came to a halt beside the kitchen door. And Harriet herself, arms laden with bundles, followed by Cedric and James, got out.

"Anthony!" she cried, stopping short, staring. "I thought you'd—"

This time there was no fatal hesitation in him. Still elated by that glowing sense of victory, he ran towards her, seized her hands. Her bundles dropped, spilling their ripe vegetable contents on the ground. As he drew her to him, half-reliant and half-yielding, Cedric uttered a hysterical shout of approval. Little James beat a rat-tat-tat with his silvery tail. Andrew, with a quick glance towards two human beings who were obviously preoccupied, began to move stealthily towards the dustbin.

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A colonel from Burmah and Poonah
Was asked which stockings he'd sooner.
He roared "I say, sir
"Those things by Kayser,
"When I see 'em I croon like a croonah!"



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"WELL, it isn't my idea," said the gas-man, twisting the lock on to the meter with a small wire. "I didn't mind waiting till the baby's dinner was done, and if I had my way the bill could run a little longer. But that's how the company is. After all, they've got to pay their way."

"Of course," said Mrs. Michael Garside, watching him thoughtfully. "There's nothing that touches me so deeply as the picture of the gas company lying awake at night wondering what it'll do if the M. J. Garsides don't come across with that three pounds three and fourpence. There's pathos for you."

"I suppose you're kidding me," said the gas-man heavily. He was thinking that it was too bad for anyone as young and pretty as Mrs. Garside to be worried over gas bills and such. "If you could just pay . . ." he muttered hopefully.

Mary peered over his shoulder at the meter, hating it. "My dear man," she said then, "I have exactly two and sevenpence between myself and starvation. Work it out for yourself."

The gas-man threw her a startled look, decided that he had not heard aright, and turned towards the basement stairs. His final words he flung back over one shoulder, as he belted upward.

"You can take them locks off—easy," he advised, disappearing as he spoke.

Mary stared for an incredulous moment, and then rushed after him. "They wouldn't put me into prison, would they?" she called wildly.

The gas-man's voice drifted back from the yard. "Not you, lady. Not you."

Mary's heart brimmed. "I'll win a sweepstake," she shrieked after his benevolent back. "I'll send orchids to your wife, and silver rattles to your children."

But the gas-man had fled. "He's afraid of me," Mary thought repentantly. "And why not? He was nicer to me than I deserved. I ought to change my technique. Perhaps if I were sobby and pathetic . . . Never be blithe about your sorrows. People don't appreciate it. In fact, they resent it."

"Or else," she thought, pursuing her original idea as she stirred butter into Jerry's carrots, "I might have turned on the well-known charm, a trifle worn but still good. The face that launched a thousand ships and saved the Garsides' gas. The gas-man had a kindly eye. Given the right start and a good mother he might have gone straight. Probably a collector's life is not a happy one, either."

Jerry was crowing loudly in the bedroom, unmindful of matters which harass maturer souls. His mother flung open the door and viewed him with delight. He was standing in a martial pose, feet wide apart, amid a veritable ruin of sheets, pillows and blankets. One hand clutched either side of his cot, as he swung and pulled and heaved with all his muscular might in a painful effort to reduce his bed to a heap of kindling. The louder the wooden joints creaked, the brighter beamed the determined, pink face of Jerry.

"You banshee!" cried Mrs. Garside, scooping him up, an armful of damp flannel. "How can I be an earnest old frump with such as you underfoot all the time?"

She hung him over one hip like a small sack of flour, and with her free hand extracted a faded blue romper from a drawer. She sat down and tried to put it on him, hampered somewhat by the fact that he was absorbed in yanking at her hair, and that he found exquisite pleasure in sticking his feet through the sleeves and then laughing in her face. She removed them firmly. "You have criminal instincts," she told him. "You are probably the youngest known example of juvenile delinquency. And," she added, pop-



Illustrated
by
VIRGIL

"My dear man," said Mary, "I have exactly two and sevenpence between myself and starvation." The gas man threw her a startled look, deciding that he had not heard aright.

ping his fat leg into a sock while he wasn't looking. "I love every bone in your bad little body."

She put him into the high chair, and he watched her insolently as she ladled his dinner into his private bowl. "M-m-m. Lovely dinner," she cooed, setting it before him with the flourish of a head waiter. "Dinner, my darling, by courtesy of the gas company. So you'll grow up to be a big, fat stockbroker, and never, never touch a drawing-board as long as you live."

Pulling up a kitchen chair, she sat down beside him, suddenly pen- sive. Abstractedly she removed the spoon from his hand, just as he was anointing his hair with carrot. "Not a scalp treatment," she murmured absently. But she was staring at the tattered linoleum and the chipped sink, and the criss-cross lines of Jerry's laundry strung up near the ceiling, and thinking that things were about as bad as they could possibly be.

Jerry rejected the last three spoonfuls of dinner eloquently, by preparing to cast the bowl overboard. Mrs. Garside served junket. She did so automatically, thinking about Michael as she looked into the blue eyes of Michael's son; for Michael's eyes were likewise blue, and Michael's mouth as lovable, as insouciant, as this. "But, darling," she cried within herself, "this was such an error in judgment, you and I! Two cheerful idiots without a penny or a serious thought. There ought to be a law. People like us

should be forcibly prevented from marrying. All right to fall in love, to run away for Saturdays with a box of water-colors between us, and paint so-called pictures of the dunes, and tell each other how good they are. All right to sit about in somebody's studio with a bunch of other students, and snub Van Gogh and pretend we're being very Left Wing. But to get married! What supreme egotism, what unadulterated folly! To get ourselves involved with child-rearing and gas bills and leaks in the plumbing! If only one of us was an Earnest Soul. But you're crazier than I am, Michael dear, and I love you a lot, and it's just no go at all."

MARY wiped Jerry's face on the corner of his bib, and realised indignantly that her eyes were full of tears. "I'm an idiot!" she announced, looking apologetically at her son.

Jerry agreed, planting a sturdy fist alongside his nose as she dragged him from the high chair and into the living-room. He staggered away from her, making a bee-line for the drawing-table, evil determination writ large upon his face. Mary swooped down upon him just as he seized a carbon pencil triumphantly from the little stand.

"You drop that," she commanded sternly, thrusting blocks into his resisting hands. "Play with stocks and shares, play with insurance policies, play with fire or dynamite, my

cabbage, but never play with Art, big or little A."

She took up her mending basket and looked around her as if she had never seen the room before. It was undeniably shabby; even an unprejudiced observer would have had to grant that. The curtains were worn thin from incessant laundering. The rug had holes which even the judicious placing of the chairs did not entirely conceal. The wicker-work furniture had suffered at the busy hands of young Master Garside, protruding reeds and oddments of upholstery stuffing bearing mute witness to that healthy urge for exploration so highly approved by child psychologists. But Mary's eyes dwelt rather on the blue-green bowl of bitter-sweet on the mantelpiece; on the serried rows of dog-eared books; on the half-dozen delicate color sketches—souvenirs of the care-free Saturdays of the past—her past and Michael's.

It was a nice room, she reflected, taking the pastels away from Jerry and setting them safely on the cupboard. "Compared to other people's places—good Lord!"

"It might be worse, Jerry," she said gravely. "And on the other hand, it might be a whole lot better."

Jerry had found a dilapidated felt cat under the sofa. He was not interested in it as a species of cat; but its hide had given way at several points, and he felt that it had definite possibilities. He brought it to Mary, trailing stray shreds of white cotton behind him along the rug.

"Kicky," he observed, holding it aloft.

"Kitty," said Mary conscientiously, sticking the cotton back in. "And you must understand, Jerry, that

By . . .

CONSTANCE CASSADY

your father is a very good artist. He can paint circles around anybody we know. He's a good artist and a rotten salesman."

"Kicky," said Jerry, with an insincere show of sympathy, pulling a fresh wad of cotton from a hitherto-unnoticed rent in the feline hide.

"You are going to be a magician," Mary prophesied. "I see it all now. Rabbits from hats, and cotton from cats, with a heigh and a ho and a hey-nony-no."

Jerry favored her with a patronising smile and went on with his dissecting.

A scuffle and a commotion outside the front door cut short any further chit-chat along these lines. The next instant the room was filled to overflowing with Michael and three other light-hearted young men. They tossed an indignant Jerry up to the ceiling, and Fred Sillerbock kissed Mary on both cheeks, like a French general bestowing a decoration, and it was only when the first mad hurricane had subsided that she noticed Michael standing in the middle of the room, with his dark hair standing up all over his head, a large roundish package in his hand, and a dazed, beatific expression on his face.

"Great Christopher, be quiet!" she commanded, pushing the exuberant Sillerbock into a chair. "I think you're all too merry for the middle of the afternoon. What on earth have you got there, Michael?"

Bob laid a restraining hand on her arm. "Don't cross him," he advised in a stage whisper. "He's just a bundle of nerves."

MARY laughed, and looked down from one to another of them in a kind of bewilderment which had been growing upon her of late. It was all so gay—so ghastly gay—that at times you wanted, unreasonably, to run screaming from the room.

Michael had laid the package tenderly on the table, between the cracked lamp and the cigarette-tray. He removed the string, and ceremoniously laid back successive layers of rather greasy paper. Revealed at last, in all its glory, was a splendid and prodigious ham—a ham baked and embellished with raspings and a frill—a super-ham, resplendent, haughty, and as far removed from the ordinary homely product as is the queen from the scullery wench. Michael fell back before its radiance, as if he had been da Vinci unveiling the "Mona Lisa."

"Behold!" he cried. "The ham." Mary banished Jerry to a safe distance. "It's gorgeous," she said, thinking rapidly just how long it had been since she'd tasted any meat other than stewing steak. "But—I don't quite click, I'm afraid. I mean—is it a party?"

Bob smiled. "The party comes later," said George Grayson solemnly. "And not, definitely not, with this ham as an active participant."

Mary waited for further enlightenment, eyeing the ham as if hypnotised, and feeling hungrier and hungrier.

"You might as well tell her," Fred observed. "Wives always find out anyway."

Michael came to stand in front of her, and she noticed irrelevantly, and not for the first time, that his eyebrows flew up towards his temples at a most delightful angle. "Look, darling," he said with his charming smile. "This isn't an eating ham."

"Don't tell me its papier mache," Mary interrupted, "because I can smell it. It smells good."

"It's edible," said Fred, drooling slightly, "but not to be eaten."

Please turn to Page 38

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"I CAN only say again," she insisted, "what I told the police then. Your husband just questioned me about the theatrical racket. He didn't seem nervous. When I failed to give him any information he was disappointed. Towards nine o'clock he said he'd have to go. He paid the cheque, thanked me for coming with him, and left me there in the restaurant. That's all I know."

Somebody banged on the door. "Finale in two minutes, Helen! Hop to it!"

The girl with the platinum hair swung around to the mirror and dabbed powder over her features.

"You don't believe me, do you?" she asked of Leslie's reflection in the smeared glass.

"No. I'm afraid I don't. Not altogether."

All the bitterness and cynicism returned to Helen Lunden's lips. "Why not?" she asked.

"For the same reason, Miss Lunden, that the police never quite believed you. You see, every man on my husband's staff agreed that he wasn't interested in any theatrical racket. His days were crowded with bigger problems. Of men swindling the city of millions. Why should he suddenly have become interested in the sort of thing you mention?"

The girl who had once been Arlene Bray turned deliberately from the mirror and put her hands on her hips.

"I'm not going to try to guess your husband's reasons," she said. "I can tell you only my side of it. And I'm sorry your trip was for nothing." She thrust out her hand. "Good-bye, Mrs. Cameron. There won't be any use seeing me again. I can't tell you any more."

Leslie knew, with a sense of hopelessness, that in this first encounter she had failed. She accepted the hand and, looking straight into the singer's eyes, she said: "I can't help feeling sorry for you. I hope that some day we may understand each other better. I think we could be—helpful to each other."

When Leslie returned to Philip Ranney, he lifted her wrap to her shoulders and they left at once.

Though they were more than a mile from their hotel, she begged him to walk. She wanted to feel the salty wind sweep through her hair; it seemed to cleanse her mind of the smoke and the murk and the noise that had filled the club.

Philip Ranney, listening to the account of her interview with Helen Lunden, walked with his hands in the pockets of his white jacket, his head bent.

"Well, you did your best, anyhow," he muttered. "After all, we could hardly hope to pop into her dressing-room unannounced and come away with a brand-new set of facts. It will take time."

"No. She won't tell us anything, ever. I—I could feel it." Leslie shook a hopeless head.

"There's one thing she told you," Ranney said, "that may prove valuable. That bit about almost having died of pneumonia in a Chicago hospital." He drew his hand from his pocket and slipped it under her arm. "Mind if I talk like a detective?"

"Please do."

"Two weeks ago I dug up all the records the police had on Arlene Bray. They had tried, you know, to get at her family history. They knew she came from Wisconsin. They established also the fact that her parents were dead. She had an older sister, however—Margaret Bray. What became of Margaret the police never learned. When they questioned Arlene, she said she hadn't seen her sister for years. It sounded unlikely, and the police tried pretty hard to find the sister. They never did."

He glanced at Leslie and saw her perplexity.

"I suppose I'm flying off half-cocked," he conceded. "Usually, however, when a patient is admitted to a charity ward, he's asked to give the name of some relative to be notified in case of death. If Arlene Bray—under the name of Helen Lunden—was alone in Chicago at the time they had her in the hospital she might have given her sister's name and address. It's worth looking into, anyhow. I don't suppose she mentioned the name of the hospital?"

"No."

"Well, my boys can get in touch with Chicago. They'll have her hospital record looked up."

Walking slowly, Leslie frowned. "You think Arlene Bray deliberately kept her sister out of this case?"

"Doesn't that sound more plausible," Ranney argued, "than that

The Man in My Life

Continued from Page 10

Arlene had completely lost trace of Margaret? And why should she have made such a point of keeping Margaret out of the affair? Obviously, because she didn't want Margaret found and questioned. Therefore, it would be wise to find and question Margaret."

Ranney's speculation roused a vague hope. Looking up at the moon, Leslie wondered if Arlene could have confided to her sister things she had been unwilling to divulge to anyone else. If so, would Margaret talk?

"Frankly," Ranney said, "I'm pretty much convinced Arlene saw your husband before that last evening."

"You can't believe Bert had an affair with her?"

"Why not? The house superintendent who identified Bert's picture had nothing to gain by lying. The police showed him a dozen photographs of different men. Bert's was just one of them. They asked the superintendent to look at the twelve pictures. Without hesitation he pointed out your husband's. He declared that he'd seen that man often—at least once a week—for months—calling on Arlene Bray." His voice lost its crispness. "I'm sorry. I know it hurts. But, after all, that's the point which makes the superintendent's story valuable. It's also the point that makes Arlene Bray important to us."

LESLIE walked in silence. Strange, she thought with a pang, that the police had never told her how they had obtained the superintendent's testimony. And yet she suspected that there were many things the authorities had withheld. She knew that she herself had been doubted during those first few months.

As they walked she continued to gaze at the full golden moon that silhouetted the fronds of tall palms. Even now, years after the first fierce fires of her indignation had subsided, she found it impossible to believe that Bert had been in love with Arlene Bray. And tears came to her eyes.

For she couldn't help remembering the gay romance that had preceded her engagement to him. She could still see Bert Cameron's dark young face, his brilliant smile, his lively eyes—eyes that had talked to her as eloquently as had his lips.

There had been a single month—less than a full month—of marriage before the night he had dined with Arlene Bray. It had been the most miraculous month of Leslie Cameron's life, and she found it inconceivable that Bert's

tenderness during that time had been merely a mask over his love for somebody else. The very thought made something squirm within her.

She wondered now, as she had wondered so often, whether she was still in love with him. Could one be in love with a memory, in love with a hope?

She supposed, with a sigh, that one could. What, if not love for Bert, was prompting this last despairing search?

She brought her eyes down from the moon to find that Philip Ranney was leading her into the hotel. The lobby was crowded, and somewhere in the mezzanine an orchestra played.

As Leslie and Ranney walked past the desk, the night clerk said, "Mrs. Cameron."

She turned questioning.

"There's a person-to-person call for you, from New York. It's been waiting more than half an hour. Will you take it in a booth or in your room?"

She sent a startled glance at Philip Ranney. Then she said quickly, "Upstairs, please."

As they hurried together towards the elevator, Ranney whispered in amazement: "This sounds peculiar. There wasn't a soul in New York—not even you—who knew to what hotel you were going! . . . I'm coming with you while you take that call."

When Leslie answered the call in her room, she found it was Harley Pitt who had been waiting with determined patience to talk to her from New York. She cried, "Harley! How on earth—"

He said, "I had no idea where to find you, Les. I had the operator try every hotel in Miami."

"But what is it?" she asked, bewildered.

Harley's voice remained, as always, under rigid control. "I thought you wanted to avoid publicity."

"Of course!"

"Please, Les, don't misunderstand. I simply want to save you embarrassment. Two of the tabloids up here carry unfortunate pictures to-night. They show Philip Ranney stepping into the Miami plane. Just above him, in the door, they have you, looking back over your shoulder. The captions under the pictures run something like 'Mrs. Leslie Cameron and Special Prosecuting Attorney Philip Ranney, Accompanied by Mrs. Thomas J. Ranney, Leave for a Miami Vacation.' Not precisely that, but quite close to it."

Please turn to Page 16

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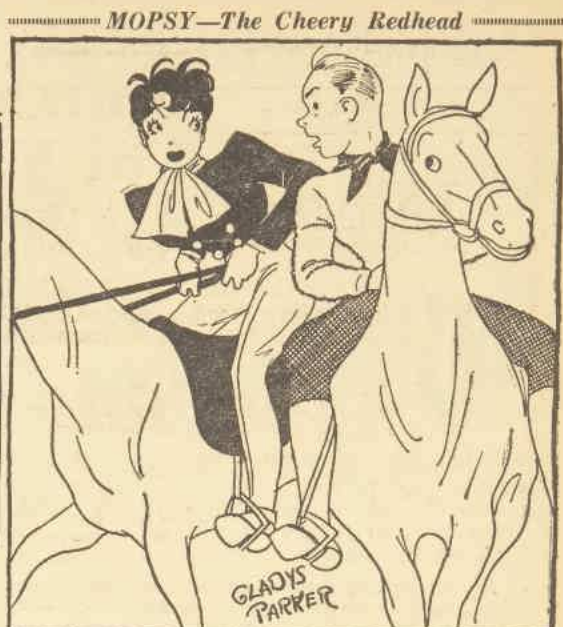
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INSTRUCTOR: Rise with the trot of the horse—now RISE!
MOPSY: How CAN I rise till I sit down?



KIT: Your friend told me I was very beautiful.
KAT: Yes, he's always talking about old times.



"My wife serves a meal that warms your heart."
"Mine gives me heartburn, too!"



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ARE you subject to annoying chilblains every time there's a return of cold weather? It's not only the pain and discomfort you have to contend with but there's always a danger of chilblains breaking and becoming septic.

You can be free from chilblains all winter if you follow this easy treatment. Just give your feet and hands a nightly rub over with Zam-Buk. This restores circulation, ends

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BRAINWAVES

A prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

"ISN'T this tripe tough and stringy?"
"Yes, I suppose it is a little, but have you tried eating it with your veil off?"

THE small boy was crying bitterly.

"What's the matter?" an old lady inquired.
"Got my new trousers covered with dust," he sobbed.

"But they're clean now."
"I know. But mother wouldn't let me take them off while she beat the dust out."

MILLINER: That dark hat goes wonderfully well with your pale complexion, madam.
Customer (breathlessly): But I only became pale when I heard the price.

"LEND me sixpence for my bus fare home!"
"I've nothing less than half a crown."
"Good! I'll take a taxi."

"Do you act towards your wife as you did before you married her?"

"Exactly. When I fell in love I used to lean over the fence in front of her house and gaze at her shadow on the curtain, afraid to go in. Now I act the same way when I get home late."

I've got the Job!
I've got the Job!
Mum, I've got the Job!

"Mr. Hickstone said I could start on Monday." "Mum! Mr. Hickstone said it was my H. & R. training which told him I'd do well. Gee, Mum! And a lot of others were after it, aren't you glad you let me start training BEFORE I found a position—and it was only a few weeks, too!"
"But he didn't get it because he told Mr. Hickstone his mother said he could leave his training until after he found a position." "And Mr. Hickstone said that he couldn't take risks with a boy who hadn't learnt the first principles of business." "Gee, Mum, don't you think Bruce's mother hasn't given Bruce a chance in life?" "I've got the job—Hoorny—I start on Monday."

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An Editorial

AUGUST 19, 1939

GARDEN CITY FOR WORKERS



OUT of all the talk of bad housing for workers, inadequate town-planning for the future, and the danger of dead-end jobs for our children has come a constructive stroke by a firm which aims at curing all these evils so far as its own workers are concerned.

An Australian company with nation-wide ramifications will build a model city in a seaside suburb of Melbourne. The town will eventually house 10,000 people and will cost £1,000,000 to build.

Australia is badly in need of housing and betterment schemes like these.

As our great industries flourish more and more of these garden cities should spring up, giving our workers happy, healthful surroundings, eliminating long-distance travel to work and building up a strong community spirit among people with similar work and outlook.

Community creches for the babies while mothers are out shopping, laundry and lawn-mowing services as part of the town's activities, libraries, schools, and street beautification are all provided for under the Melbourne scheme.

Schools, and later a technical school, will be erected.

This is a most interesting point. It strikes at the worst of our unemployment evils, the dead-end job for youths. The plan is to see that there are no dead-end jobs for the children of the town. Vocational guidance will be used in finding posts for the youngsters. Here is a common-sense viewpoint allied to an ideal.

If each community sees that its boys and girls are not allowed to drift into the unskilled army, we will have gone a long way towards the solution of the problem of our youths being thrown on the industrial scrapheap before they have had a chance to try their hand.

—THE EDITOR.

Duchess will find FRIENDLY GHOST at YARRALUMLA

By MICHAEL SHERIDAN

SO that stately, lovely Yarralumla, Canberra, home of the Duke and Duchess of Kent during their stay in Australia, may remind them still further of an old English manor house, someone has resurrected the story of the ghost said to visit the homestead.

The black shadow of Yarralumla is an ancient story.

The wanderer is popularly supposed to be an aborigine searching for a lost diamond. He's a ghost who knows his place, never entering the house, but wandering about the lawns at Yarralumla, harmless and self-effacing.

He has been seen from the dining-room on cold, dreary nights when the breezes whistle down on Canberra from snowbound Monaro ranges.

In summer he has been seen digging under an elm tree where a diamond of great value is said to be hidden and for which he is ever searching.

Since the ghost of Yarralumla is black, can it really be a ghost?

Tradition wraps ghosts in shadowy white raiment to descend with eldritch noises to the banquetting halls and scare the lives out of the guests.

Jacky, the Yarralumla ghost, on the other hand, is a perfect gentleman in sable color. His ghostly "walkabouts" are always made outside the house, and he seldom appears, even to the most enthusiastic ghost-stalker.

Although it would be a nice gesture to have a native ghost of a harmless, almost benevolent aspect such as the shadow of Yarralumla, his "presence" is not nearly so well authenticated as other ghosts in the Monaro district.

This early-settled part of Australia appears to have kept to the English tradition of granges and manor houses.

Riderless horse

SQUATTERS built places to remind them of their English homes, with hawthorn hedges around the paddocks, and it was only natural they had to have a ghost or two to keep up the "old squire" tradition.

The most famous of these ghost stories I came across in an old journal. It concerned the Black Horse of Sutton.

The ghost was seen by one family and only when disaster befell their house.

The first occasion was when the father of the house went to Goulburn to complete a land deal which would place him in full possession of further broad acres.

He, as was natural, celebrated the occasion, and on mounting his mettlesome horse was thrown from it and killed some distance from his home.

It was a mild summer night, and the man's wife and children were seated on the broad-flagged verandah of the homestead when they heard the soft drum of galloping hoofs in the dust of the home road, then the sound of a gate being opened, the wheeling of a horse as though a man had turned to close

the gate, the clanging sound as it shut fast . . . then the sound of galloping hoofs again.

The woman stood at the verandah to welcome the homcomer, but a riderless horse came into view, its hoofs drumming on the drive. It crossed the lawn and moved at a breakneck speed towards the house . . . The sound was muffled, only to be taken up again at the back of the house.

The RIDERLESS HORSE had passed silently through the house and disappeared into the ranges at the back.

The woman watched it in the dusk and then shook herself free of a gripping fear. It was, she thought, a trick of her imagination in the failing light. When her husband did not return she became alarmed. A search was made and he was found dead—his horse grazing nearby.

It is said that when disaster came to that family the riderless horse was seen galloping swiftly—a messenger of death.

The horse was seen when the woman's eldest son was also killed by a fractious horse . . . again when the youngest son was killed at the Boer War.

The house has long been demolished and sheep graze across the country where the riderless horse comes no more.

Martinet major

ANOTHER ghost story mentioned in the early days concerned a military man, a certain major who had taken up large tracts of land in the district.

He was a bachelor and returned to England nearly a century ago, but

before he did so left the most fascinating story behind him.

It appears that the major was a martinet of the worst kind. He had a number of convicts working for him, and one of them was an unruly member sent out as a political rebel. He resented the fact that he was "a lag" along with the cut-throats and pickpockets working on the station and said so often enough—well, often enough to exasperate the peppy major . . .

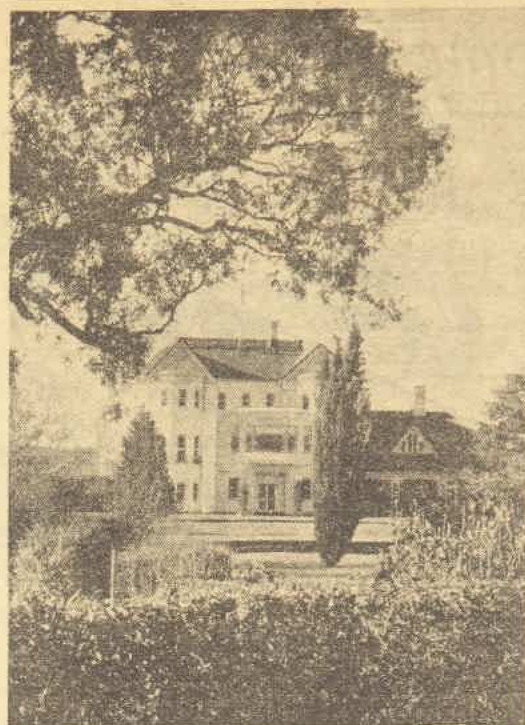
One day the major made some slighting remark to the convict, who picked up a stone and threw it at his tormentor with greater accuracy than judgment.

The major, who was magistrate, immediately sentenced the man to death, and that same evening he was hanged.

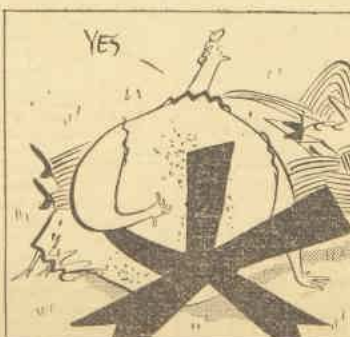
For revenge he haunted the place (so the old story goes), singing ribald campaign songs on the major's bedrail, hunting the cattle out of the barns at night; kicking over buckets of milk left on the dairy floor by the milkmaids; rattling tins and tolling bells in the dead of night until the major, thoroughly irritated, and not a little frightened, sold his property and left for England.

The present owner of the property has never seen the ghost . . . although parties were organised to try to beat up the entertaining old fellow with a grudge against the major.

Records of the Monaro district abound in stories of wayside ghosts, shades of bushrangers who returned to the scenes of their crimes, sudden apparitions of the long since dead, and the whole doleful collection of weird and wonderful encounters, but the black shadow of Yarralumla is the story that has longest survived.



YARRALUMLA, Canberra home of the Duke and Duchess of Kent, is like a lovely English manor house—complete with ghost.





L. W. Lower's nameplate causes a sensation.

HOW TO PRESCRIBE FOR A FOREIGN LESION

Sickness without germs . . . new technique for medical profession

I am thinking of resuming practice again as a doctor.

Rummaging around in the attic looking for something to pawn I came across my old brass plate: L. W. LOWER, M.D. Consulting hours, 6 a.m. till 6 p.m.

THAT settled it. I thought to myself, "Why should poor suffering humanity be forced to go around suffering and me not making a few bob out of it?"

Having fixed up my brass plate I turned my attention to my instruments—most of them very rusty—and filled in an appointment book leaving me booked up three months ahead and sat down and waited.

That's the hardest part of the

medical profession. It explains why you usually have to wait half an hour before seeing a doctor. He says to himself, "Hang it all, I've been sitting here on my own for days, just waiting. Let him have a go at it for a while."

Of course, you don't want to leave him too long or he might escape. Just open the door after a while and say, "Ah! Come in! Take a seat over there for a while, will you?"

Then you sit at your desk and write things for five minutes.

L. W. LOWER

Australia's Foremost Humorist

Illustrated by WEP

Doesn't matter what you write. Just look busy.

When he starts getting restive swing around in your chair and say: "Now, then, what's our trouble?"

"Well, doctor, I get terrible pains in the back and my ears have dropped two inches in the past fortnight."

"Hm! What is your occupation, Mr. er—?"

"Smith is the name. I'm a glass-blower."

"I see. Just take your shirt off, please. You may leave the singlet on. Ever had any signs of this trouble before?"

"Just a twinge now and then, doctor. Not as bad as this."

"Hm. Breathe in deeply and when you breathe out, say 'Omph!'"

"OMPH!"

"Seems to be a slight lesion there. Indicates the presence of some foreign body."

"What's a lesion, doctor?"

"Haven't you ever heard of the foreign lesion? However, we'll have to make sure of that. How's your appetite? Eating well? Getting plenty of carbohydrates?"

"Oh, I'm eating fairly well."

"I see. Well, for a start you'll have to cut out smoking."

"But I don't smoke, doctor."

"That should make it much easier for you to cut it out. How do you sleep?"

"I've never been able to find out, doctor, as I've usually been asleep at the time."

Winning tactics

"Hm. Yes. I see. Just put this thermometer under the tongue."

Then you look at your wrist watch while holding onto his pulse and remark to yourself, "I can't hold him much more than another ten minutes. The hotels close at six." Then you say out loud, "You should be in bed." Just like that.

It frightens him. And he'll have something to tell his wife when he gets home.

"I'll give you a prescription. Get it made up on your way home. There's a good chemist just around the corner. You may get dressed now."

After that you sit down at your desk and write, "Give this mug a mixture of benzine and bitter aloes and don't charge him more than four and six or he mightn't come back."

Of course, you don't do it straight out like that. You write, Benz. Col. Bital, four grms. Z.X. Sang Freud. Formulae 4 and 6."

This you place in an envelope and say, "Take this after each meal and again going to bed. I'm afraid it won't taste very nice."

"No good medicine ever does, doctor."

"I agree that in a great many instances you are correct. However, persevere with the treatment. I'll be around to see you on Friday, if

I can fit you in. You keep yourself well rugged up, old man. Have your wife ring me the moment any serious complications set in. Especially if you feel a dull pain in the ankles."

"I—er—how—"

"Two guineas. Thank you. Don't forget. Straight to bed. Tell your wife I'd like to have a talk to her."

The good part of this method of

diagnosis is that he goes home to bed and immediately imagines he's got pains in his ankles.

When his wife arrives at the surgery you say, "Ah, take a seat, Mrs. Smith. I'm afraid your husband is in rather a bad way. We'll have to keep him on milk foods. He may have a little grilled fish once a day. You don't look very well yourself, Mrs. Smith."

"Well, to tell you the truth, doctor, I've been feeling awfully tired lately."

"I think we'd better have a look

at you. Can't have two sick people in the family, eh?"

"Ha! Ha! Hm. . . . You'll have to take care of yourself, Mrs. Smith. How long is it since you had a holiday?" (This is a winner.)

"Oh, a long time ago, doctor."

"Well, my dear lady, you're heading for a nervous breakdown. You'll have to take away for a rest for a while. Meantime I'll just write out a prescription—a tonic for you."

We doctors do a great deal of good. In this particular instance we make both patients quite happy and leave them something to talk about later on.

I am proud to say that medical science has advanced so far that we can now do without germs, and, given a vivid imagination and a poker face, the young doctor can rise high in his profession.

DO YOU KNOW ?



IN THE MIDDLE AGES WITCHES WERE BELIEVED TO HAVE THE POWER TO CURE TOOTHACHE BY MUMBLED THE FOLLOWING:—

"I GREET THEE, NEW MOON, FOR THE PAIN AND FOR THE GOUT, AND FOR THE THREE LITTLE WORMS WHICH ARE IN MY TEETH. ONE GREY, ONE BLUE & ONE IS RED, I WISH THAT ALL THREE NOW WERE DEAD. AMEN!"

Teeth cleaned with sticks!

JOHN BULWER

RECORDED IN 1650, THAT GUINEA WOMEN PRESERVED THEIR TEETH "by rubbing them NOW and THEN with certain WOODS, by which friction they gain a Lustre like unto the most Beautiful Polished Ivory!" POLISHING IS ONLY PART OF THE ACTION OF A GOOD DENTIFRICE. KOLYNOS CLEANS AND POLISHES IN ONE ACTION! YOUR TEETH SPARKLE WITH NEW LOVELINESS!

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Half inch of KOLYNOS enough

THAT 1/2 INCH of KOLYNOS BURSTS INTO A SURGING ANTISEPTIC FOAM INSIDE YOUR MOUTH. THOUSANDS OF TINY, ACTIVE BUBBLES FLOAT AWAY ALL DANGEROUS FOOD DEPOSITS, AND LEAVE YOUR TEETH SURGICALLY SHINING WITH NEW BRILLIANCE! And ONE tube of KOLYNOS lasts as long as TWO tubes of ORDINARY DENTAL CREAM — because you need ONLY 1/2 INCH ON YOUR BRUSH.



Why ever look or feel your Age

PROBABLY not one in ten could guess her real age. Her complexion is flawless—her figure still neat and trim—and she's as active and happy as when she was a girl.

You, too, can look years younger than you really are and enjoy the blessing of perfect health by taking Bile Beans at bedtime each night.

Bile Beans are purely vegetable. They tone up your system, eliminate daily all harmful waste, and counteract any tendency to put on weight.

So, start taking Bile Beans to-night if you would be really youthful and healthy.

BILE BEANS

KEEP YOU HEALTHY & YOUTHFUL



"I thank Bile Beans for the good they have done me. I used to feel awfully tired and low-spirited. But Bile Beans made me bright and cheerful again, and so improved my general health that I feel years younger. I also find that Bile Beans nightly prevent excess fat forming and keep my figure normal."—Mrs. M. B. Sims.

"For my attractive figure, clear complexion and bright spirits I give all credit to Bile Beans. Nobody takes me for a day older than twenty-one and even my doctor is surprised at my youthful appearance."—Miss J. Leckie.



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So those photographers had caught her! ... Leslie didn't know whether her anger was directed at Harley Pitt or the offending newspapers. "I suppose," she flung out hotly, "they're making it sound as if we'd gone off on a—sort of spree!"

"Exactly," he acknowledged. "Forgive me, Les, but—you know how I feel about you. I hate to see this sort of thing started. In a few days there'll be other pictures. In the Sunday rotos. Really, my dear—"

And then, of a sudden, she knew why she was angry. It wasn't the newspapers that bothered her. It was Harley—this icy, condemning, strait-laced disapproval of his. How ever decent his motives might be, she found herself resenting every word he uttered. While Philip Ranney curiously watched, she stood, quite pale, her eyes dangerously bright. Somehow Harley must have become aware of her anger, for he said contritely:

"Believe me, Les, I'm thinking only of you. In self-protection you'll have to tell reporters, if they question you, that you've decided to search for your husband. And then the whole thing will blow up again—pictures, stories, headlines, everything."

Strangely, her anger collapsed as quickly as it had flared. "I'm sorry, Harley," she said wearily. "But, after all, I can't live my life only to avoid gossip."

"Les—why don't you come back?" He was silent an instant before he drove on more passionately. "When I read this kind of thing—the nasty implications people are putting on your trip to Miami with Philip Ranney, it—it just makes me boil!"

She didn't know how she finally managed to say good-bye to him. When she turned away from the telephone she sank listlessly into a chair, looked up at the puzzled Philip Ranney and smiled a little wanly. She told him as simply as she could what Harley Pitt had reported.

"You're not going to let the drivel of a few nasty little minds dictate your actions, are you?"

"I'm not thinking of myself," she said, frowning. "It's you, now. After all, you're a public figure, and this sort of thing—well, it can't do you any good. And we wanted to avoid all publicity."

He leaned back against the closed door, hands in the pockets of his white jacket, and eyed her with a kind of paternal solicitude. "You're tired," he said. "Things seem exaggerated to-night. Get yourself some sleep. By morning Pitt's call will seem silly. Besides," he added, "I don't think it's you Harley Pitt is worrying about. It's himself. You know him better than I do. You know how much he dreads scandal."

"You're misjudging Harley," she said slowly.

"Maybe. But I believe Pitt is thoroughly scared."

The Man in My Life

Continued from Page 12

"Of what?" She turned, astonished.

"Why should Harley be scared?"

"He's always made a point of keeping his reputation as immaculate as the Supreme Court's."

"But we're not soiling it!"

"Aren't we? Don't forget this: He has among his clients a number of gentle old souls—the aristocracy of a past decade—out of whose estates he makes a very decent living. They're not the kind of people who stick to a lawyer who steps into mud. He went through quite an ordeal trying to keep them when your husband disappeared. After all, Herbert Cameron was Harley Pitt's law partner. It looked queer for the firm. Could he keep them through another siege of scandal and publicity?" Ranney was watching her intently, with a trace of uncertainty. "He's in another kind of mess, too," he went on after a moment, more slowly. "Award business. He had no hand in creating it; he's just its victim."

She began to question him, and he explained:

"For the past five years Pitt has been attorney for the Arrencort Construction Company. Brings him about fifteen thousand a year. Of course he could never guess that the majority of Arrencort stock would suddenly come into the hands of Frederick Novack. Pitt knows that Novack has been under suspicion for years. I have an idea that if Novack walked into Pitt's office to retain him for personal work, Novack would be kicked out. Harley Pitt is like that. And yet he suddenly finds himself the attorney for an outfit in which Novack now holds the reins. In other words, he's accepting Novack's money through the Arrencort Company."

BRIEFLY, without humor, Ranney laughed. "And I don't think Pitt's ready to sacrifice that fifteen thousand a year. On the other hand, he squirms at the idea that he's got to do business with Novack. Everything considered, he wants to keep it hushed. The less scandal there is the easier he'll feel. He certainly doesn't want your husband's case raked up again."

Still leaning easily against the door, Ranney waited for Leslie to speak. But she didn't. She sat frowning down at fingers that tugged at a handkerchief.

Presently, as if dismissing the entire matter, he straightened. "Suppose," he said in a lighter tone, "we forget Pitt and Arlene and the whole mess for to-night." He extended his hand and unexpectedly grinned. "I think we've both had more than enough for one day. I'll just go down and wire my office to look into Helen Lunden's hospital record in Chicago. . . . Good night."

Leslie awoke early, in an uneasy mood. She had an illogical sensation of being pulled in opposite directions by Harley Pitt and Philip Ranney.

At Ranney's insistence—"Do you good," he kept saying, as did his mother—she played golf and, surprisingly, discovered that it steadied her. And all the afternoon, awaiting a report on the Chicago hospital records from the Special Prosecutor's office, they remained close to the hotel, swimming, lounging under palms and on the beach. Puss, having unexpectedly met a gay old acquaintance she'd known in New York, had been whisked off to the Hialeah races; so they were alone.

Her blue halter and swimming trunks revealed Leslie's slimmest at its best, and Ranney's humorous eyes were far from unappreciative as he lay beside her on the sand. He decided she was the loveliest sight on the beach; said so with conviction.

"Thanks," she murmured. "I was just thinking that you look like one of those muscle-builder advertisements."

"Don't sidetrack us," he ordered sternly. "We were talking about you. Do you know what I'm thinking?"

"That it's time for another dip."

"No. I'm thinking if I'd known what the job of Special Prosecutor entailed—days like this, for instance—I'd have managed to get myself appointed years ago."

Leslie was about to speak when a hotel page ran down the beach to inform Ranney that a phone call from New York was waiting. . . .

He jumped up, said something, and hurried off eagerly. But when he re-

turned in a few minutes he was subdued and his eyes were worried.

"No dice," he muttered. "There's a record of the Helen Lunden case at the Good Samaritan Hospital in Chicago all right. But no record of anybody to be notified in case of death."

Something collapsed in Leslie. She stared at him in dismay. "So—so we're nowhere?"

"Nowhere at all." He frowned away at the sea and his voice became low. "I guess we underestimated Arlene Bray. If she was trying to keep her sister out of the case she certainly went the limit!"

After that they sat silent for a long time, hugging their knees and frowning at the horizon. Leslie's disappointment, sharpened by a growing sense of helplessness, became as acute as physical pain. She began to wonder if this trip to Miami hadn't, as Harley Pitt had argued, been useless from the outset. Certainly Arlene Bray had yielded no information. And as for the vanished sister, Margaret—was it merely the impossibility of finding her that made her seem so important?

Philip Ranney, sighing, drew a package of cigarettes from his beach robe. He lit one for Leslie, let the smoke of his own whip over his shoulder, and spoke in a low, meditative tone to the horizon:

"You know, there's a lot we haven't learned about Helen Lunden. A few years ago she came out of a Chicago hospital, sick, weak, broke. She admits she didn't have any friends; if she had, they'd have seen her through that hospital siege. It's hardly likely she went back to work—to dancing or singing or whatever it was—as soon as the hospital dismissed her. So what did she do? Where did she eat and sleep? Who took care of her?"

Leslie confessed, "It never occurred to me to ask."

"It didn't occur to me, either, until just now. I'm simply thinking aloud. Don't mind it. Silly habit. . . . I'm wondering if at a critical time like that, when she probably needed help desperately, she didn't turn to somebody who might have sent her money. After all, if she'd been protecting anybody by keeping silent for years—her sister, maybe—she'd have been entitled to some sort of remuneration."

Leslie started. "I don't know if Helen Lunden has been receiving money—but I do know she has been mailing money to someone."

At that Ranney turned quickly. "How do you know that?"

"I remembered just now that while we were talking in that dressing-room she pulled a package of cigarettes from her purse."

"A couple of scraps of green paper fell out—money-order receipts. I saw them but I didn't pay any particular attention to them. Still, now that I think of it, she—she seemed confused for an instant. She pushed them back into the purse with a jerky movement."

"If she's been sending money orders to anybody it might help us to know to whom," Philip Ranney insisted. "It will tie her up with other people, anyhow."

Please turn to Page 18

LOST 23-lbs. FAT NEVER FELT SO WELL

"Youth-o-form is marvellous," says Mrs. J.O.B. "In six weeks I have lost 23lbs. and never felt so well before. My husband is delighted, and says I should have taken Youth-o-form years ago. Youth-o-form has helped thousands of women to regain their normal healthy figure. Easy to take, anywhere, just one pure Youth-o-form capsule occasionally at mealtimes will melt you reduce safely—permanently—without 30 dose carbon 3's. Put six weeks' treatment 20/- Get genuine Youth-o-form at all Chemists."

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Complete
Short
Story

... The tale of a switchgirl whose pet hobby was listening to conversations that didn't concern her

PRACTICALLY nobody in the building knew Miss Elizabeth Gilly. But nearly all the people who worked there would have been surprised had they known how intimately Miss Gilly knew them.

Miss Gilly was the telephone operator. At nine o'clock every morning she climbed on a high stool at the switch-board, put a pair of horn-rimmed glasses on her plain moon face, and slipped on a headset. Until six o'clock she attended the switch-board, quickly and efficiently, and listened in on other people's lives.

It was fascinating to Miss Gilly, this listening in, particularly on those illicit personal conversations which the Parker Company had strictly forbidden in its time and on its telephones, but which went on anyway. Usually they were long, lingering conversations about how the young man felt and what he was doing to-day, and how the young woman felt and what she was doing to-day. Utterly unimportant. But Miss Gilly listened rapily. No man ever rang her up to talk lengthily about nothing.

Sometimes she got indignant towards people she had never seen. Towards Dick, for instance, the boy in the shipping department. He had a nice, sincere voice, but Miss Gilly, shut off by herself in the little switch-board room, knew he wasn't sincere at all. He had three girl friends—Elsie, a City number; Helen, in Mayfair; and Lois, at Pinchley—and he rang all three almost every day.

He'd say: "Hullo, Lois. Thought I'd give you a ring."

She'd say: "Oh, hello, Dick. How are you?"

"Fine. Thinking of you all the time."

"You're only saying that!"

"That's what you think." He'd sigh then. "It must be love all right. I can't get you out of my mind."

FIFTEEN minutes later Miss Gilly would hear him telling Elsie that he hadn't been able to sleep last night for thinking of her. And then he would ring Helen and say he couldn't keep his eyes open to-day, and wasn't that a grand party?

Miss Gilly always got a little angry when this happened. But she was a little regretful when, sometimes, Dick's voice would sink suddenly and whisper that he'd have to get back to work because old Smithson had just come back. She would pull out the connection, feeling rather as if she'd had to leave in the middle of a film.

It always amused Miss Gilly when the wires buzzed with a bit of gossip that she, Miss Gilly, had known for months. Like the time somebody saw a paragraph in the paper saying that Mr. Nelson was being sued for divorce. Miss Gilly used to listen in when Mrs. Nelson rang up her husband.

She'd say: "When are you coming home to-night?"

"I'll be a little late, Effie, cleaning up to-night. We've got a contract with the Murchison Company."

"Oh, I see." Mrs. Nelson's voice would get a little shrill. "Is that what you call her now—the Murchison Company?"

"Look, dear, I won't be any later than nine o'clock."

"Just having dinner with her, eh, and a little—"

"Please, dear, can't we settle this later?"

"Settle it? You mean you'll tell me a lot of nonsensical bunk!"



Illustrated
by
FISCHER

"I've got another telephone call coming, Effie," he would say wearily. "I think we ought to discuss these personal matters outside office hours."

"Oh, that's probably her now. Mustn't keep her waiting!"

And so she would scold on, more shrilly than ever.

Miss Gilly often expected Mr. Nelson to explode and roar at her, but he never did.

Miss Gilly was a little startled, though, when she heard what the paper said about the suit. It seems that Mrs. Nelson was charging her husband with being cruel and inhuman, and boasting to her of his affairs with other women. And Miss Anderson, in accounts, told Miss Wilbur, old Mr. Parker's secretary, in a low voice over the wire that she always suspected Mr. Nelson was like that. He always behaved so goody-goody in the office that she knew it was a pose.

This puzzled Miss Gilly, because Mr. Nelson never got any calls from girls.

Miss Gilly never gossiped about what she heard. That would be disloyal. But it was all right to listen. What harm did that do? She felt strangely potent, holding all the secrets she did. She knew, for instance, that Miss Adams in accounts was only posing as a single girl because the Parker Company preferred unmarried women employees. Not only married, but had a baby. Her husband was out of a job, and sometimes he rang up to ask what he should do about the coal running low or the baby not taking its bottle.

By Joseph Harrington

She used to sit back and hug herself while two gossips exchanged the most insane misinformation about Mr. George Parker and Anne Williams. Nobody had the right story at all, except Miss Gilly. What she could have told if she had a mind to—but, of course, she wouldn't.

Miss Gilly had a personal interest in that story. She even had a clear picture of Anne Williams the day she came to work in the advertising department. Because immediately Tom Howell, the reception clerk, telephoned to his friend, Harry Benson, in the order department.

"I say," he said, "have you seen

As they came abreast of her pew on the way out, Miss Gilly met the bride's eyes and smiled.

the new girl in advertising? No? Well, you're due to get a surprise. A beautiful blonde, with a perfect figure."

"I'll run up and have a look. I've got a query here for advertising, anyway."

"Remember, I saw her first."

"Oh, did you? Well, all's fair in love and war."

Miss Gilly had never ceased to be amazed at the superb confidence of these two young men.

A few hours later Harry telephoned Tom. "Can you talk, Tom? I've just had a look at that girl. You can have her."

"Why?"

"She's got a swelled head."

"How's that?"

"Well, I waited about and talked to her for a while, and then asked her what she was doing to-night. She asked why I was asking. And I said I knew where there was a party. Do you know what she said? She said she stopped going to children's parties long ago."

Miss Williams used the telephone a great deal in her work. She made her calls in a cool, even voice, talked about rates and display and mail order follow-ups with easy sureness. She had been there a month when Miss Gilly made her mistake.

Mr. George Parker's light bobbed on and off, indicating he was jangling the hook. He wasn't often impatient like this, and when she plugged in and heard his voice she knew he was furious.

Usually soft-voiced and amiable, even when an operator somewhere broke his connection, he now snapped: "The stock room!"

Swiftly Miss Gilly plugged in and pressed the bell button. It wasn't until she heard Miss Williams' voice that she discovered her error. The stock room was extension 107, the advertising department 106. She had plugged in on 106, and for the moment she was too dumbfounded to act.

Miss Williams said. "Hello," in her cool, even voice.

"Listen," snapped George Parker, "hasn't anybody down there got an ounce of brains?"

There was a split second of blank silence. And then Miss Williams' unruffled voice: "Probably not. Why?"

"I'm not looking for impudent remarks!" George Parker roared. "Whom do you think you're talking to?"

Miss Gilly hesitated. If she pulled out the plug now, they would know she had been listening in. She was in a quandary.

"I don't know, and I don't care. If you've got any complaint about the advertising department, why don't you—"

"What the devil has the advertising department got to do with this? I'm ringing the stock room!"

"Then I suggest you take the matter up with the switch-board." There was a smart little click as her telephone went back on the hook.

George Parker jangled his hook furiously, and Miss Gilly spoke unhesitatingly.

"Switch-board," she said.

"The stock room." Incredibly he seemed to have cooled off somewhat. Not that he spared the stock room when he got it. A customer had ordered a new set of 101 gears for a rush job. He had just received the gears—a set of B 101 gears. What the devil did the stock room think the letters and numbers were stamped on gears for? Decorative purposes? This would delay the job two days. Furthermore, this was the second let-down in a month, and unless it was stopped . . .

A few minutes after he had finished that call he was on the wire again.

"The advertising department," he said.

Miss Gilly made the connection with an uneasy feeling that she was responsible for this. Miss Williams undoubtedly was in for trouble. She should have been more careful, even if she didn't know she was talking to Mr. George Parker, chief of the engineering department, and nephew

of old G. W. Parker, the managing director. But still it was Miss Gilly's fault, too.

"Hello," said Miss Williams' voice. "This is George Parker. I just wanted to apologise for flying into such a rage a few minutes ago."

Miss Gilly could hardly believe it! George Parker apologising to a junior in the advertising department!

But Miss Williams even now, knowing whom she was talking to, was unfustered. In her cool, even voice, she said: "That's all right. I think it was mutual."

"You're Miss Williams, aren't you?"

"Yes."

"I've been meaning to drop in and see you about the mail order stuff. I've got a few ideas you might be able to work in."

"Very well."

That was the beginning. Nobody in the building knew anything about it for weeks afterwards.

But the very next day Miss Gilly saw the way the wind was blowing. George Parker rang up the advertising department again.

"Miss Williams? Parker speaking. I was wondering, Miss Williams, if we could finish working out those ideas over lunch to-day?"

"I think you explained them quite fully yesterday, Mr. Parker."

"No—that is, I thought up a couple of additional points after I left you."

"Wouldn't it be better to take them up in the office?"

"Well, of course, if you don't want to give up your lunch hour to work . . ."

"It isn't that at all."

"Well, about the only spare time I have is then."

"Where should we meet?"

"The Weldon, say?"

"Won't the music interfere with the conversation?"

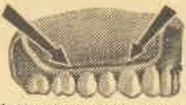
"It won't bother me a bit."

"Very well. At twelve forty-five?"

"Twelve forty-five it is."

Please turn to Page 56

How to Overcome Fear of FALSE TEETH that "refuse to stay put"



The illustration shows how receding gums cause a dental plate to become loose. Have your dentist re-adapt your plate to gum tissue changes so that it will again rest on a good, firm foundation, feel lighter and more comfortable. And until your dentist does this, daily sprinkle a little FASTEETH on your plate to help safeguard your eating and talking from the annoyance and embarrassment of a loose, wobbly, slipping plate. Thousands overcome loose plate worry in this simple way. This pleasant powder forms a thin, retentive seal between plate and gum ridge, so you eat and talk in greater comfort. Being mildly alkaline (non-acid), FASTEETH soothes tissue made tender by chafing of a loose plate and allays inflammation due to excessive acid mouth. Does not sour. Checks bad plate odor (denture breath). No. 100. Dainty taste or feeling. Get FASTEETH from any chemist.

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The Man in My Life

Continued from Page 16

"BUT how can you find out? Rob her purse?"

He said, "If she sent those money orders within the last day or two the local post office may still have the information; and the Miami police can get it for us. If she sent them a long time ago, of course we'd have to get the receipt numbers somehow and trace the things through the Post Office Department at Washington." Ranney rose and tossed his beach robe over his shoulder. "I'll go and have a talk with somebody at police headquarters. Maybe we can still have a look at the post-office records before the day's over."

Ranney left her when they reached the hotel, and Leslie went slowly to her room. She lay down and spent an hour in gloomy speculation before she finally sighed and dressed for dinner. She had just finished her hair when Ranney knocked sharply at the door.

"Yes?" she said. "Come in." She knew, the instant he entered, that something had happened. His eyes were bright, his face was tense.

"Hold your breath," he began. "It looks as if we're off to New Mexico."

"New Mexico?" Leslie stared at him. "What on earth—"

"Post-office records, at the branch nearest Helen Lunden's home, show she sent a twenty-five-dollar money order yesterday afternoon to a Mrs. Margaret Roake at a place called Little Alamo, New Mexico."

"Margaret Roake?" Leslie actually gasped the name.

"Right! The clerk at the desk downstairs says we can get a plane early to-morrow morning. Puss won't be able to join us this time. Only two seats left on the plane. . . . Unless, of course, you'd rather go back to New York and let me handle this alone?"

"No!" Leslie said. "Of course not! This is my search. I'm going!"

At midnight Frederick Novack's sleek white yacht, the Estrella, lay waiting for him in the St. Johns River at Jacksonville. Frederick Novack himself, however, was in his suite at the Hotel Florida Royal, listening at the telephone to a strained, harsh voice in New York.

"Novack," it said, "my boys in Miami just reported. Something's happened down there! Ranney and the Cameron woman made reservations for two on a morning plane. They're not heading back for New York. They booked passage to Albuquerque, New Mexico!"

Instantly Frederick Novack stiffened. His square face went flaccid,

and lost color. "Albuquerque?" he repeated.

"Yes! And my boys can't stay on their trail any longer. The plane's filled. Every seat taken. Ranney and the woman got the last two."

Novack, visibly shaken, even frightened, hurriedly moistened his lips. As he stood there, the phone in his hand, eyes unnaturally bright, something rugged and ugly came into his features, and it affected his voice, too, when he spoke: "Paul, tell your men to keep them away from that plane to-morrow morning. I don't care how they do it! I want Ranney and the woman delayed a day!"

"Sure," Paul jeered. "The way we delayed Marshall for example, out at Southampton last year. But those stunts are dangerous, Novack, and—expensive."

"The expense doesn't matter! Call your boys and tell them! I need an extra day—I've got to have it!"

Paul said resignedly, "All right, all right. But if the boys run into trouble, it'll cost you plenty."

In the morning, right after breakfast, Leslie and Ranney started for the airport. Leslie, wearing a trim grey travelling suit and an arrogantly tilted little hat, drew a breath as she settled in the cab. The taxi rolled away from the hotel, and Philip Ranney lit a cigarette.

"Know what just occurred to me?" he said. "I think it must sound positively immoral for a man and a woman travelling together to call each other Mr. and Mrs. People are bound to lift brows. Did I ever tell you, Leslie, that my name is Philip?"

"Why, no," she said. "But now that you mention it, Phil, I did notice it in the newspapers."

He grinned as he tossed the match away. "So that's settled. I feel much more comfortable."

Neither of them granted any particular attention to the taxi driver. A thin man, he wore a chauffeur's cap and an old grey suit. They could not know that he had been waiting for them since six o'clock; that he had paid fifty dollars for the use of the cab.

He drove fast across the Causeway, slowed in Miami streets, then picked up speed again as he shot toward the airport near Miami Springs.

It was quite possible, Leslie and Philip Ranney had agreed, that this impulsive dash to the West would prove futile. For one thing, it was conceivable that Mrs. Margaret Roake would have no information to give; or, if she had, that she would flatly refuse to divulge it.

"But one thing is in our favor," Leslie had emphatically argued. "If Margaret Roake turns out to be Margaret Bray, we'll know that Arlene lied when she told the police she'd lost track of her sister. And if she lied about that, she probably lied about other things!"

THEY were outside Miami now. The cab sped along a concrete highway for more than a mile before it swerved off the road. It turned into the arched private entrance of an estate. High grass and a rusty iron fence indicated that the place was not in use.

Ranney started violently out of a reverie to cry a surprised "Hey, you! What the—"

By that time the chauffeur was jamming on brakes. Here the cab was hidden from the main highway by a thick untrimmed hedge of rhododendrons and palmettos. Ranney bent forward, anger in his eyes—but at once checked the movement and sat petrified.

For the chauffeur had turned, even while his foot smashed down on the brake. He lifted a hand over the back seat, and there was a squat blue-steel automatic in his grip. "Hop out, folks," he invited softly.

Ranney snapped. "What's the idea?"

"Idea?" The man mimicked astonishment. "Ever hear of a hold-up? . . . Hop out!"

"Don't be a fool," Ranney retorted. "You can't get away with this! You're a cab driver. The porter at the hotel can identify you. So can we!"

"Do I look worried? Or scared? Get out!"

Grey of face, still stunned, Ranney looked at Leslie. She sat rigid,



CLASSIC SIMPLICITY

ISOBEL'S dull black crepe dinner-gown moulds sleekly to the figure, with flashes of jet to lighten the neckline and quaint pockets.

fingers pressing hard into her purse. His glance swung obliquely to the automatic. Then he reached stiffly for the door, opened it, and slid out. "Come on, Les," he said. "No use arguing against bullets." His voice shook a little, and his face had developed new muscle bulges. He asked the chauffeur, "What do we do now? Play movies and lift our arms?"

"Turn towards the house,"

They stepped into knee-high grass. Leslie's heart pounded madly.

While the chauffeur got out of the cab they faced a faded Spanish villa in a disreputable state of neglect.

A car whizzed by on the road beyond the hedge. Hearing it, Leslie had an impulse to scream for help—but when she turned her head she saw the chauffeur, just a step away, levelling his automatic at her back, and the cry died in her throat.

"Get started for the house," the man commanded.

Then the sagging front door of the Spanish villa swung open on noisy hinges. It was some sixty yards from where they stood, but they could see another man, obscure and motionless, waiting in the shadowy corridor.

They walked forward slowly through the swishing grass. Leslie, tense in every muscle, realised this was no ordinary hold-up. These men must have learned of the plane reservations. Why else should someone be waiting in the abandoned villa? How could a casual cab driver have foreseen that he'd have a fare to take past this house this morning? Her pulses throbbled and she remembered with terrifying clarity that Grace Lockridge had warned her of the dangers that lay in a search. "Look," Grace had said, "at what they did to Bert . . ."

To Be Continued

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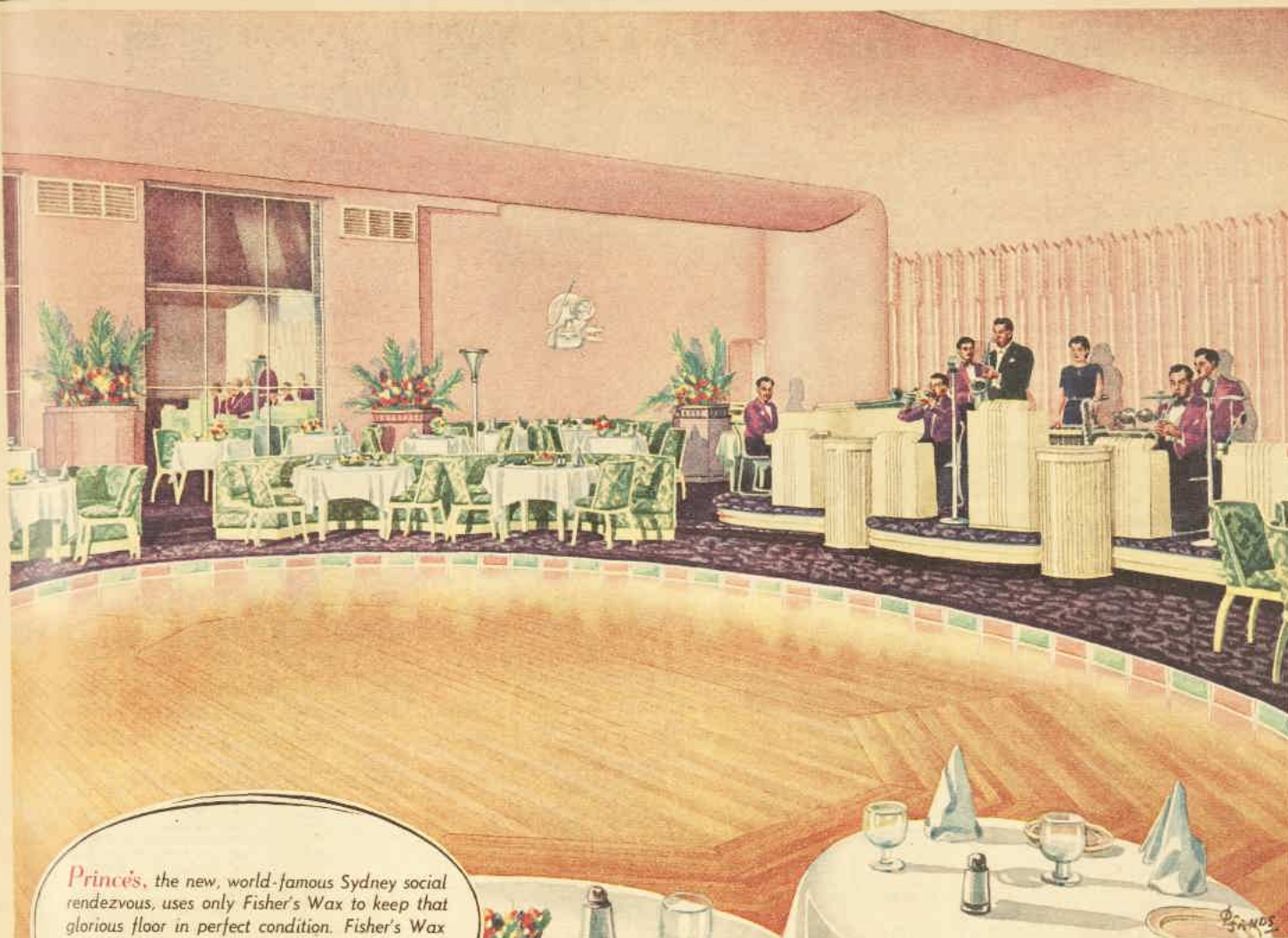
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What King's nurse says of Australians

Declares her visit taught her a new philosophy

"If you drop your handkerchief it may lie till the cows come home before they (Australians) pick it up for you.

"And if you can't open a door for yourself you should be going around in a bath-chair.

"But when it comes to driving you an extra thirty miles or so to save you an anxious wait, why, it is just nothing."

THIS is what an English nurse, Sister Catherine Black, says about Australians, in her autobiography, "King's Nurse—Beggars' Nurse."

Famous as the nurse who nursed King George V from the time of his first serious illness in 1928 until his death seven years later, "Blackie" (as the Royal Family call her) arrived in Sydney during the Coronation celebrations.

In her book she gives intimate glimpses of life in the various Royal residences and of members of the Royal family.

And it is rich in anecdotes of Ireland in her girlhood, of the dramas of life and death in hospital wards, and heartening stories of research in the curing of humanity's ills.

Her four years as a war nurse.



in hospitals and casualty clearing-stations at the front, are described with a heartrending and sometimes horrifying simplicity.

But Australians will be particularly interested in what she has to say about the year she spent here, visiting Bush Nurses in the far inland, settlers in the irrigation area round Mildura, cattle and sheep stations, and wartime nursing com-

SISTER BLACK—or "Blackie," as the Royal Family call her—nursed King George V from the time of his first illness. Her autobiography contains vivid impressions of Australia.

rades in the cities and country. "I went out to Australia after the death of King George," Sister Black says, "with a sad heart and the feeling that the best part of my life was over.

"But in the vast spaces of that new country courage and serenity returned to me. When I left it I no longer feared what the future might hold for me.

"I had been among people who had fought loneliness and conquered it, who had learned to live for the day alone and let the uncertain tomorrow take care of itself; and I had caught something of their philosophy.

"I saw the sights of Sydney like an orthodox tourist, had tea with the Speaker at Parliament House, and talked to the Premier. I branded sheep with paint on a sheep station near Canberra, learned how to ride (or at least not to fall off a horse) at Toomoombin on the Clarence, and made a box at the butter factory at Casino.

"I went to a brilliant reception at Government House, dropped a tear and a bunch of violets on Melba's grave outside Melbourne, and gazed at the tall timbers of Healesville. I scoured the Dandenong Range, peeped into furnaces and sneezed down smoke-holes at Port Pirie.

"I chased picturesque diggers down fruit blocks with pencil and notebook on the Murray, and went to bush dances where the guests arrived from horizon-wide distances on horses, in sulkeys and antiquated cars."

Capacity for enjoyment

SISTER BLACK discovered that her Australian vocabulary acquired during the War from Australian patients was not exactly suited to Australian drawing-rooms, that the greatest asset a Britisher can have here is the ability to stand being laughed at, and that we have a capacity for enjoyment which has nothing to do with money.

Two Australian customs were new to her—the law against jay-walking, for which she might have been arrested if the policeman had not come from her native Donegal, and the practice of placing strange people together at one table in hotels when there are many empty tables in the dining-room.

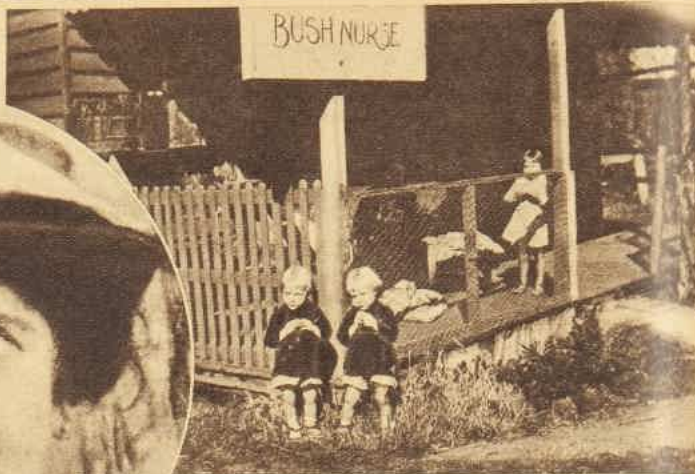
Melbourne, after Sydney, was "like a baronial castle after a gay modern hotel."

Sister Black was impressed with the work of the bush nurses. "These women do splendid work in a quiet and unassuming way," she writes.

"The bush nurse has to learn to make quick decisions in matters of life and death, and assume responsibilities unknown to nurses in more populous areas."

Sister Black spent Christmas in Kalgoolie. At first she felt homesick, but soon found that, even when the temperature is 107, "Australia can give England points."

"King's Nurse—Beggars' Nurse," by Sister Catherine Black (Hurst and Blackett). Our copy from the publishers.



HERE IS A TYPICAL bush nursing hospital. Sister Black warmly praises the movement and the nurses.

WRITTEN IN THE STARS ASTROLOGY BY JUNE MARSDEN President Australian Astrological Research Society

Although Leonians earn a name as flirts, they make excellent partners — they are dependable, loyal, and loving.

MANY of the qualities of this sign are based on the element of love, allied to which are enthusiasm and enjoyment of all things beautiful.

Consequently it is not surprising that Leonians (those born between July 23 and August 24) earn the name of "Lovers of the Zodiac," and are some of the most charming people in the world.

They are loyal and ardent, and possess pride, kindness, quick temper, artistic ability, and, above all, charm.

What is more, they not only express charm themselves, but attract others by reason of it.

As a result most Leonians find that friendships are easy to win, and that love affairs (or opportunities for such), are usually prolific.

The attention and admiration offered prompt the Leonian to say more than he really means, and to create the impression that the maid of the moment is absolutely essential to complete happiness in life.

He does not mean to be cruel and selfish. He does not stop to think that when he moves on to new scenes and new friendships he leaves behind a sorely disillusioned person who has given more serious thought to the "flutter" than was intended.

So the Leonian earns his name as a lover at the same time as he gains repute as a flirt.

This is a pity, for most Leonians when they finally settle down are perhaps the most loyal and satisfactory partners of all.

The Daily Diary

UTILISE the following information in your daily affairs. It should prove interesting.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Be up and doing, for the stars are bringing most Arians a chance at good fortune. This is especially so in affairs commenced on August 22 (after 11 a.m.), August 23, and, to a slightly lesser extent, on August 24. Seek advancement, make changes, and ask favors: be confident and optimistic, but not rash.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 21): Good times are near, so try to avoid the troubles of the present, or else be patient and put up with them. Keep your spirits up by planning wheels for the future. Be cautious and avoid risks and changes on August 20, 21, and 22 (very early), but plan to make the best possible use of August 25 and 26. Work hard then.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): Get important matters which cannot wait some time attended to without delay, preferably on August 19. Avoid all new enterprises and take no risks or make changes on August 22, 23, or 24. Difficulties, delays, and annoyances can worry unwary Geminians then.

CANCER (June 23 to July 23): Quite fair for semi-important plans and ambitions on August 20, 21, and 22 (very early).

LEO (July 23 to August 23): This is the last chance for ambitious Leonians for some time, so waste no time on August 22, 23, and 24. Start new ventures and make changes then. Finalise important matters.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Now comes your turn to show what you can do. August 25 and 26 can produce opportune and desirable adjustments, and changes, and general (even if unexpected) good fortune for keen Virgoans.

LIBRA (September 23 to October 24): Fair on August 19. Routine tasks best.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): Pack up your troubles, but not until after August 24, when things take a slight turn for the better.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 23): Luck comes your way on August 22, 23, and 24. Have worth-while plans in readiness, and go after the things you want, because after August 24 you'll need both patience and wisdom to keep out of trouble.

CAPRICORN (December 23 to January 20): The stars will favor wise Capricornians for some weeks to come. Hard work, optimism, and confident cheerfulness will pay good dividends on August 23 and 26.

AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 19): Gloom is likely to catch up with many Aquarians on August 20, 21, and 22 (very early). New ventures and changes should be avoided. Over-confidence is likely to bring losses, opposition, partings, disappointment, and worry.

PISCANS (February 19 to March 21): Speed up all important matters needing attention by working hard on August 20 and 21. Then concentrate on routine tasks.

(The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in them. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.)

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bright
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Real Life Stories

Short and Snappy

NOT EXACTLY CRICKET

BEING a new chum married to a cricket-loving Australian, I looked forward to my first cricket outing with mixed feelings. Krummer was playing Gosford, and my husband had been stone-walling for hours when I announced to those around me that I would go out and bring him in.

They enthusiastically encouraged me and, in silence, I marched to the pitch. "Come out of that, you selfish man, and give the others a chance," I told him.

Cheers and roars of laughter greeted me from all over the ground. I am sure Bradman never had such an ovation.

I know the rules now!
10/6 to Mrs. Myra Guerin, King's Cross Rd., Darlinghurst, N.S.W.

COULDN'T SIT DOWN

IN a suburban train one night I noticed a young man, who had to stand, get a finger caught in a hole in the bracket that supports the luggage rack.

Gradually the compartment emptied, but he could not get his finger free.

How embarrassed he looked standing there with the compartment half empty!

He was three stations beyond his destination before he asked for help and his finger was released.

2/6 to B. M. Dobbin, Glenora Ave., E. Coburg, Vic.

SALESMANSHIP?

LIVING in the country and deciding that our horse was rather heavy and slow for the light buggy, we offered him for sale.

A local grocer called to inspect him, and my husband arrived at the stable in time to hear our six-year-old son say, "I don't think we should sell this horse. We should keep him for funerals."

It was not surprising that the grocer refused to buy.

2/6 to Mrs. J. F. Walker, Cintra St., East Ipswich, Qld.

KEPT ON ICE

HAVING caught a rat my young brother decided to collect the 3d. bounty paid by the local council, but when he took it to the Town Hall after school on Friday he was told he would have to bring it back on Monday morning.

It was hot weather, so he took it to the ice works, and asked if it could be kept on ice during the week-end.

After school on Monday he proudly collected his rat, and the 3d. was given him by amused council employees.

2/6 to Mr. C. L. Conder, Mittagong, Wallan Wallan, Vic.

WORTHWHILE JOKE

DURING a heat wave at Walgett we spent every day bathing in the Barwon River, and would sit in the shade of a huge gum overhanging the river.

One specially hot day my husband left to take a message across the river, and as he departed he told me not to sit under any trees.

He was joking, but later on I decided to bathe on a sand bar fifty yards away from the tree.

Ten minutes later I heard a crash, and saw that half the tree had fallen into the river where we always sat.

2/6 to Mrs. A. St. Leon, Walgett, N.S.W.

SEND IN YOUR REAL LIFE AND "SNAPPY" STORIES

(ONE guinea is paid for the best Real Life Story each week.

For the best item published under the heading "Short and Snappy" we pay 10/6. Prizes of 2/6 are given for other items published.

Real Life Stories may be exciting or tragic, but must be AUTHENTIC.

Anecdotes describing amusing or unusual incidents are eligible for the "Short and Snappy" column.

Full address at top of Page 3.

RAMASSAN, the camel man

A story of inland Australia



AS a nurse with the Australian Inland Mission I met Ramassan, the Afghan camel man, who is well known in Central Australia.

A picturesque figure, tall, lean, and brown, with frank hazel eyes and a close-clipped beard and moustache adorning a pleasant face, the charm and delightful manner he displays to womenfolk suggest a kind of Old-World courtesy.

Ramassan's address is listed as the great inland of Australia, where more often than not the ground forms his bed. He is the owner of Tom, stubborn and treacherous, but having the reputation of being one of the fastest camels in the inland.

One day Ramassan came to the nursing home, one of these places, 300 miles from the nearest railway and 200 miles from a doctor, which serves as hospital, church, open house, post office, and library for the isolated white settlers.

Ramassan was suffering from what Burns calls "the hell of all diseases." His mouth was in a bad state. Examination showed that at the roots of four teeth abscesses had broken outside the teeth, just under the jawbone. Was it safe to extract? Was the jawbone affected?

The problem was a frightening one, but at last, yielding to Ramassan's entreaties, I faced a task which seemed beyond my strength and skill.

To my surprise, the teeth came out much more easily than I expected, and then—

"Rinse your mouth, Ramassan," I said in a voice that sounded strangely unreal, as I handed him a glass of hot water.

"Seester!" he said, in broken English, "you are very brave. De dentist I saw in Marree (500 miles distant) he said, 'Ramassan, dees teeth, they verrey bad. You must go to specialist in Adelaide. I not touch them.'"

Met his double

EIGHTEEN years ago in England, when I was fourteen, my mother told me she had seen a boy who was my double.

Two years later, when out walking with friends, I met a strange girl who greeted me as "Tom." It was hard work to convince her that I had never met her before and that my name was Jim.

She even insisted that I worked at a certain hotel, though I and my pals told her that my job was in a coal mine.

About a year later a man offered to pay me 2/6 which he had borrowed from "Tom." Naturally I was rather anxious to meet my "double," but in October, 1924, I came to Australia.

In 1938 I was in Melbourne on holiday, and walking down Collins St. came face to face with a replica of myself. We both stopped in amazement, and then I said: "Hullo, Tom!" He had migrated to Australia shortly after I had.

While I stayed in Melbourne we went about together and were always taken for twins.

2/6 to Jim Reeves, 286 Bulwarra Rd., Ultimo, Sydney.

"HIS MANNER to womenfolk suggested a kind of Old-World courtesy."

Seester, he was frightened. I not go to Adelaide. I come out bush, and I think the Seesters, they will be able to do something."

And Ramassan slipped out again into the great open spaces that constitute his home.

11/1/- to Dora E. Burchill, S.R.N., R.M., St. John's Avenue, Camberwell, Vic.

The somnambulist

WHEN I lived about 60 miles from Walcha I had built a small pen to protect some motherless lambs from the dingoes which were numerous and ferocious.

One cold wet night I heard the weird howl of the wild dogs, and went outside to look at my lambs. The dogs howled again and frightened me so much that I ran indoors.

Everyone else was asleep, and I went to bed again and dreamt that I was running with a lamb held in my arms with a dingo chasing me.

Waking with a start I heard the bleat of lambs, and there beside my bed were two of them, while from the bed to the door were muddy footprints of my bare feet.

Apparently the plight of the lambs had worried me and I had gone to their rescue in my sleep.

2/6 to Mrs. G. Kelly, Brookside Stn., Armidale, N.S.W.

A rough ride

HORSE-BREAKING at Cobaw (Vic.), I was giving a three-year-old his first ride in a yard which had rails on three sides and the back of a stable on the fourth.

Suddenly the horse reared to its full height, and I found myself pinned against the corrugated iron of the stable roof. In a second I was unseated and when I tried to throw myself to the left my right foot became entangled in the stirrup leather.

Before I could regain the saddle the horse plunged forward and bucked round the yard, dragging me beneath him till the owner brought a quiet horse into the yard and, with its help, cornered the fear-maddened animal.

When I escaped, I was a mass of bruises and abrasions.

2/6 to E. Blount, Stanford St., Sunshine, Vic.

Quicksand rescue

WHILE holidaying at Mt. Martha, a resort a few miles from Mornington (Vic.), my brother and I owned a soap-box truck, which we used to collect bottles.

After having almost filled the truck one day, I saw three lemonade bottles in a shallow salt-water lagoon with a sandy bottom. I handed my brother two of them and then took another step to retrieve the third bottle, when I felt myself being sucked into the sand.

In a few seconds I was up to my waist in quicksand, but fortunately my brother appreciated my plight and, grabbing me quickly, dragged me to safety.

2/6 to W. Redfearn, 86 Corio St., Shepparton, Vic.

Roof caved in

BEING collectors of stones, my friend and I were returning after having inspected an old copper mine, when I saw a large piece of ore protruding from the roof.

Using an old iron bar, we were attempting to dislodge it when there was a terrific crash, and we were thrown to the ground. The air was charged with dust and we could hardly breathe, and when our vision cleared we saw that the exit was completely blocked.

Fearing the worst we began to clear away the stones and dirt, and at last, with fingers bleeding, we made a hole large enough to let some air in.

Hours later, after slowly enlarging the hole, we were able to worm our way out, and a more thankful, dirty, weebegone pair could scarcely have been found.

2/6 to M. Anderson, Bouleroo Centre, S.A.

IT'S THE FINISHING TOUCH THAT COUNTS
IN MODERN HAIR STYLES

Californian Poppy BRILLIANTINE

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With all eyes on your newest hair-style (and to be really smart this season you must have a very individual one!), make sure of its perfect finish with a touch of Californian Poppy Brilliantine. This fine, light brilliantine gives new lustre and colour to even the dulllest and most lifeless hair, and makes lovely locks more lovely still—lustrous, exquisitely glossy.

CALIFORNIAN POPPY perfectly blended, from the finest, costliest oils. Only the lightest, most delicate brilliantine should be used on a woman's precious hair. Californian Poppy is the safest choice, because it contains costly fine oils that are really beneficial.

Rub a little Californian Poppy Brilliantine between the hands, then lightly pat it on the hair. See how it keeps the wave in place and smooths away frizziness... how beautifully it brings out the colour and gleaming highlights.



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Mrs. P. Alphonso, Carlton, Vic., writes:

"I have much pleasure in recommending Warner's Safe Cure to anyone suffering as I did. For many months I could not sleep for pains in my head, back, and shoulders, and when I got up in the morning I felt fairly worn out. After trying many medicines with no results I was advised to try Warner's Safe Cure, with the result that after taking only a few bottles I can honestly say I am cured and am a different woman altogether."

This and thousands of other letters from grateful patients prove that this remedy does do a job for humanity; it does make sick people well, and you, too, have this same opportunity of being classed A1 in health.

Warner's Safe Cure is sold by all leading chemists and storekeepers. Large bottles 5/- and 2/6 in Concentrated Form. These small bottles are really economical, the required dose being so much less. Write for a free booklet to H. H. Warner & Co., Ltd., 530 Little Lonsdale Street, Melbourne. Take Warner's Safe Pills for Constipation—1/- per bottle.



LORD LURGAN, the singing earl, who will give a series of concerts for the A.B.C.

Singing Earl's great tribute to Melba

Offers concert proceeds to establish memorial

"Dame Nellie Melba was a glorious singer and a wonderful woman. I am amazed that her native Australia has no memorial to her yet," said Lord Lurgan, the singing peer who arrived in Sydney last week under contract to the Australian Broadcasting Commission.

"A Melba memorial was the first thing I sought, but was unable to find any kind of national tribute to your greatest singer."

"DAME NELLIE was really responsible for my taking up singing seriously," added Lord Lurgan.

"Dame Nellie was a great friend of both my mother and my grandmother."

"She often stayed in Ireland with my grandparents when my grandfather, the Earl of Cadogan, was Viceroy of Ireland, and I often met her there."

"I heard her last performance at Covent Garden. It was a memorable, moving experience."

"The recordings of the songs she sang that night are my most treasured possessions."

"How lonely her death was. But I think she was often a lonely woman in spite of her many friends and the adulation of thousands of people."

"I owe her so much. She gave me most helpful encouragement when I sought her advice as to whether I should take up singing professionally, and afterwards actually helped me with my singing."

"I am hoping I shall be able to see Dame Nellie's home, Coombe Cottage, and I plan to take some flowers to her grave when I am in Melbourne."

"I should have liked to meet her granddaughter, Pamela Armstrong. Dame Nellie was so proud of her and often talked about her, but I believe she is in America. Perhaps I shall see her there."

As a tribute to the memory of Melba, Lord Lurgan has decided to offer his entire earnings from his concerts and broadcasts in the Commonwealth of Australia to the establishment of a fund for a fitting memorial to the famous singer, to be erected in Sydney, where she died.



DAME NELLIE MELBA. Lord Lurgan was surprised that there is no national memorial to our greatest singer.

monwealth of Australia to the establishment of a fund for a fitting memorial to the famous singer, to be erected in Sydney, where she died.

"I feel sure that there must be very many admirers of the late Dame Nellie Melba who would like to associate themselves with the foundation of such a memorial," he said. "I also feel that there would be many people in England, too, who would only be too happy to participate in the fund."

"Naturally, I should like to leave it entirely to the people of Sydney as to what form the memorial should take."

Fourth baronet

AN only son, Lord Lurgan, William George Edward Brownlow, is thirty-seven. He succeeded his father as fourth baronet two years ago.

"I have been so busy settling family affairs since my father's death and travelling about on concert tours that I've had no time for romance," Lord Lurgan said.

"No, I don't get any feminine fan mail," he admitted rather wistfully.

Blue-eyed and suntanned, Lord Lurgan has the quiet cultured voice produced by education at Eton and Oxford.

He wanted to be a singer even when he was a small boy. His singing lessons began when he was ten years old, and he sang in operettas and concerts at Eton.

Although the Lurgan baronetcy is only a hundred years old Lord Lurgan's family have been "landed gentry" in Ireland since 1810.

The family seat, built a hundred years ago, in 15,000 acres of land, is in County Armagh, 30 miles from Belfast.

"But it was sold when my father was a young man," said Lord Lurgan. "This was very fortunate, for upkeep and land tax would have made me bankrupt by now."

If you wanted to call on Lord Lurgan in London you would not find him among the big town houses in Park Lane or Mayfair.

His home is one room in the Carlton Hotel.

"My father was a director of the hotel, so I have lived there for years," he explained.

"I don't like possessions. My only collecting weakness is gramophone records, and I have a good many of them, mostly orchestral music."

Lord Lurgan gives all his royalties from gramophone records and from engagements at private houses to the St. Giles' homes for British lepers.

Most of his concert programmes are composed of modern English songs.

English songs are neglected, he thinks, because of the sugary sentimental old ballads that were fashionable in our grandparents' time.

"We need a crusade, especially in England, to win recognition for modern English music," he said. "There must be many people in Australia who would have the time and interest to start a crusade here."

Smash!!

GOES ANOTHER NASTY COUGH



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Opinions Welcome

Through this page you can share your opinions. Write briefly, giving your views on any topical or controversial subject. Pen names are not permitted and letters must be original.

COURTEOUS MEN

I HAVE often heard people say that the age of chivalry is dead.

Perhaps the men of to-day lack some of the little social graces, the finesse and courtesies of a bygone generation. But they are not lacking in chivalry when a woman needs help. She may have a refractory horse or car. Her hat may blow off or the contents of her handbag spill on to the roadway, and you can be certain there is a man ready to help her.

These men may scoff at chivalry and forget to open the door for you or to rise when a woman enters a room, but they have the happy knack of being practical, efficient, and dependable.

Away with your smirking, old-world gallants! Give me a 1939 Australian!

£1 for this letter to Miss I. Carter, 4 Huntingdon Grove, Coburg N13, Vic.

MANNERISMS ANNOY

MANY of us have developed little mannerisms that are most irritating to those around us, such as whistling (often out of tune), tapping with the finger-tips, playing with the cutlery or a pencil on the table, and shuffling the feet.

Many gestures are just as irritating—poes, pattings and pullings of hair, digging in the ribs.

The list is endless, and nobody is friend enough to speak of the nuisance to the unconscious offender.

G. G. C. Christie, Deewhy, N.S.W.

BUSH HOLIDAYS

WE read in our papers and hear over the air about plans to take bush children to the seaside.

What about our little city children who need a change to the country to be given fresh milk and poultry, which I am sure many of them have never tasted?

I think it would be a good idea if a fund were started to send these children to the bush to get some color in their cheeks, to give them a love for the country, and to give their health a chance.

Mrs. Janet Reid, Manuka, Anthony St. Ascot NE2, Brisbane.

"MISS EVERYDAY"

I HAVE been reading about the world's best-dressed women, but does not the everyday girl deserve more credit for her appearance?

Miss Everyday, during her one hour for lunch, or after five o'clock, tears round the shops, chooses her pattern from a fashion magazine, her material from a dozen bales just like it, and she either makes the frock herself or pays a modest price to have it made for her. Her beautifully hair-do and home manicure complete the picture.

All by clever, careful, and tasteful management of a salary of about £1 a week she manages to keep herself neat and attractive. Isn't SHE smart?

Mrs. K. Browne, c/o Commerce House, Adelaide.

NOT SO HEROIC

ISN'T it amusing that people seem to consider themselves heroes or heroines if they go sea-bathing in the winter time?

Some of them even boast they have a cold bath every day in their own homes.

If one starts in the summer and continues through the winter with cold showers, no great courage is required, and such a routine is just a matter of choice.

Boasting on the subject, however, seems somewhat absurd.

Miss R. Walker, 168 Rowe St., Eastwood, N.S.W.

Are overalls best for children's wear?

THE advantages of overalls for children, G. Vernon (29/7/39), are that they are handy to slip over other clothes and easy to wash.

Their disadvantages in my opinion are that the children's legs are covered. In the summer time, sunshine and fresh air are kept from the body, and that must be bad for the little wearers.

H. Parker, Lister Crescent, Ainslie, Canberra, A.C.T.

Are protection

MY little girls wear overalls to protect them from winds, and keep their legs warm in winter. In summertime, overalls protect them from insects.

Their knees do not get scratched and sore and last, but not least, when overalls are slipped off, clean clothes and legs are a big help to a busy mother.

Mrs. W. O'Toole, 31 Twyford St., Williamstown W16, Vic.

Very practical

WHY shouldn't children wear overalls?

Made of cotton material they make cool summer attire, and in winter what is more cosy and warm than woolen overalls?

Besides this, they save many a little knee from being scratched when a child falls while playing.

Another advantage is that they are easily laundered.

D. Gamble, Gas Office, 92 George St., Brisbane BT.

Help to mothers

WE mothers are more concerned about dirt, G. Vernon, than about the appearance of clothes worn by children when they are playing.

When my young son wears short pants, endless scrubbing of knees is necessary, to the accompaniment of many tears.

I am grateful for the introduction of overalls.

Mrs. R. Cowell, 289 Old South Head Road, Bondi, N.S.W.

Less healthy

WHEN children have to go to school, surely that is time enough for them to wear uniform dress. Why make them look like every other child by dressing them in overalls?

We talk enough about the need for sunshine on our bodies, so isn't it unhealthy to muffle a child up in overalls from chin to toes?

Little boys can wear khaki short pants, and little girls can have simple print dresses that are just as easy to wash as the ugly overalls we see so often.

Mrs. C. Grenfell, Torrens Rd., Cheltenham, S.A.

Please wearers

CHILDREN are much happier in their play when dressed in some garment that will not become dirty quickly.

Even a moderate dress allowance



Suitable for playtime.

can supply several pairs of overalls for the children, and plenty of bright colors can be used.

Overalls are indispensable for the child who is learning to crawl or toddle.

If it all suggests that "life is real, life is earnest," isn't that just how children look when they are absorbed in some game of make-believe?

Mrs. A. Fuller, 15 Railway Cottage, Nyngan, N.S.W.

Need not be idle That lounge suit at an evening party!

THE time that one spends apparently gazing into space on the daily journey to and from work, Miss Jose (29/7/39), is not necessarily wasted.

One is often glad of the chance to sit back and rest after a busy day or prepare for one just commencing. Time spent in recuperating lost energies is not time wasted.

Mrs. J. M. Lyall, Gormanston, Tas.

Rest eyes

I AM one of those people who sit "idly staring," but I am not necessarily wasting my time. Working all day under electric light and reading under it at night I rest my eyes on every possible occasion, and riding in a trolley tram, in which it would be impossible to concentrate, constitutes one of these occasions.

At the same time I am able to give some thought to small things which do not require a great deal of concentration, but which nevertheless are the better for a little thought.

Frances Weston, G.P.O., Brisbane.

Plenty to see

JUST think what you can see from a tram or train window—an ever-changing scene.

You can see the grass growing greener every day, the gardens be-

May fear a mouse—but not a coward

THERE appears to be a general belief among men that, because some women are afraid of a mouse, women generally lack courage. All women may not be imbued with the spirit of a Grace Darling, but history and experience prove that most women do not lack fortitude.

The most quiet and unassuming women often exhibit remarkable courage—a time of danger, and many an embarrassed man has unexpectedly found support from a woman whom he regarded as being timid.

Miss Peg Thurston, c/o Palfreyman's, Liverpool and Argyle Sts., Hobart.

coming gay, or the lovely golden and red autumn leaves.

There is interest even in the sight of a new house being built or an old one being painted.

Have you ever tried just watching your fellow-travellers? That in itself is an education.

Miss Sylvia McGill, 15 Pembroke St., Surrey Hills, Vic.

Likes to read

THE time I spend daily in the train is most precious, as it is the only time when I can read my book.

The other passengers do not exist for me, for I do not even see them as I am always so occupied.

If at any time I forget my book, I find the journey most boring, and from the expressions on the faces of other people who are not sewing or reading, their daily journey is certainly "time wasted."

Miss H. Harrison, Alma St., Pymble, N.S.W.

Can be useful

WOULD it really be better to read or knit in the train or tram? Just let your hands and your eyes be idle for a while.

While you are "doing nothing" in the train, perhaps the words of some advertising sign will remind you that your housekeeping might benefit from the trial of a new product, or a new recipe.

Then again, the sight of a poster telling you of the beauties of a holiday resort can help you decide where your precious weeks of rest can be spent.

Mrs. Nellie Pollak, 9 Blue Mount Court, 44 Miller St., North Sydney.

MOST boys, Miss Ann Marshall (29/7/39), feel that it is unnecessary extravagance to buy a dress suit to wear only at dances and parties.

They are to be admired for the courage of their convictions.

Modern girls are reasonable



Contrast outfits.

enough to understand this attitude, and are quite content for their escorts to wear lounge suits.

Mrs. M. C. Murray, 12 Railway St., Liverpool, N.S.W.

Could be cured

IF girls refused to go to dances with men, unless their escorts were in evening dress, the lazy habit of wearing an ordinary suit would soon be cured.

A man wouldn't think of not having sports clothes for tennis or golf, so why should he be less careful about his evening wear?

A man shows little respect for his partner if he cannot be bothered to change from his lounge suit when he takes her to a dance.

Betty James, Broadway, Camberwell, Vic.

Not too costly

MY brother had the idea that an evening outfit for him would cost far more than one for me, until I added up for his benefit just what my evening frock and accessories had cost, and compared the time it would be wearable with the years his one suit would last.

Miss Diana Steele, Kennaway St., Tasmore, S.A.

Mrs. H. Buxton, Alexandra, Vic.

"Yes, Velva Art taught me"

—BY CORRESPONDENCE—

Thousands of women to-day are making beautiful things they need in the home... enjoyably... and with very little expense.

Essential furnishings such as curtains, cushions, table covers, bedspreads, in fact any ordinary article of fabric can be converted into a colourful joyous possession by the simple process known as Velva Art.

Dresses, Gowns, Collars, Scarves, Cuffs. In fact many of those things necessary to a well-dressed woman's wardrobe, can be made more interesting and attractive by this fascinating and colourful Art.

YOU CAN LEARN VELVA ART IN A FEW LESSONS

You need no previous training
YOU PAY AS YOU LEARN (if you wish).

We provide you with liberal equipment and material for your lessons. The fee is small, and you will be amazed at the wonderful results you can achieve in a few short weeks, with very little expense.

You can surprise your friends with lovely gifts. You Can Earn Money with Velva Art... We will tell you how.

VELVA ART

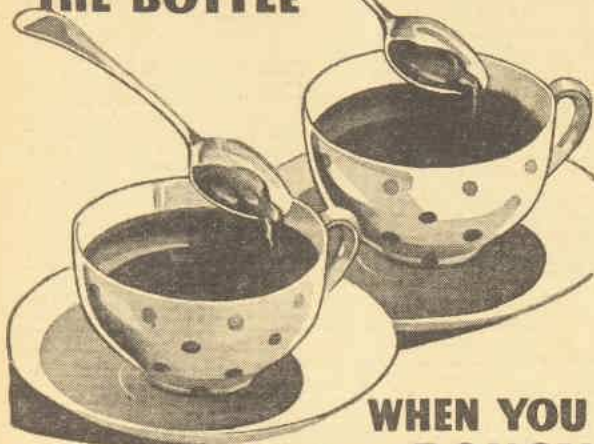
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FREE!

2 EXTRA CUPS TO THE BOTTLE



WHEN YOU BUY 2-OZ BONOX

YES! Two extra cups of Bonox out of the 2-oz. bottle! That's really two cups free — when you compare what other brands give. And remember — you get even more free cups out of the larger sizes!

Unlike ordinary beef extracts, Bonox contains *pre-digested* beef. This means your stomach has little or no work to do. Bonox pours glorious new strength straight into your blood. You feel new life tingling through your veins. So drink a cup of Bonox every day and see how well you'll feel right through the winter. Bonox is sold everywhere in 1, 2, 4, 8 and 16-oz. bottles. Buy some to-day and get those extra cups **FREE!**

BONOX PICKS YOU UP AND BUILDS YOU UP



GOING ABROAD?

Let us help you—particularly if you live at a distance from the city. We can arrange your passage, advise you regarding official formalities, passports, income tax clearance, etc., etc., and take out your tickets and, if necessary, insure your baggage and arrange for you to be met everywhere in Europe. Our services are free and your passage is booked at ordinary advertised rates.



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY TRAVEL BUREAU
ST. JAMES BUILDING, ELIZABETH ST., SYDNEY.

"WE LIVED on a coral island"

HOUSEKEEPING HAD ITS TRIALS FOR THESE AUSTRALIANS

How would you like to live on a South Sea island? Most people think enviously at times of such a life away from the cares of civilisation.

Recently a Sydney couple decided to try it. They made their home on a tiny coral island, two miles long by only a few hundred yards wide, in the Gilbert Islands. Here is a glimpse of their everyday life.

By H. D. A. JOSKE

OVER and over again when in Australia my wife and I dreamt of life in the tropics. We had visions of palm trees, glorious sunsets, of the surf breaking on the reef . . .

We were not disappointed, but—well, we might have been if we had not happened to have a sense of humor.

In the tropics, living among a strange people and not knowing their language, you need a sense of humor above all things.

Our island was Betio, in the Tarawa Group of the Gilbert Islands, about 2000 miles north-east of Australia.

It is just a coral atoll, two miles long and only a few hundred yards wide. It is covered with coconut palms and pandanus, with a sprinkling of tatal trees and breadfruit.

And it's hot — hot all the time. There is no autumn, or winter, or spring—only summer. If it were not for the cool sea breezes, life would be difficult. Fortunately, whatever wind there was seemed to reach us.

Search for cook

WE lived in a native-built house, with a wide verandah. It was not the latest in tropical homes, but it was comfortable, and suited the climate.

When setting up house we found that our first need was a cook-boy. Handicapped by our lack of knowledge of the language, we left the negotiations in the hands of the local doctor—a fine fellow who became our firm friend.

It was the doctor who found Nauru for us. We learned that was his name, although we could not ask him. Asking a native his name direct is one of the things "not done" in these islands.

I gathered that Nauru spoke a little English, but I did not realise till later what was meant by "little."

After introductions it was arranged that he should prepare the lunch. What would we have? After giving the matter some thought, my wife gave a brief, concise list of our requirements to Nauru, who nodded his head, as we thought, understandingly.

When she had finished, Nauru was still nodding his head. And then:

"What karkai (food), Madame?" he inquired.

That was one of the moments that called for a sense of humor!

Memorable lunch

DURING our first afternoon in our island home we had a continual flow of visitors.

Eggs were the ostensible reason for their coming, but curiosity was probably the principal one. Eggs, being two for a stick of trade tobacco costing threepence, and being smaller than pullets' eggs, are by no means cheap on the island.

And that brings me to our experience with omelettes.

It was the day after we set up house and we had invited the District Officer to come to lunch with us.

When discussing what we would have to eat, my wife happened to mention the word omelette.

Omelette! Nauru grasped its meaning instantly. The fact that my wife showed clearly and unmistakably that she intended to make them made no difference.

He intended to show his prowess, and it wasn't long before we heard the sound of eggs being beaten.



MISS RUTHERFORD, a New Zealand ethnologist (left), and Mrs. Joske in the dining-room of the Joskes' tropical home.

Even before we could summon the energy to investigate the first was on the fire. It was rescued. But, woe unto us, whites and yolks had been beaten-up together!

FOR several days after that all went well. And then one morning it was a changed Nauru who greeted us. Cheerfulness had given place to an expression of utter despondency.

The story, with all its harrowing details, was soon made clear to us. Nauru had been drinking sour toddy—a strong intoxicant.

It had gone to his head, he had made trouble in the village and now he had to serve six months in the calaboose. We must lose Nauru!

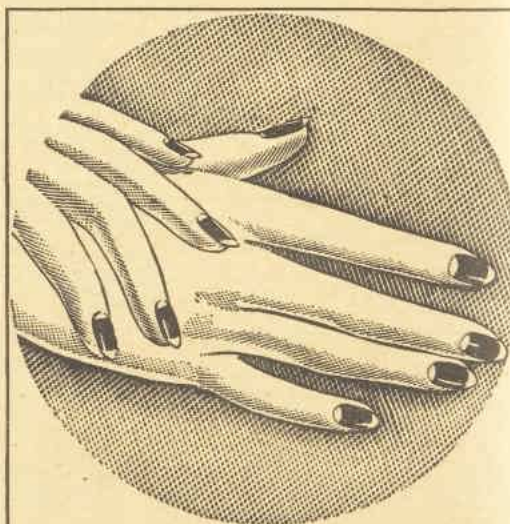
Could things possibly be worse? Not another boy with any experience was to be had.

The doctor commiserated, but could offer no suggestion other than that we should train our own boys. We were talking over the problem at his house when suddenly, from the kitchen, came sounds of a combat. Investigation proved that a fight between the doctor's two boys was in progress. One of them must go. All was not lost!

Smilingly, I sympathised with the doctor and his wife for their loss—and promptly engaged the dismissed boy.



UP HE GOES to collect coconuts for the Australian couple's lunch.



LONGER LIFE TO YOUR POLISH and TO YOUR NAILS

If you have dry nails that split easily and cause poor wear in your nail polish, Cutex Polish Foundation is made for you. It contains a beneficial wax. It helps to relieve brittle nails and makes your polish wear longer than you ever believed possible. A coat over the polish gives extra protection.



CUTEX

Polish Foundation CONTAINS WAX

FASHION PORTFOLIO

August 19, 1939

The Australian Women's Weekly

First Page

PRINTS ... gay as a garden



• **FIGURE-REVEALING** and feminine is the washing silk printed in zinnia-yellows on a tobacco-brown ground (above). A Spectator Sports model.

+ + +

• **RIGHT:** Summer freshness in field flower tubing silk. Stiffened Valenciennes crimps up the neck and gives a petticoat line at hem.



• **ABOVE:** Reproduction of an Old World chintz design is this matt crepe of burgundy blossoms on a cream ground. Circular skirt, high bodice, and extended shoulders.

• **CLEVER USE** of a rosebud border. Black crepe sprinkled and bordered with rosebuds of every hue is the fabric of this afternoon frock. (Left),



• **THE LASS** on extreme left features an Italian peasant skirt and banded waistline. Eastern silk, printed in maize-yellows and browns.

+ + +

• **SUNSET - YELLOW** and orange poppies against a parchment ground. Gay little afternoon frock of printed crepe, showing a "Gone-with-the-Wind" skirt (left).



• **THE DIRNDL** looks its best in printed sheer. This irresistible version is in three shades of Mayfair-lilac on a white ground. A clump of mauve and white lilac is tucked into the sash.

GROWN-UPS

recapture the **CANDID CHARM
of CHILDHOOD...**

• BLACK, RED, AND WHITE checked gingham for the skirt, and red cotton for a simple little button-up jacket.

• LOVELY COTTON house dress in red and black candy stripes on white — done in a shirtmaker style.

• RED-AND-WHITE checked gingham for an informal little evening dress for hot nights. Worn with a jacket (as above) it becomes an attractive house dress.

• BLACK MUSLIN, embroidered in white spots, has a hemline and neckline outlined with Swiss embroidered lawn.

REAR



... in friendly COTTONS!



● PURPLE and green spotted Swiss combine to make a dress and accessories.

● BLACK-AND-WHITE gingham for a dress with white starched linen jacket, red belt and veil.

● NAVY-AND-WHITE chalk-striped pique—with crisp white jacket collar.

● YELLOW-AND-WHITE striped chambray for a jacket, a blouse of white sheer and skirt in plain yellow chambray.

Reyn



Patricia Hilliard BORROWS A BLESSING FROM BABY...



When it came to the soothing finale, I found myself envying her Highness that refreshing shower of Johnson's Powder...

Was privileged to assist in the ceremony of bathing a young Princess Charming...



So I thought "Why shouldn't I be that much of a baby?" I've certainly never found another powder that was half so soft and refreshing...



You, too, can ensure personal daintiness, by adopting the Johnson's "Powder Shower" each day. Johnson's Baby Powder is the softest, finest powder made — necessarily so, as it is made for tender baby skins.

A product of Johnson & Johnson . . . World's largest manufacturers of Surgical Dressings . . . Modess . . . Tek Toothbrush, etc.

**Johnson's
BABY
POWDER**



"BEST FOR BABY—"

"—BEST FOR YOU"

PARIS SNAPSHOTS

By AIR MAIL from
MARY ST. CLAIRE

Sketched by
PETROV

1 Enter now FISH NET. Women are delighted, so we gather are the fish, but fishermen are amazed at the difficulty in securing adequate supplies of the stuff upon which their livelihood has depended for generations.

Fish-net turbans, which the Duchess of Kent pioneered, started it all. Now we have it in beach wraps, skirts, shoes and what not!

Lacquered stiff and in brilliant colors this new material makes amusing hats with mittens to match. Wide fish-net belts help to achieve the slim waistline on full skirted frocks.

And, reverting to beach wear, we see short jackets and long-sleeved boleros over brassiere-and-trunks bathing suits. An intriguing fashion for the onlooker, but far from sun-proof.



2 HAT craziness is still with us. Up they go in all of the unexpected tilts and angles of French Revolution headwear.

Gaily-striped straws and felts, brims loaded with orchard or flower-garden plunder, jaunty feathers and multi-colored shells for added garnishings.

• INDIVIDUAL hand-cut patterns are available for frocks sketched or photographed on Pages 1, 2, and 3 of this section. Price 3/6.

3 Soft textured wide mesh VELS decorated with large chenille pompons have taken the place of the stiff veils fashionable a few weeks ago.

Imagination runs riot—they are being twisted around crowns, tied in large bows at the back with ends left flying or hung around the brim well away from the face.

4 Jade-green gloves are taking the place of long white ones for evening wear. Green has the reputation of making the hands look smaller.

These new models are clustered with flower bracelets at the top and round the wrists. Incidentally this green goes well with almost any colored ensemble.

5 A pair of shoes for every frock you wear. Thick platform soles in glass or polished wood are the latest bits of nonsense.

At intervals along the soles are holes slotted with strips of the frock material. For evening, gold and silver threaded through opalescent glass—all very Cinderella.

6 Wear two scarves instead of one on your youthful head. Throw one over the head with a point coming in the centre of your forehead and tie the other securely around the head turban-wise for a very sheik-ish appearance.

This little extra bit of manoeuvring gives just that necessary protection to the back of the neck.

CREATORS OF AMERICAN FASHION

● A new kind of fashion show was staged recently in New York when leading American designers appeared in their own creations. Here are some of the outstanding ensembles and their originators.



● MURIEL KING sponsored navy-blue cotton gabardine bellhop suit, with red-and-white revers. A navy-blue wimple tell from her plique cap.



● THE FAMOUS Hattie Carnegie chose a rust-brown linen suit accented by topaz lapel clips and a topaz pancake hat.



● THREE DESIGNERS who cater to the college girl. LOUISE MULLIGAN (at left) in pink-and-black print. VERA MAXWELL (centre) combined cotton seersucker and sables, and DOROTHY COX wore a grey suit, dear to the heart of the collegiate.



● SALLY MILGRIM slipped a white raincoat over her purple-and-white printed silk bolero dress.



● FIRA BENENSON, of Banvit Teller, wore luxuriant silver foxes with her black crepe afternoon or dinner frock.



● LOUISE BARNES GALLAGHER combined twin prints in her black-and-white ensemble of sheer silk, with a tiny governess collar of white sheer. Hat of powder-pink and shoulder posy in white and matching shades of pink.

LUX is absolutely necessary for Woollies



WASHING REPORT

After Washing	GARMENT
COLOUR	Jumper in 3-ply Super-fingering
Like new (No streaking or fading)	
FIT	
Exactly as before (Not stretched nor shrunken)	
TEXTURE	
Soft (No sign of matting)	

LUX is specially made for washing woollies to save them from shrinking or stretching. Ordinary soaps made for general washing are not suitable for delicate wool. They mat the surface, fade the colours . . . leave the garment ill-fitting. Remember, there's only one way to keep newness in knitwear—with Lux washing!

This expert advice gives perfect results

Always use Lux . . . and squeeze the ends through the garment. Never rub, twist or wring! Use lukewarm water from start to finish and rinse three times. Before Luxing, outline the garment on paper and gently ease it back into this shape to dry. Further instructions on the packet.

No soda in LUX . . . won't shrink Woollens

5.451.25 A LEVER PRODUCT



Itchy, flaky Dandruff

—a careless betrayal of feminine daintiness

DO you sometimes feel the whole smartness of your "hair-do" is spoiled by ugly dandruff flakes? Don't ever let people whisper . . . "Why doesn't she brush herself before she goes out?"

Do as thousands of other girls are doing, who cherish their hair and their fastidious daintiness . . . cleanse and stimulate your scalp with CRYSTOLIS Rapid.

It's the specialist's deep-penetrating treatment that goes right down into the hair roots and destroys and cleans out the hidden insidious dandruff germ.

CRYSTOLIS Rapid ends itchy, untidy flakes—quickly stops falling hair



—and has a wonderful stimulating effect on the hair cells, giving your present hair a vibrant new life and lustre.

Try CRYSTOLIS Rapid—to-night! Get it at your chemist, store or hair-dresser.

TRY A TURBAN quickly . . . they're "in"

● ONE OF THESE THREE . . . (they're all made from a length of jersey) IS CERTAIN TO SUIT YOU

THE fashion for turbans started in America a few weeks ago. Over there women wear them all through the day—jersey ones in the morning, silk ones in the afternoon, gold or silver ones in the evening.

They are smart, easy to wear, and — if you adapt them to your face — can be most becoming.

See which one of these three suits you best. You can make them yourself in ten minutes.



If your face is short

TRY this twisted turban, which will give you height. You want a piece of ribbon or material (them the edges if it's not ribbon) about 9ins. wide and a yard and a half long. Jersey ribbon, which you can buy for about 1/11 a yard, is ideal as it drapes well and has plenty of give.

Double the stuff in halves, put it round your head so that the fold comes in the centre of your forehead. Slip the ends through the fold, pull up tightly, and tuck one of the ends in each side under the turban.

—and this is how it will look when finished . . .



By Air Mail from MARY ST. CLAIRE,
Our London Fashion Editor



If your face is heart-shaped

THIS simple turban will make your face look fuller and younger. For it you want two lengths of jersey ribbon or stockinette (something that stretches, anyway) about nine inches wide. Each strip should be just long enough to go round your head.

Join each strip into a circle and put on first one, pulling it well down on the right ear and up on the left side. Then put the other over it, down on the left ear and up on the right side.

SKETCHED BY ROBB



If your face is round

THIS turban, twisted, and full at the sides, will balance the width of your face. This is how you do it. You again want a piece of jersey or other soft ribbon, or a piece of material nine inches wide and a yard and a half long. This time you put the middle of the strip at the back of your head, bring the ends round in front, twist them, and draw up tightly.

Now twist each end round and round into a kind of cord, and take them to the back of your head—the right end round the right side, the left end round the left side, and tuck them in neatly at the back.



Whatever Your Life May Be . . .



...BUSY all day with the hustle and bustle of housework . . .



...OR EASY and languid at a society beauty . . .

Remember.. IT'S GLAZO FOR LONGER WEAR!

Here is a Fairy Godmother polish—that flows on smoothly, hardens with gem-like lustre, and wears like part of the nail itself. This miraculous 1939 Glazo . . . a new secret formula . . . defies all fingernail hazards. It simply wears and WEARS!

Colours? Glazo leads the style show. Stop at your toilet goods counter and thrill to the new Glazo shades—TARA, EMERALD and RUMBA. See the luscious CONGO, TROPIC, CABANA, and other Glazo favourites.

Glazo gives you perfection for only a modest 2/-.

Ask at your chemist or store, too, for Glazo's NAIL-COTE, a marvelous new polish foundation that contains wax. Nail-Cote gives super wear and brilliance to your manicure. Guards your nails against splitting, cracking and breaking. Helps relieve nail brittleness.



GLAZO
Polish Wears Longer

SUMMER SHOES . . .

FOOTWEAR makes exciting fashion news this summer. Revolutionary ideas run riot in shoes for day, evening, cruise, plage, and resort wear.

Built-up soles, ankle-straps, fluted heels, corrugated clogs, and a variety of new wedge and platform types are all stepping smartly into the sunlight—and dancing gaily in the nightlights.

On this page are shown some exclusive pictures of the very latest shoes.



• THE NEW "slick slack" cruise or holiday shoe designed to give super comfort on shipboard or on land. This version is carried out in royal-blue suede uppers contrasted against sealing-wax red soles.



• DOUBLE-DECKER for dancing. Unusual evening shoe of fluted gold kid, with rows of cyclamen-and-green stitching. The two-color contrast is repeated in the felt platform.



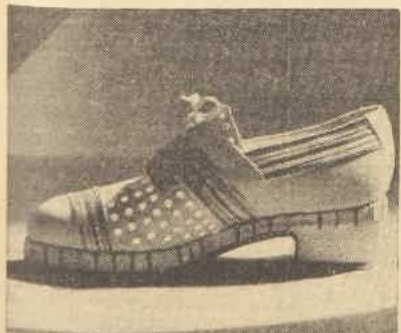
• THIS SHOE goes Hollandaise. Corrugated clog for strolling over the sands this summer. Grey-and-scarlet kid cut in layer fashion.



• EXTRA THICK SOLES of gold kid match the spike heels of this black satin toeless afternoon sandal; sprinkled with squares of colored glass.



• FOR SIGHT-SEEING or watching the game these spectator shoes in white-and-chocolate kid are the tops. Cushioned heel on fluted inset.



• INSPIRED by a Bulgarian awning are the yellow-and-red kid braidings on this jaunty summer or cruise shoe.



• THE PEAK of summer coolness. Ballerina evening shoe of gold kid braid in basket design. Toeless, with pink satin lining.



• MESH HAS DASH. A high-stepping afternoon shoe in lacquered kid. The cut-away heel makes it the coolest of footwear for any dressy occasion. —Air mail photos from Mary St. Claire.

a DELICATE STOMACH needs a mild antacid

It does no good to treat a delicate stomach too drastically. A tablespoonful or so of Dinneford's Pure Fluid Magnesia is the very best corrective of digestive disturbances—pain after meals, heartburn, flatulence and biliousness. And the mild laxative effect of Dinneford's is never anything but an added help. Get Dinneford's to-day. Insist on Dinneford's.

DINNEFORD'S
pure fluid MAGNESIA

Also obtainable in TABLET form
Bland : Safe : Effective

NAOMI WATERS

writes about—

You and your home—are you both easy to live with?

*"Tee four walls and a ceiling,
A window revealing the sky;
So find if you can
A luckier man than I . . ."*

FOUR walls . . . mean home . . . and "home" whether they be in a mansion set in spacious grounds, or in a rented room in a back street, means one small corner of this crowded earth which is yours, your refuge from the troublesome tangle of the



ANOTHER article, air mailed from London by Naomi Waters, one of a series she is writing exclusively for The Australian Women's Weekly on women and glamor.

Naomi Waters (Mrs. Dale Bourne) is an Australian girl who has made a name for herself in London as actress, mannequin and authority on fashion and beauty.

world outside. It is very precious to all of us, that tiny corner . . . and to you, a woman, especially, for it is your domain.

It is what you were born to . . . it is your job . . . a homemaker.

For a woman's home is her fortress. It is a haven to which she should bring strength and peace and, above all, charm.

You aim to express your personality by your clothes, your manner, your looks.

Don't let it cease there. Bring the essence of your personality further, bring it across your own doorstep.

A home should be a background in complete harmony with the people who live in it.

A background so perfectly chosen that if a stranger were to walk into it unannounced he would gather a picture of you before you even entered the room.

By gay chintz curtains and heavy oak furniture he would guess that you loved the country, and sought to bring something of its simple freshness into a busy city.

By large ashtrays he would know that you were of a practical turn of mind, and as vain as all attractive women have a right to be . . . if there is a mirror hung low over the fireplace.

Fluttering muslin curtains held back by ribbon bows show a feminine touch, yet a huge, deep armchair with a reading lamp placed conveniently behind it means you consider your menfolk as well.

A vase of common leaves, arranged with the skill and trouble worthy of expensive blooms, shows a woman with patience, while the continued use of a certain shade of green, repeated in vases, cushions, and cigarette boxes, speaks clearly of your favorite color.

By the bright colored animals posed along the mantelpiece in ridiculous postures he would know that you had a sense of humor and still something of a child's simplicity.

So the stranger watching the door would know that, as you came through it, you would bring with you what your room suggested . . . a charming, friendly personality, colorful and gay, with imagination and warmth. And he would know before you spoke that here was a woman he would like to know better.

To me, flowers are all-important to a room. I would willingly go without a meal, if, returning tired and weary, I could open my door to a blaze of color.

One large vase of flowers, placed to full advantage, is far more effective than a number of little ones dotted indiscriminately about.

For radiance

ALWAYS try to place your flowers with their backs to the light, so that the light streams through them with the radiance of a lamp.

When buying flowers remember that the most expensive are the cheapest in the long run.

A few blooms that are really strong and in good condition will be fresh long after a mass of cheaper flowers have faded.

If you sew into the hem of your bedroom curtains little bags of dried flower essence, your room will greet you whenever you enter with a faint fragrance which will linger in the air night and day.

In Australia you have so much more scope for the furnishing of your homes than we have in London.

Here we are continually fighting two enemies—dirt and lack of sufficient light.

Alas! there is no brilliant sunshine day after day to brighten

every corner and cranny. There is a succession of dull, dreary days, when to bring brightness into the home one must use every decoration trick. Walls painted bright yellow, windows lit from under the pelmets, striped furniture, light covers and curtains, careful choice of colors . . . yet against all this is that awful boggy which every London householder lives with . . . dirt. Smuts and smoke, rain, and fog leave their dirty fingers everywhere.

In Colombo I saw a room so delightful in its freshness, so charming in its simplicity that every detail of it has lingered long in my mind. I think the basic idea would be perfect for an Australian home.

The walls were painted cream with a touch of yellow in it. The curtains and most of the covers were made of a rough material in the same natural color . . . each chair and sofa was piped with a different color—red, green, yellow and blue. The curtains were piped to match the chairs.

One small chair was covered in scarlet . . . one sofa in yellow . . . Great white vases were massed with green leaves. A natural sheepskin rug lay before the hearth.

The furniture was striped oak . . . But the cleverest touch was a nigger-brown carpet which threw into relief the whole lovely scheme. It was the brief touch of the primary colors against a natural background which gave the room such warmth and gaiety without being gaudy or trying to live with.

An attractive home should be like an attractive woman . . . clean, tidy, warm and colorful, and, above all, easy to live with.

Middle age is when you most need energy

Most middle aged people know that feeling of being old beyond one's years . . . easily tired . . . no vigour or joy of living. It's not natural! A really fit middle aged person feels as youthful as ever!

If YOU don't then you need Wincarnis—the no-waiting tonic . . . the tonic that makes you feel better AFTER THE FIRST GLASS . . . gives you the will to recover.

Read this tribute: "I must write and tell you I was wasting away to a shadow, and my nerves were in bits. I couldn't eat or sleep for worrying. Then a doctor told me to get Wincarnis. I felt better at once. Presently my old strength came back, my high spirits and fun too. Now I look and feel years younger." These words are typical of thousands of letters received by Wincarnis.

The reason WINCARNIS rallies you so quickly is that it acts at once on the blood stream . . . gives it two kinds of vitamins essential to health. Wincarnis has received over 25,000 recommendations from medical men — because they know it rebuilds vitality . . . know that its rich extracts are even more effective because they are blended in choice Wine. Get Wincarnis — and get better — now! Remember, a long course is unnecessary. From all Chemists.

We older women can't afford to be careless any more than our daughters can



MUST OLDER MEN LOSE INTEREST IN THEIR WIVES? MY JOHN ALWAYS PREFERS HIS SHORT STORIES TO ME

IF WE OLDER WOMEN WERE AS CAREFUL AS THE YOUNG ONES, WE'D KEEP OUR HUSBANDS INTERESTED. TOO MANY OF US ARE CARELESS ABOUT "B.O."



BUT, MARTHA, THAT COULDN'T BE WHY JOHN IS SO INDIFFERENT—I BATHE REGULARLY

BUT DO YOU USE LIFEBOUY? YOU SHOULD BECAUSE IT CONTAINS A SPECIAL PURIFYING INGREDIENT NOT FOUND IN OTHER TOILET SOAPS



WHY, JOHN USES LIFEBOUY HIMSELF. HE'S OFTEN TRIED TO GET ME TO USE IT

JOHN'S WISE! LIFEBOUY STOPS "B.O." IT'S WONDERFUL FOR THE SKIN TOO!



MY, BUT THIS IS REFRESHING LATHER I CAN ACTUALLY FEEL MYSELF GETTING CLEANER. TO THINK THAT I'VE MISSED THIS FOR ALL THESE YEARS



"B.O." GONE . . . ATTENTION RETURNS . . .

YOU GET SWEETER AND LOVELIER EVERY DAY, AND YOUR SKIN'S LOOKING LIKE A YOUNG GIRL'S

THANKS TO LIFEBOUY THERE'S NOTHING LIKE IT FOR KEEPING A PERSON FRESH AND KEEPING SKIN SMOOTH

Why particular women prefer Lifebuoy

Women of all ages, and all types of skin, swear by Lifebuoy for complexion care because its lather is milder than many leading "beauty soaps." In fact, 6,000 tests proved Lifebuoy milder than many soaps recommended for babies and women. Lifebuoy's special purifying ingredient cleanses the pores of all waste matter, freshens the skin—makes quite certain you can't offend with "B.O." (Body Odour). Lifebuoy's own clean scent vanishes as you rinse but its protection remains.



A LEVER PRODUCT
2,454,150

OUR PATTERN SERVICE



Special Concession Pattern

ATTRACTIVE 3-PIECE SET OF LACE-TRIMMED UNDIES
32, 34, 36 BUST.

No. 1: Nightgown. Requires: 4 to 4½ yds., 36ins. wide, and 2 yds. lace, 36ins. wide.

No. 2: Pettit. Requires: 2 yds., 36ins. wide, and 3 yds. lace, 4ins. wide.

No. 3: Pantees. Requires: 1½ to 1¾ yds., 36ins. wide, and 2 yds. lace, 4ins. wide.

Concession Coupon

Available for one month from date of issue. 3d. stamp must be forwarded for each coupon enclosed. Patterns over one month old 3d. extra. Send your order to "Pattern Department," to the address in your State, as under.

Box 398A, G.P.O., Adelaide.
Box 408F, G.P.O., Brisbane.
Box 185, G.P.O., Melbourne.
Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.
Box 491G, G.P.O., Perth.
Box 4299YY, G.P.O., Sydney.
Tasmania: Box 185, G.P.O., Melbourne, N.Z.; Box 4299YY, G.P.O., Sydney, (N.Z. readers, use money orders only.)

Patterns may be called for at addresses appearing on page 3.
PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS.

NAME
STREET
TOWN
STATE
BOX Patterns Coupon, 19/8/39.



WW3025. — Afternoon frock for 8-14 years. Requires: 2½ yds., 36ins. wide, and ¾ yd. contrast. Pattern, 10d.

WW3026. — Swing skirt. Attractive bodice. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 4 yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/1.

WW3027. — New neckline. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 3½ yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/1.

WW3028. — Front skirt fullness. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 4½ yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/1.

WW3029. — New full sleeves. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 4½ yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/1.

WW3030. — Matron's dinner gown. 38 to 44 bust. Requires: 5½ to 6 yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/1.

WW3031. — Bustle back. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 6½ to 7 yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/1.

Please Note!

To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: * Write your name and full address in block letters. * Be sure to include necessary stamps and postal notes. * State size required. * For children, state age of child. * Use box numbers given on concession coupon.



"I'm the boy for this"
says **"FREDDO"**



CHOCOLATE CAKES & ICINGS
CALL FOR
"FREDDO" FROGS

AND DON'T FORGET—
FRIDAY NIGHT
IS
"FREDDO" NIGHT

"Freddo" certainly goes on "top" every time. There's no better way of buying chocolate for week-end cooking and week-end eating than MacRobertson's "Freddo" Frogs. "Friday night is Freddo night". Every Friday take home two bagfuls — one for cooking, and one for the kiddies. Remember, there are 12 distinct and separate kinds—Plain, and Milk, and Peanut, and Cream Filled, and Fruit and Nut, and all the other sorts!

MacRobertson's
"FREDDO"
CHOCOLATE FROGS

ONE OF MacRobertson's FAMOUS PRODUCTS



At her age she
needs the help and
protection of
Vitamins A, B, C & D

The energy she burns up in school work and strenuous sport cannot be restored with ordinary foods. She needs the readily absorbed health-giving and energy restoring elements which are found in Cornwell's Extract of Malt.

CORNWELL'S EXTRACT OF MALT WITH COD LIVER OIL AND ORANGE JUICE is deliciously flavoured. Contains essential vitamins A, B, C and D; and is the right tonic food for those who are run down, nervy and losing weight.

CORNWELL'S
Extract of
MALT

NATURE'S OWN TONIC FOOD FOR YOUNG AND OLD

Going Abroad?

If you are thinking of going abroad, let us help you—particularly if you live at a distance from the city. We can arrange your passage, advise you regarding official formalities, passports, income tax clearance, etc., etc., and take out your tickets and, if necessary, insure your baggage and arrange for you to be met anywhere in Europe. Save yourself all the tedious work. Our services are free and your passage is booked at ordinary advertised rates.

The Australian Women's Weekly Travel Bureau,
St. James Building, Elizabeth St., Sydney

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS



Make this enchanting set FOR YOUR TROUSSEAU

YOU need not be very expert with needle and thread to attempt this trousseau set, for which patterns and transfer are available from our Needlework Department.

As you see by the illustrations the design is simple in the extreme, yet has that grace and charm which are so often allied with simplicity.

The nightgown has a smocked waistline, a tiny frill on the bodice, and slender double shoulder straps.

The slip is tailored in line, but has the fashionable petticoat frills at the hem, and also has a narrow frill on the bodice.

The panties are tailored and plain.

Full cutting and making instructions are supplied with each pattern.

Patterns are available in sizes 32, 34, 36 and 38 bust.

Prices are 2/6 for the complete set, or 1/1 each. Smocking transfer costs 1/- extra.

Send to This Address!

ADELAIDE: Box 388A,
G.P.O. Brisbane: Box
409F, G.P.O. Melbourne: Box
185, G.P.O. Newcastle: Box 41,
G.P.O. Perth: Box 491G, G.P.O.
Sydney: Box 4299YY, G.P.O.
If calling, 168 Castlereagh
Street, or Dalton House, 115
Pitt Street, Tasmania: Write
to The Australian Women's
Weekly, Box 185, G.P.O., Mel-
bourne. New Zealand: Write
to Sydney office.

NIGHTGOWN, slip and panties
comprise this lovely trousseau set, for
which patterns and transfer are ob-
tainable from our Needlework De-
partment. Order now.

It's so becoming, this DAINTY LITTLE BEDJACKET

A BEDJACKET is such a useful garment to possess. Nearly every girl enjoys the luxury of breakfast in bed sometimes, and when you feel leisured why not look the part?

In hospital, of course, a bedjacket is indispensable, and a dainty one works wonders in restoring your self-esteem during convalescence.

You could make this one in pale pink or cyclamen crepe-de-chine, threaded with blue velvet—or any color scheme you like to match your night attire.

The embroidery design for the border of the frills is shown in the picture and can be self-colored or contrasting. The frills, with slotted ribbon, are the essence of femininity.

Patterns are obtainable from our Needlework Department in sizes 32, 34, 36, and 38 bust. Full instructions for cutting and making, including diagram for material, are given with each pattern.

The price of the pattern is 10d., and the transfer costs 1/- extra.

RIGHT: Bedjacket, with embroidered frills, and slotted velvet ribbon. Pattern and transfer may be bought from our Needlework Department.



CHAIN-STITCH design on a linen background makes this gay cushion cover, which is as simple to make as it is effective.



Hungarian . . .

CUSHION COVER

HERE'S a simple yet very effective Hungarian design for a cushion cover. It is obtainable from our Needlework Department ready traced on white, cream, blue, yellow, pink, or green Irish linen, and measures 22 x 22 inches.

The whole of the embroidery is worked in chain-stitch, which should be small and neat. Fifteen skeins of F.596 (light crimson-red) are required for working, but this color scheme may be changed to suit your furnishings.

Medium green (F.497) would look most attractive on a cream ground, or so would henna, saxe-blue, or brown.

Price is 4/6, postage free, and cottons for working are 1/10 extra.

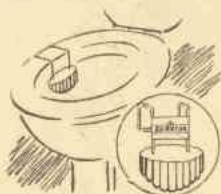
FARMER'S

P.O. BOX 492 AA, SYDNEY
PHONE: M 2405



Step-in special in
check lastex

USUALLY 3/11. Smart little
step-ins in check-design lastex.
Simple to launder, wear for
months. 14 in. long, 4 suspen-
ders. Ten rose, blue,
nil. Small, med. Now **1/9**
Suspender Belts, Ground Floor.



Automatic
toilet bowl deodoriser

An unpleasant chore eliminated
for the modern housewife! The
"Zorator" Toilet Bowl De-
odorant dispels all bathroom
odours automatically, with its
own pleasant fragrance. **2/-**
The price now is only
Lower Ground. Freight extra.



Gipsy Cottons

Alive with colour in these new swingtime frocks

Stripes go gay! Riotous gypsy stripes blossom forth in florals . . .
crisply accented by frosty white rick-rack braid. You'll choose Ameri-
can cotton, in a wide gypsy skirt, and wear it right through Summer.

LEFT: Tubable style, American RIGHT: In floral stripes with
floral-stripe cotton. 32-36. **14/11** rick-rack edging. 32 to 38. **14/11**

Cotton Frocks Shop, Second Floor.

Pre-schoolers

Miss 2-to-7 takes gaily to Cotton for outings in Spring

Little girls who like to look pretty (and who doesn't?) will adore these
fine summer cottons, so cool and dainty. And mothers will like their
neat finish, their demure collars and cuffs, and the way they tub and tub.

LEFT: Play frock of fadeless RIGHT: Afternoon frock in floral
linen, flared skirt and sash. **10/11** cotton. Gay colours. 2 to 7. **17/11**

Children's Department, Fourth Floor. Mail orders.



With "Toyland" in
full bloom, lay-by now

FOR CHRISTMAS

Now is THE time to prepare at your
leisure for Santa's coming. Walk with
them casually through our "Wonderland
of Toys" — then use the easy lay-by!

"Baby Betty", far left, Farmer's exclusive
sleeping doll in charming christening robes.
Movable limbs. In pink or blue.
12 ins., **25/-**; 14 ins., **35/-**; 17 ins., **45/-**.

"Drink-N-Wets", left, realistic imported
doll. 9 1/2 ins., composition, **4/11**. 9 1/2 ins.,
composition with clothes, **10/6**. 9 1/2 ins.,
all rubber in case, with clothes, **21/-**.

Toys, Fourth Floor. Freight extra.



Watch your figure with the

HEALTH-O-METER

For the sake of your health and fig-
ure . . . keep constant check on
your weight with this efficient bath-
room scale. Guaranteed accurate, in
tonings to harmonize with your
room. At **28/6**. Others, **37/6**, **57/6**

Lower Ground Floor. Freight extra.



Usual price, 13/6

CAKE SETS, 10/6

Charming gift for birthdays, anni-
versaries . . . or from you to your
own dining table. Six silver-plated
cake forks and cake trowel, attrac-
tively boxed in blue and white. Just
arrived from Sheffield! Lay-by.
Cutlery, Ground Floor. Freight extra.



22/6 per pair
double-size
sheets, **15/9**

HOME FURNISHING MONTH sensation! Nearly a third off these sheets
with daintily scalloped edges. Double-bed size only, 80 x 100 inches.
Available for a limited period only, at the special price, per pair, of **15/9**

Quilts, usually **23/6**, **27/6**, at amazing prices to meet your Spring urge to beautify
the home. Varied designs in finest-quality, down-proof fabrics. Single-bed size,
usually priced at **23/6**, now only **17/11**. Double-bed size, usually **27/6**, now **19/11**

On the First Floor. Lay-by! Mail and Phone orders.

"HUARACHES"

Smiling Mexican peasants wear
these carefree sandals

In the deserts of Mexico, where
feet have long hot trails to travel,
everyone wears these sandals —
light, but so strong. For
"Huaraches" (pronounced "wah-
rah-chez") give you almost
barefoot relaxation. Blue,
brown, white, beige or
fawn calf, with tough
leather soles.

1/2's, 2-7, at **19/9**
Salon, Third Floor.



Housework is no bother...

The "Quins" show you how to do it



HERE ARE THE "QUINS," Cecile, Yvonne, Marie, Annette and Emilie (left to right), busy at work cleaning their dolly's bedroom. Each child has her own doll, doll-bed, baby carriage, washing machine and laundry equipment, carpet sweeper and mop.



MARIE grasping leg of dolly's bed. Sometimes there's repair work to be done on the furniture—and Marie's quite the handywoman.



EMILIE feeding her dolly. Of course, if dolly is not eating very well Emilie can always call in Dr. Daffoe, the quintuplet expert.



ANNETTE making up dolly's bed. The "Quins" are learning as they play—learning to do the tasks they'll have when they're grown-up ladies.



CECILE puts the quilts in order. Then the bedroom is cleaned. Cecile is careful to sweep on top of, around, and BENEATH the rug, as all good housewives SHOULD do.

FIVE times as busy as proverbial bees are the Dionne quintuplets when they play that their own dolls are quintuplets, each with its own quintuplet nurse.

Pictures exclusive to
The Australian
Women's Weekly.



"QUIN" YVONNE feeding doll Yvonne. Every morning the doll babies are awakened, bathed, and given their bottle feedings.

MARGARET ROSE: She'll be nine next week



1931.—Princess Margaret Rose on her first birthday with her elder sister.



1932.—At two years of age with her mother, then Duchess of York.



1933.—A pensive picture when she celebrated her third birthday.



1934.—Aged four. She is growing up and rides a real horse.



1935.—On the balcony at the St. James' Palace when she was five.



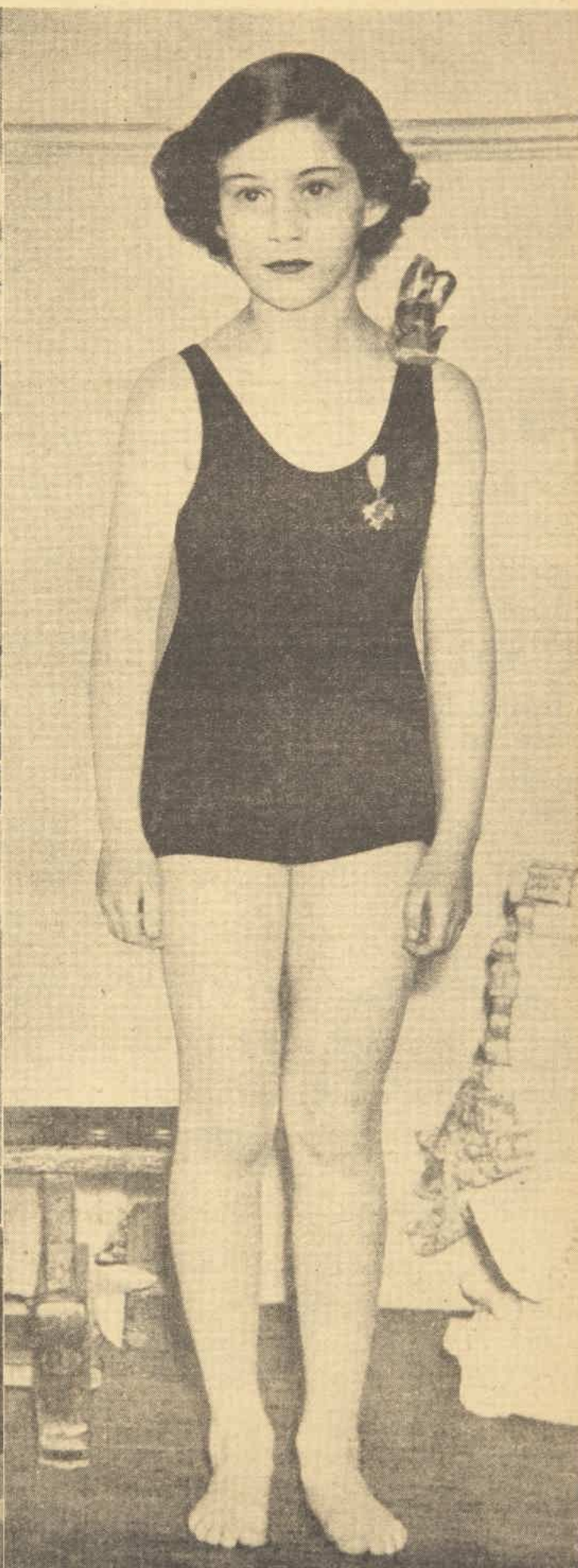
1936.—A picture taken by her father when she was six years.



1937.—Seven years old. A visit to the zoo. Old enough to "step out."



1938.—In demure Victorian dress for her first fancy dress party.



1939.—Prize-winning swimmer at the Bath Club, Piccadilly. Buckingham Palace will celebrate the Princess' ninth birthday on August 21.

YOU CAN feel IT CLEANING!

That's Euthymol. From the very first moment of its introduction into the mouth, you are conscious of the tang of cleanliness. Seeking out obscure corners, penetrating tiny crevices, the vital Euthymol bubbles dissolve tooth stains and keep the teeth a healthy, glistening white. But Euthymol does more—it actually prevents infection and mouth pollution and kills the deadly dental decay germs in 30 seconds contact. Euthymol dental hygiene requires daily treatment—every morning and every evening. You will be thrilled with the sense of mouth well-being and look forward to the active tingle as you feel the Euthymol at work. Let your teeth enjoy the satisfaction of fragrant cleanliness.

Obtainable at chemists
and stores everywhere.
1/3 per tube.



To Relieve Catarrhal Deafness and Head Noises.

If you have Catarrhal Deafness or are hard of hearing or have head noises, go to your chemist and get 1 ounce of Parmitin (double strength) and add to it 1 pint of hot water and a little sugar. Take one tablespoonful four times a day.

This will bring quick relief from the distressing head noises. Clogged nostrils will open, breathing become easy and the mucus stop dripping into the throat. It is easy to prepare, costs little, and is pleasant to take. Anyone who has Catarrhal Deafness or head noises should give this prescription a trial.

Nice Work ... if you can get it

Continued from Page 11

PENITENTLY, Michael said: "No more riddles, darling. I'll talk. Fulman's are running a contest. They feel, and rightly, that heretofore the art work which has adorned their advertising has not done justice to the merits of Fulman's Supercured Ham. What they crave," he amplified, warming up to his subject, "is a delineation which will be so permeated with the true spirit of Fulman's, that bankers, their palates jaded with a diet of fole gras and fillet mignon, will sniff its fragrance from the very paper, and seize the nearest telephone to order a gross of Supercured. It is their high resolve that they shall procure a portrait so juicy and succulent that humble Hausfrauen, maddened with a lust for ham, will rifle the baby's bank and throw in the egg money, and dash pell-mell to the corner shop to demand Fulman's Supercured in harsh, unnatural tones."

"I think I see it," said Mary quietly. "I can usually grasp these things if you look me straight in the eye."

"And the increment," Bob put in, "if one may mention anything so sordid in the same breath with Art—*is*, fifty pounds!"

Mary brightened. "Are you the only contestant?" she queried, looking speculatively at Michael.

He froze into an attitude of hauteur. "There is a taint of carping belittlement about that question," he said with dignity, "which I prefer to ignore. As a matter of fact, you see four contestants in this very room. Some twenty-five others are at this moment roaming the streets of this great city with Fulman's supereured hams tucked under their emaciated arms."

Mary began to laugh, and couldn't stop. They all stared at her in offended silence. "It's utterly perfect," she said at last, wiping her eyes. "All the undernourished daubers in London sitting down to study the anatomy of a baked ham. The first square meal they've seen in two years, most of them, and they have to paint it!"

George leaned forward earnestly, flicking ashes on the rug with a delicate hand. "You'd be surprised," he said, "at some of the chaps that are going into this. Fellows that could name their own price a couple of years back."

Fred stretched himself most gracefully in the creaking remains of the easy chair. "I've seen the time," he remarked, "when I wouldn't have touched this job for that money."

Mary had gone quietly to put the ham away in the larder. "How is

Lella?" she asked, coming back. "Haven't seen her for ages."

"Oh, fine," Fred answered airily. "Working all hours, the last few weeks. She's been doing some nice stuff for the Garrod's stores."

Mary murmured politely. She had seen Lella's "nice stuff" in the evening papers—outside underwear, kiddies' school frocks, "your last chance to get this remarkable Dutch oven for only 4/11." Poor Lella!

George Grayson had been trying to poke a frayed shirt-cuff out of sight inside his coat sleeve. He looked up morosely. "Don't you do anything with your work now, Mary?"

"No. I'm a wife and mother," said Mary primly. "I colored four hundred greeting cards for a small business man last Christmas, but he moved before I collected. I haven't tried painting china yet, and there's always the lampshade field, of course."

"Your stuff at school wasn't bad, I remember," Fred said generously.

Mary said, "It wasn't good either," and let it go at that.

She wished they would all go home to their hams and let Michael get to work.

What if he should need paint? He must have a bill of astounding proportions at the art supply stores already. Troubled, she picked up Jerry and went out to the kitchen. Twist that thing off the meter, and they'd have fried eggs for dinner (the milkman was nice about eggs) and Jerry could feast on a poached one to-morrow, and prunes and milk.

THEIR voices pursued her through the small house: Fred's, as always, assertive, self-congratulatory—"Brunion! Why, that chap can't draw his breath. Don't know how he gets away with it." George, speaking in tired, disillusioned tones, the true artist, unhonored by his own generation: "Of course, I've never even tried to sell my best things. You can't find a buyer for anything that isn't tripe." And Bob, a little too clever to be convincing, a little too frank to be honest: "What's your idea for this Fulman job, Michael, old boy?"

She heard Michael say: "Oh, I don't know. I'll have to think about it. Haven't done a still life for quite a while."

Mary set the tea kettle resoundingly on the stove. "They're all so sure of themselves, to hear them talk," she thought angrily. All but Michael. And the dear half-wit listened to their drivel and didn't even realise that they were watching him like three cats at a mouse-hole. Michael was the menace, as far as they were concerned.

She sat down, suddenly dispirited. She was thinking gloomily of Bob and Lella and Fred—all the lot of them—all the joyous, frivolous youngsters who had been at the art school together; all the promising young artists of a few years later—and thinking of what they had become. Outwardly they were much the same; that was the gruesome part of it. Somehow you felt that their light-hearted persiflage covered a groundwork of bitterness. Some of the "good eggs" of yesterday, it seemed, had gone a trifle stale, as even good eggs will; through all their talk, you sensed a grudging spirit towards any other artist's success. Some bolstered up their battered self-esteem with the spurious trappings of past prosperity, and others chanted their woes from studio to studio, as if, like the Ancient Mariner, they must needs inflict their sorry tales upon reluctant hearers.

"How mean we've grown," Mary said to herself, with sad surprise. "It's poverty, not conscience, that makes cowards of us all."

Jerry was pushing a tiny motor car round and round the floor. From the other room she could hear sounds indicating departure.

"Come round and see Lella," Fred called to her, and Bob added:

"Why don't you live among things, Mary, like the rest of us?"

Mary looked at Jerry, pushing his motor car. Why indeed? Wouldn't that be lovely, she thought—two rooms over a garage behind the glue factory. Too picturesque for words, my dear...

"Good-bye!" she cried. "Give my

love to Lella and Betty. And—good luck with the ham."

When they were gone, Michael came out to the kitchen and put an arm across her shoulders. "You'd better wish me luck, darling."

Mary looked up at him. "You don't need it," she stated firmly. "You're going to win the job hands down, and it won't be luck, either. Let's get busy straightway, shall we?"

Michael pulled her against him with one arm, and picked up Jerry with the other, and danced them into the living-room. He discarded the lamp and the ash tray from the table, and set it opposite the north window. "Now what's for a table-cover?" He looked about him distractedly. "I thought of something yellow..."

Mary disappeared in the bedroom. He could hear her rummaging in drawers. At last she reappeared in the doorway, like an army with banners, beading triumphantly before her a tumble of greenish-gold brocade. "Will this do?" she asked.

"Do!" he shouted. "It's perfect. But what the Dickens is it now?"

Mary's face fell. "Don't you remember?" she asked softly. "It's the costume I wore at the Three Arts Ball just before we were married."

Michael threw back his head and laughed. "I remember now. I was a moth, and you were the flame. We thought it was pretty bright, at the time, didn't we?"

"I still think it was pretty bright," said Mary, throwing the silk skirt across the table. "How's that?"

"Fine. Drape it later. Think I'll stretch the canvas and then arrange the still. I'll want something besides the ham, too. Something standing up. You know."

They looked vaguely round. It was Mary who first saw the green glass pinch-bottle with its peaked pewter stopper. "Look, Michael! Wouldn't that be good? Nice, cool, shiny color—"

"Yes," said Michael, turning it slowly in his strong hands, and setting it experimentally on the brocade skirt. "Yes, I think that's it, my darling."

They stood back and looked at it. "M-mm. Nice," said Mary critically.

Please turn to Page 40

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

The EASIEST way of all to REDUCE

Tens of thousands of grateful women know that Marmola Prescription Tablets genuinely enable you to reduce safely and gently. You can continue to eat what you

like, at the same time avoiding strenuous exercise and the very positive danger of weakening caused by drastic purgatives and salts. Four times a day they take a little Marmola tablet, containing in exactly the right quantity a world-famous corrective for obesity which prevents your food from turning into useless fat. This corrective is prescribed by physicians everywhere and acknowledged to be a most effective fat reducer.

Since 1907 more than 20 million packages of Marmola have been purchased. Could any better recommendation be had? Today—buy a package of Marmola and start at once. When you have slimmed to your liking and are once more the proud possessor of a beautiful slender figure, stop taking Marmola.

Marmola Prescription Tablets are sold by all chemists at 4/3 per package, or you can secure them direct from The Marmola Co., P.O. Box 3678, 88 Sydney, N.S.W.

Acids in Stomach Cause Indigestion

Create Sourness, Gas and Pain,
How to Treat.

Medical authorities state that nearly nine-tenths of the cases of stomach trouble, indigestion, sourness, burning, gas, bloating, nausea, etc., are due to excess of hydrochloric acid in the stomach. The delicate stomach lining is irritated, digestion is delayed, and food sours, causing the disagreeable symptoms which every stomach sufferer knows so well.

Artificial digestants are not needed in such cases and may do real harm. Try laying aside all digestive aids and instead get from your nearest chemist or store some Salix Magnesia and take a teaspoonful in water right after eating. This sweetens the stomach, prevents the formation of excess acid, and there is no sourness, gas or pain. Salix Magnesia is harmless, inexpensive, and is a fine remedy for acid stomach. It is used by thousands of people who enjoy their meals with no fear of indigestion.




**LOVELY
LINENS
turn YELLOW**

... unless you
give them the
last rinse in
BLUE water

The last rinse in Reckitt's Blue on wash-days is the only way to stop white things from turning yellow. Remember! Linens cannot be really white without the last rinse in blue.



Reckitt's BLUE
Out of the Blue comes the Whitest Wash!

Proved Prescription for NATURAL beauty!

Keep yourself internally healthy and attain that natural clear-skinned beauty which is most admired of all loveliness.

To be charming, healthy, vigorous, you must help Nature with a mild, safe laxative. Take Chamberlain's Tablets regularly, and, as your liver is stimulated and bowel regularity restored, see how quickly you feel younger, happier, full of life. See, too, how such radiant health makes beauty easy to keep.

At all chemists and stores

Small Size 1/6 Family Size 3/-

**CHAMBERLAIN'S
TABLETS**
FOR THE STOMACH & LIVER



A Chamberlain's
tablet will put
you right!

Miss Midnight's JOTTINGS



• PATSY, the Richard Crooks' daughter, dancing with Gordon Hazell at a "Welcome to Sydney" party given for her by the E. J. Hazells at Prince's.



• SIR KEITH SMITH, just back from abroad, dines with Mrs. Anker Simmons... at Prince's.



• AT "Viktoria and her Hussar," held at the Conventorium for Blind Institution, Mrs. Bill Curl (left) buys a programme from Barbara Dare.



• PHILIPPA GORDON and Cecile Weston have supper at Prince's after "Leaning on Letty."

Backstage close-up...

FUN and Fashions charity matinee at the Royal is a better show backstage than from the stalls.

I go behind the scenes after interval and it makes me wonder how the show went on at all. The curtain is about to go up when Patsy Nall dashes off the stage and gasps, "I've forgotten my shoulder-straps." She can't find any, so she grabs some lipstick and asks me to paint them on.

In the middle of this Ruth Wilson cries, "Has anyone seen my collar?" No one has. There is a scramble in the dressing-room as everyone joins in the search.

Ruth's almost in tears... says she'll be the only one in the finale without a collar. But Sheila Pring comes to the rescue, and makes her brief ballet frock even briefer as she tears off a strip to make a collar.

Bunty Broadway is nursing her small niece, Cherrylyn Rofe, who insisted on being brought backstage to see what went on. Betty Munro dashes by, shivering, and says, "I'm terrified of falling from the top of the stairs in this scene..."

But the fireman says he is much more terrified on account of it looking like the whole theatre going up in smoke any minute if these b.y.t.s. keep up this surreptitious smoking.

Kept the eyes skinned...

UNUSUAL, you must admit, but at the Fox Films' welcome-home cocktail party for their managing director, Clay Hake, there are more men than women. It seems that some of the wives are too tired after attending the Ralph Doyles' supper party at the yacht squadron on the previous night. Apparently the men can take it.

A few things at the party which I covet... Mrs. Sam Snider's draped mink coat, Mrs. Ernest Turnbull's squirrel coat with squared shoulders, Mrs. Cecil Marks' long dyed ermine coat, Mrs. T. Greaves' dyed fitch muff and triple tie, and Victor Wilson's daphne boutonniere.

Gone are the days...

ONCE upon a time I thought I'd be an airwoman. Wear those sporty breeches and leggings and workman-like helmets, and maybe even learn to fly. But Nancy Bird tells me that with these closed cockpits flying isn't like that any more, and the only place left to sport snappy riding breeches is on a horse.

Pity. Flying won't be half so popular with women unless Schiaparelli or somebody else gets out some new modes.

Having a dish of tea with her after she gets back from flying 28,000 miles in furrin' parts, Nancy shows me a smart beige shirtmaker frock she likes flying about in... also suitable for cocktail parties. It is identical with the one worn by Constance Bennett in "Tailspin."

Nancy is now in the throes of preparing "Wings the World Over"—an exhibition of bits and pieces she picked up in various countries on her trip. To be held next month.

A raw dealer...

THE local (Darling Point) vegetable vendor had a new line of sales talk last week... "Cabbages, nice cabbages, with hearts as hard as your mother-in-law's."

Smart people...

TO Germaine Rocher's preview of what we'll wear this spring. Find myself mingling with lots of Sydney's smartest who meet at Rocher's, if not socially.

Notice Mrs. Sam Hordern contemplating several expensive models, and Mrs. Jack Shaw likewise.

Colleen Bennet dwells upon a few little trifles suitable for wearing when travelling between Cooma and Sydney this summer.

Mrs. J. P. Adamson, even in an audience of women mostly befurred to the eyebrows, attracts attention in her full-length silver fox coat.

Somewhat disconcerting to see Sheila Smart stroll by in decollete evening gown... but I discover she is one of the mannequins.

Barbara Levy lights a cigarette and immediately an ash-tray is rushed to her as one of the staff whispers, "Mind the ash on the carpet"... it occurs to me that the cost of one model would probably more than cover the cost of the carpet.

Brisbane bound...

MEET Mrs. Roy Buckland jay-walking in Castlereagh Street... so smart in cocoa-brown, with turquoise here and there, that no policeman would notice that she was crossing the street at an angle of 45 degrees.

She would have had a good plea for the defence, anyway—last-minute shopping for Show Week in Brisbane.

Tells me she is leaving next day with her husband by car... planning to arrive in time for the Queensland Club's "do" this Monday.

Brisbane's festivities have depleted our ranks. The E. J. Watts, W. E. Roberts, John Broinowskis, Mrs. Wynn Reilly (her husband's there in the Hobart) and several of the Munro clan are among those present.

Just nagging...

I HANG out the "Closed All Day" notice on the doorknob and go to the Bank Holiday meeting at Warwick Farm.

Can't say I feel too well disposed towards Mrs. Herc McIntyre when she comes along and says she's can't go wrong. It's her first visit to the Farm, and wouldn't you just know she'd pick all the winners. Simply beginner's luck.

Honor Wilson's positively beaming, too. I hear that after her pet horse, Denita, won she had to be restrained from jumping off the top stand to throw her arms around his neck.

Can't do any good with the nags, so I turn my attention to fashions. Molly Brearley's in an all-grey outfit, except for her felt hat and lipstick, which are of identical red.

Denise Owen romps home with a nice line in caracul muffs, and Joan Herman trims her double-breasted blue coat with caracul buttons.

Jean Longworth gets first prize for the tallest feather... it aky-scrapes from her brown felt halo.

They are talking about...

NANCY RUSSELL and Norman Hull, lunching and dining at a table for two... Joyce Hall making a special trip to town from Newcastle to get the large baking dish her cook requested... Mrs. Frank Dennett, one of Melbourne's smartest, now in Sydney... the Michael Kings buying a lovely old home near Campbelltown.



• NOLA GOUGH doesn't know why, but Ian Hepworth said he was VERY surprised to see her at Joan McGrath's birthday party.



• JOAN GOODWARD keeps up the party spirit by blowing whistles at Philips' Lamps Ball at the Trocadero. Her brother, Colin, is in the background.



• MRS. MARGARET FIELDING JONES and Denzil Macarthur-Onslow at the luncheon to welcome Captain P. G. Taylor at the Pickwick Club.



• BARBARA CARY holds up her train while dancing with David Woods... at Prince's.

Heal CUTS and SCRATCHES



Every cut, every scratch means danger of infection! Don't risk serious trouble—clean and dress wounds at once with healing Rexona Ointment. Rexona's antiseptic medications destroy dangerous germs, soothe the pain and speed the growth of new, healthy skin. As a further safeguard wash only with Rexona Soap which contains the same medications as the Ointment.



0.227.52

SNORING? CATARRH?

Snoring is a sign of catarrh, quickly remedied by putting 5 drops of the marvellous new prescription, Dr. Brodie's Kanatox, in your nostrils each night 6 weeks treatment. 10/- Pouches 3/6. At your nearest Chemist. Each flask contains special English dropper. Get genuine Kanatox. Refuse poor substitutes.

KANATOX

Nice Work ... if you can get it

Continued from Page 38

MICHAEL said: "And look here, ducky, it's going to be your job to see that Garside the younger doesn't lay a finger on this set from the minute I start till it's finished and signed."

"I shall keep him," Mary promised grimly, "in a small-sized strait-jacket."

"He'd look well in anything," Michael observed fatuously. "Some day I'm going to paint his pitcher."

"Not this week," Mary said flatly. "You save those colors for Fulman's. And if you'll keep an eye on him for two minutes, I've a little errand in the basement."

No use bothering Michael with trivialities, she thought cheerfully, as she twisted the gas-man's lock off the meter. Michael, after all, was an artist.

For the next eight days the house of Garside centred about the portrait of a ham. It became routine, after the first few days, for Mary to devote herself to the problem of keeping Jerry away from it. She imprisoned him in his pen as soon as he was out of bed, turning a deaf ear to his angry protests. Breakfast over, she rushed him into his pram and out of doors, and they walked the highways and byways till lunch, while Michael painted. There was a period of peace during the nap. While a cherubic Jerry slept for two blessed hours, Mary could watch Michael—Michael sketching in the outlines of platter and bottle; Michael frowning over the selection of the eminently suitable brush ("That's the thirty-shilling cable," Mary would say to herself, with a kind of thrill); Michael stepping backward, squinting, and closing in on the easel again with a look of decision.

"It goes on," said Mary, cocking her head on one side. "It's going to be a mighty pretty pitcher, Mr. Garside."

"D'you think the light is quite right?"

A moment of silent contemplation by Mary. "Perhaps—just a little

more accent on the right side, don't you think?"

"M-m-m. Perhaps so," Michael removed the blind altogether from the right-hand window, and Mary rolled it neatly. "There. Better?"

"I think so. I'll bet there's nothing Mr. Fulman likes better than a good, juicy highlight on his ham."

She had decked the plate with a collar of parsley, which had to be replenished every day, and every night she set the ham reverently away in the next-door "fridge" by special arrangement.

The picture was half done when Fred and Bob and George dropped in to see it. They stood squinting at it from various angles, and delivering themselves of those non-committal remarks with which one artist greets the work of another artist. "Yes. Nice going. Think you'll have it done?"

"Rather. How're you coming along yourself?"

Fred brimmed with enthusiasm. "That thing of mine is the goods. Wait till they get an eyeful of that. Course, I'm treating it in an entirely different way from what you are."

George, as usual, was morose. "It's hard for me to put my heart in this obvious commercial stuff," he mourned.

Bob blew smoke-rings at the ceiling and looked speculatively down his nose at Michael's work. "I know a fellow in the advertising department at Fulman's," he said carelessly. "It may make a difference."

When they had gone their ways, Mary's indignation overflowed. "Those duffers!" she exclaimed. "Why aren't they busy with their own masterpieces, instead of coming out here to bother you? Nosing round!"

Michael was sitting hunched on a chair, staring glumly at the canvas. "Well, they weren't exactly overwhelmed, were they?" he said through his teeth.

Mary planted herself before him, a small figure of disdain. "That," she said, impressively, "is just your idea. You've got something good there, and they know it. That's what they came out to see."

Michael tossed a cigarette-end in the general direction of the fireplace.

"OH, don't let your loyalty to the dear old school run away with you, my pet. They're all good eggs. You mustn't go round discovering ulterior motives. It isn't good for little girls." He picked up a clean brush, and began making desultory dabs at the canvas.

Mary watched him closely, with her eyebrows drawn in a line of worry. He started to whistle softly as he worked, and finally broke into song:

"Ah, ham of my delight, that knows no wane . . ."

"You aren't fooling me," thought Mary, with a heavy heart, as she went to take Jerry out of bed . . .

The hams were to be entered on Thursday of the second week. On Monday Michael began fussing. He fussed here, with a dab of burnt sienna, and he fussed there, with a bit of chrome yellow. He touched up the frill, and then he pranced backwards, considered for a tense moment, and stuck an infinitesimal quantity of madder on the rotund bulge of the ham. It was almost too much for Mary.

"It's all done!" she shrieked at him, driven beyond endurance. "It's perfect. Leave it alone!"

But like a man possessed of a demon, he continued throughout Tuesday and half of Wednesday to tickle the picture with flecks and touches and hair-lines drawn with a tiny brush, till Mary, gnashing her teeth in despair, bore witness to the truth of the adage, that two men were essential to a good picture:

one to paint it, and the other to stand over him with an axe and kill him before he spoiled it. She felt relieved when the three musketeers appeared, on Wednesday afternoon. "Come on, Mike, old boy! Little jubilation in honor of the big day to-morrow."

Michael stared at his picture. They had looked, and they had said, too politely, that it was fine. "Jubilant?" he growled, "I should think that ought to come afterwards."

"Well," Fred argued reasonably, "we thought that afterwards, only one of us will feel like celebrating, see?"

"Got a little more to do on this," Michael demurred, still with a glazed eye on the canvas.

"You haven't!" cried Mary in desperation. "Go on out and forget about it. Have all the good clean fun you want—but leave that picture alone."

Michael turned a reproachful gaze upon her. "All right. But don't ever say it wasn't your own doing." He turned at the door. "Leave that palette," he said warningly. "May have one or two things to—"

Bob closed the door on Mary's outraged face, and he was laughing at her.

It was past eleven when she heard Michael's step—a halting, uncertain step, but it must be Michael's. She sprang up to turn on the hall light, just as he flung open the door. His fine black hair was dishevelled, and his face looked flushed and unfamiliar.

"Hello, darling!" he cried happily. "How's my own little girl?"

Mary surveyed him considerably. ("After all," she thought, "it was my own idea, I really only have myself to thank.") "Hello, dear," she said quietly. "It's pretty late. Better tumble straight into bed."

Michael peered over her shoulder. "Where's the ham?" he demanded. "Got a little more to do before I go to bed."

Mary stood aghast. "Michael," she said with forced gentleness, "it's all

August

August. The gay mimosa flings its gold

In filmy clouds to catch the wind's cold kiss.

And all about the almond trees uphold

White chalices.

What if dull ragged skins still dim the sun?

No blossom falls, and bird-songs do not falter.

The year is lighting candles one by one

On Spring's high altar.

Such lovely miracles are soon to be,

Transforming ways long frozen and austere.

For those wise worshippers with eyes to see

And ears to hear.

—K. Dalziel.

finished—don't you remember? All ready to be sent in."

Michael strode over to the easel. "No, it isn't," he declared truculently. "The fellows were talking about it this evening. They all thought it was too dark. Sombre, they said. Going put in a little white—lighten it up a bit."

Mary got the ham, with a sinking heart, while Michael struggled into his paint-stiff smock and began squeezing mounds of glistening Chinese white on to his palette. "I'd go easy on that white," Mary said, watching him fearfully.

"Let's pretend I'm the artist," said Michael, unpleasantly for him.

Please turn to Page 42

Weak Kidneys Cause Crippling Rheumatism



You need a Special Kidney Remedy NOW!

All day and all night healthy kidneys are constantly at work, purifying, cleansing, getting out of the system waste products and impurities. Directly they fail, poisons start to accumulate in your system and cause pains in your joints, which become stiff, swollen and very painful to move. In many cases bladder trouble starts and urinary disorders may cause you severe pain.

All your suffering is due to sluggish kidneys! You cannot get well until you put your kidneys right! The best way to do this is by taking De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills. This famous remedy is specially made to cleanse and strengthen your kidneys. Within one day of taking your first dose you will have visible proof of the cleansing action of De Witt's Pills. Within a very short time your pain will start to disappear. As De Witt's Pills restore your kidneys to normal, healthy functioning, the poisons that cause your pain and weakness will be swept away and you will be active and happy once more.

Don't let Kidney Trouble wreck your life! Go to your nearest chemist and get a bottle of De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills to-day, and start to get better from to-morrow morning. Whilst you sleep your kidneys are being cleansed and strengthened. There is no long waiting to see results. Twenty-four hours prove that these pills are true kidney pills, quick in action, certain in result. For nearly 50 years they have served the health needs of the world. Let them help you to regain health and vigour.

DE WITT'S KIDNEY and BLADDER PILLS

Made specially to end the pain of Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Joint Pains and all forms of Kidney Trouble. Of all chemists and storekeepers, 1/6, 3/- and 5/6.

HOLIDAYS

Anywhere—Any Place—Any Time

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ANYBODY can play it; and there's minimum prize money each week of £50.

Get your Zing-o chart from your chemist or store, and be ready to play, on

TUESDAYS, 7.45 p.m.

2GB

(Presented by Schumanns)

DAME MARY GILMORE, 74 THIS WEEK,
TELLS OF THE CHANGES SHE HAS SEEN

Women's improved status miracle of the age

Dame Mary Gilmore, Australian poet and novelist, celebrates her 74th birthday anniversary on Wednesday of this week, and we asked this woman who has lived a lifetime in Australia what was the most amazing change she has seen in all those years.

Dame Mary took only a moment to reply: "The greatest change has been in the status of women."

WHEN I see the place women have won for themselves out of the brutality and hardship and misery of the pioneering days, when the hillsides were dotted with the graves of their children, then I know there is no height they cannot scale if they set their minds to it. The improvement in woman's status is the miracle of the century.

"In my lifetime I have seen fathers fight against compulsory education, because they believed it deprived them of their rights over their children."

"I have seen little children flogged and ill-treated, and I have seen opium dens as common resorts in the mining towns, and dead aborigines lying like cattle round their poisoned waterholes."

"These are not good old days to me. But out of them we have built Australia. And out of to-day we shall build a great Australian nation where women will take their rightful place."

Asked about the modern girl, Dame Mary said: "I like her. You see I have always had a modern outlook myself. The girl of to-day is well educated, self-reliant, and capable in the home and in business."

Dame Mary Gilmore went as a girl to Paraguay with a little band of people who sought to find a modern Utopia in South America. The colony broke up, and most of the people concerned returned to Australia.

Asked if she still believed a Utopia

This store has a "harassed husband" department

By air mail from New York

IN a Californian store a unique "Aid to harassed husbands" has been inaugurated.

In order to remember birthdays the store submits a list to the busy business man who fills it in in his spare time with such details as the date of the wedding anniversary, son's birthday, and all other days of family importance.

A few days before the event a shopper from the store phones up the business man, reminding him which particular day it is and suggesting that the shopper do all the worrying business of choosing suitable presents.

Wife's tastes

ON the list is a sector for each person of the family, such as... "Wife, size 36. Prefers lavender. Colors brunette." Wife gets her present. Hubby the credit... and the bill... and the store has another satisfied customer.

Many and varied are the useful services of this style.

Another favorite idea with women shoppers, is the loose-leaf engagement pad kept by many stores. In it the patron can leave messages for friends, cancelling or altering engagements which have been made.

Another Californian store not far from Hollywood has a drive-in service. Ordering by phone, the customer drives along through the store's large parking area and is met by a bell-boy who brings her shopping, and away she drives.

There is a beauty salon for those with an engagement at the theatre who do not wish to return home after the day's shopping.

could be found on this earth, she replied:

"Utopia, yes. It's possible in Australia. And largely in the hands of Australian women if they will take up the task."

"We women can clear up the slums, we can see that the fear of destitution leaves our land. If we don't... slums will breed slum dwellers."

Our literature

AND what about literature and art, Dame Mary?

"Ah," she said, the light of enthusiasm in her eyes. "Australian literature is reawakening."

"There are so many names coming forward it is hard to pick out a few. The signs of the times are a great uprising of national literature in Australia."

"We are growing proud of our own writers, and they are responding with work of which we can be proud."

"I believe that Miles Franklin could become a great playwright if only she would devote herself to the job."

"She is so vital, so Australian, and she has great gifts of characterisation and dialogue and dramatic feeling."

"And I feel about nine feet high when I remember that when Mr.

Stead brought his Christina to me I told him she would never make a journalist but she would make a good writer."

"I didn't know then that she would soar like an eagle to the forefront of the world's writers."

"And Eileen McGrath, Daphne Mayo. These are two young sculptors of Australia's awakening."

Asked about our famous women painters, Dame Mary said: "I cannot pick out anyone distinctive."

"To me it seems that they are still following a man's tradition without making their own special contribution."

"I would like to see them turn their attention to daily scenes, domestic interiors and children."

"Because there is no getting away from it, however emancipated we may be, women will always be concerned with children and homes, and it is here that many find their full creative expression."

When asked if she believed in a career for a wife while she was rearing her children, the poet said



DAME MARY GILMORE and her son, Billy. "I didn't write a line till he was seven," said the poet. "I was too busy."

that for her the two did not run together.

"Until my son Billy was seven years old I hardly wrote a line," she said.

"I was afraid that my writing would absorb me and I should have no time for him when he needed me."

Bringing up Billy

AND so I put all my creative ability into my home in those years. I cooked and sewed and tried to bring up my little son on what are considered modern lines even to-day.

"I never slapped him and seldom scolded. Ours was a co-operative plan of discipline through love and trust and not fear. And it worked."

"You see, I have a theory that a thing that isn't earned isn't worth anything."

"You can apply it to everything—to your relationship to your children, to friendship, to writing, even to this great continent of ours that is calling out for us to earn the right to enjoy it by working the land and populating it."

Dame Mary put her own principles into practice when first she was offered her title.

She turned it down because she thought she hadn't earned it. Twenty years later it was offered again, and this time she accepted it, believing that her work of those twenty years had earned her the right.



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Strong and well-
shaped, will grace
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KNIFE
Heavy, stainless
steel, made in
Sheffield, England.

SAVE 36
BLUE SIREN
CROSSES

DESSERT FORK
Heavy E.P.N.S.
or
DESSERT SPOON
Heavy E.P.N.S.

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Set of 6, A. grade,
attractively shaped
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EASY TERMS
TO FIT YOUR POCKET-BOOK

Paling's

PIANOS - EVERETT ORGANS
RADIO - MUSIC - RECORDS
BAND INSTRUMENTS

Nice Work... if you can get it

Continued from Page 40

HE was laying great gobs of white in every available spot on the canvas. His eyes blinked dully in the light from the blue bulb overhead, and he swayed slightly when he stepped back to get the effect. Mary huddled on the lounge, watching the desecration with morbid interest. "Oh, Michael, Michael!" she thought, wretchedly. "That I should have done this to you, darling!"

He was groping uncertainly among his brushes. "Well, I don't know—I don't know..." he muttered. "Is it all right, Mary?"

Mary approached him warily, as if he were a timid animal which she had to capture. "It's fine, dear," she said soothingly. "Just lovely. Let's go to bed now, shall we?" She led him off, unprotesting, and left him five minutes later dead asleep on the bed.

She tiptoed into the living-room, full of purpose. "Now," she muttered, "now that Fred and George and Bob have had their try at Michael's picture, I suppose it's my turn."

The blue daylight lamp was still burning above the easel. Mary stood before it, steeped in gloom, as she buttoned herself into Michael's smock. It hung to her ankles, and she had to roll up the sleeves. "It's just awful," she said to the silent room. "Just utterly nauseous. It looks now like a sick Angora cat. They oughtn't to sell those oversized tubes of Chinese white to borderline cases."

She touched a shiny blob on the cheek of the ham with a curious forefinger. Still wet, thank heaven. She rescued the palate-knife from among

the litter on the stand, and began scraping away at Michael's canvas. Little curls of white paint fell fast upon the cloth which two weeks before she had spread fustily beneath the easel. She scraped carefully, peering at it squint-eyed as she worked, and called down the curse of a just heaven on the heads of the three musketeers.

"Too sombre! Lighten it up! Dear heaven, may they sizzle for that! Filling Michael with their tales... Now what you want, Michael, is a lot more Chinese white. No, it isn't a drink... And I'll bet they thought it was funny, the rats!"

Thus Mary, scraping and mixing and squinting and painting—and the clock, meanwhile, creeping on its two hands past twelve, past one and two and three, and on towards four.

"I suppose it's all right," she said at last, speaking aloud to dispel the awful stillness. "But, oh—I hope it gets dry!" She had upset the turpentine bottle, and she was too tired to care. She stumbled out to the pantry with the ham, less from reason than from habit, and then fell into bed beside the unconscious Michael. Her last weary prayer was that he should remember nothing in the morning.

At twelve-thirty on the day the Ham Contest results were to be announced Mary sat patiently feeding Jerry with a soft-boiled egg. It was weeks since the apprehensive morning when she had sent Michael off, his picture safely wrapped under his arm. When he was gone, she had



'Tween
Season
Wear

DORVILLE'S brilliant green wool frock with its slick bodice and pleated skirt is warm enough for the chilliest days, yet it brings a refreshing reminder of spring.

Charming

ISN'T SHE?

She knows the pleasant way to keep well—a daily glass of Sheaf!

**TOOTH'S
SHEAF
STOUT**
IN BOTTLES—HALF BOTTLES
AND BABY BOTTLES

S.S.100.27

thought: "He couldn't possibly get it. The picture must be an awful hash—a regular crazy quilt. And he never even suspected!"

From her position in the kitchen she became aware of muffled sounds betokening revelry outside the front door; and a moment later they were through the house and surging all around her—Michael and Bob, George and Fred, and half a dozen other bright spirits, all screaming and yammering like monkeys. And then Michael, Michael himself, was holding her shamelessly in his arms before them all, and telling her to look in his left-hand upper pocket; and she couldn't, of course, being out of breath and pinioned besides. So at last Michael let her go with one hand, brought out the folded cheque with his name on it, and waved it in her face.

Mary sat down weakly. "Oh, Michael," was all that she could say. For some unaccountable reason, then, she felt herself blushing. She looked round at them, their beaming faces, their generous rejoicing. She was amazed, and during a moment's calm she found herself wondering if their villainy was not perhaps as fleeting and as unimportant as their gaiety. Fred darted about, telling everyone that he had taught Michael all he knew; and George, less morose than usual, said: "I hope you don't have any trouble getting that big cheque cashed."

Bob was giving a dramatization of the juggling of the hams. "And, my friends," he bellowed, "it was on this historic occasion, as you perhaps know, that the art director spoke those immortal words which will echo forever in the heart of every true Englishman: 'Now there is a ham you could stick a fork into!'"

When they had crowded into the living-room at last, Mary tried to quiet a squealing Jerry sufficiently to permit his taking on a baked apple. From the other room she could hear Fred saying mildly:

"I still think you ought to have used a little white."

And Michael, his voice slightly hushed as one who speaks of miracles:

"Well, what staggers me is the

fact that I finished that thing the night before it went in when I was absolutely stupefied. Don't remember a thing. Just shows there's something in this stuff about the subconscious."

Jerry's mother winked at him. She was sitting on the kitchen table, contentedly munching Pulman's Supercured Ham.

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HOLIDAYS

Anywhere—Any Place—Any Time

AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY
TRAVEL BUREAU

St. James Bldg., Elizabeth St., Sydney.



Mandrake the Magician



THE STORY SO FAR:

MANDRAKE: Master magician, with **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, has forced **NICK BLOZZ:** International athlete, to confess to a plot to ruin Mandrake in the eyes of **BETTY:** The girl Blozz hopes to marry because of her father's wealth. Following the confession, Mandrake and Blozz meet, and, still determined to get Man-

drake out of his way, Blozz challenges him to a duel. Meantime, Blozz has poisoned the tip of one of the swords, and although Mandrake has the right to choose his weapon Blozz insists on taking the poisoned sword. The duel begins, but Blozz's accomplice confesses that it is not a duel, but murder, and just as Blozz lunges Mandrake disappears. **NOW READ ON:--**





"SMILIN' BILLY BLINKHORN." Canadian cowboy, is becoming increasingly popular with 2GB listeners. He sings cowboy songs.

Radio "court" solves listeners' problems

True stories dramatised in novel 2GB session

One of the most unusual radio programmes being broadcast in Australia is "The Court of Human Relations," heard from 2GB at 3.30 p.m. every Sunday.

The whole of the material is provided by listeners themselves, stories which they send in being cleverly dramatised and broadcast in dialogue form.

ALREADY hundreds of letters with material for the session have been received,

although so far it has been on the air only twice.

When "The Court of Human Relations" was begun in America three years ago, its organisers were met by the same response.

Originally the session was planned only as entertainment, featuring dramatisations of true stories, but after a while it assumed social significance.

Besides letters seeking advice, the daily mail includes a large quota from sympathetic correspondents, offering hope and sympathy for the characters portrayed in the stories. Others condemn the real-life players for allowing themselves to fall into difficulties in the first place.

Out of this flood of correspondence has been built up a true survey of innumerable aspects of life.

Each episode ends with the finding of the "Court"—whether the central figure in its opinion should have taken the course taken in the play, or whether other steps would have been advisable.

Coping with personal problems, incidentally, presented the organisers of "The Court of Human Relations" in America with an employment problem.

True to life

WHEN the session first went on the air 140 actors were employed to take the various roles. This total was divided among 74 men, 53 women, and 13 children. Of these, only 43 were used once, and some appeared in sessions every week.

Several of the actors in the series have been prominent on the Broadway stage, and some have been playing in radio drama for years.

In every case, however, the verdict of the players was that never before had they taken part in any performance where so many of the charac-

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION from 2GB



WEDNESDAY, August 16.—

4 to 4.30 p.m.: Dorothea Vautier in Hollywood.

THURSDAY, August 17.—

4 to 4.30 p.m.: June Marsden—Astrology for Children.

FRIDAY, August 18.—4 to 4.30 p.m.: June Marsden—General Astrology.

SATURDAY, August 19.—

4 to 4.30 p.m.: Music in the News.

SUNDAY, August 20.—4 to 4.30 p.m.: June Marsden—Astrology for business folk.

MONDAY, August 21.—4.30 p.m. to 4.45 p.m.: The Australian Women's Weekly Celebrity Recital. 4.45 p.m. to 5 p.m.: Aviation in Sweden, talk by Nancy Bird.

TUESDAY, August 22.—4.30 p.m. to 5 p.m.: June Marsden—Astrology for Women.

ters bore the stamp of grim reality, and where so many of the situations had the starkness of truth.

There have been a number of other problems associated with the building-up of "The Court of Human Relations."

For one play, Adrian Samish, the producer, wanted a German peasant girl to take a vital role. Migration bureaus were carefully sifted to provide a proper character for the part—but no Fraulein with the exact qualifications was forthcoming.

An American actress, Lucille Wall, who had never attempted a German accent in her life, worked over dialect recordings until at last she had perfected the accent required for the microphone.

The English Mauch twins—famous for their characterisation with Errol Flynn in "The Prince and the Pauper"—proved another worry to the production department.

As Australian women who saw them in their latest film are aware, the twins are exactly alike, and defy anybody to distinguish between them.

Samish was always uncomfortable when he had the pair in his company. One only would often arrive at the studio for rehearsal, and it was almost sure to be Billy when Bobby was required, and Bobby when the producer wanted Billy.

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See how much lovelier your hair can be—shampoo it with Rexona Soap. Its medications keep your scalp healthy, free from dandruff . . . make your hair shine with added lustre.

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If skin faults don't yield quickly to Rexona Soap care then use Rexona Soap and Ointment together. This complete Rexona treatment soon heals blemishes . . . leaves your skin healthy, clear and unmarked.

TREATMENT: Wash frequently with Rexona Soap. At night smear Rexona Ointment on the affected parts.

IF your skin is healthy you have that glorious natural loveliness that always wins admiration. But with so much germ-laden dust and grit in the air to threaten skin health, you need a special medicated soap—Rexona—to give your complexion constant protection. Rexona corrects a dull skin . . . makes a normal one naturally beautiful.

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Don't let skin blemishes get a hold—use Rexona Soap! Rexona is the only soap medicated with Cady!, a highly protective compound of medications. It reaches the very source of skin faults . . . drains away accumulated waste matter from the depths of the pores . . . soothes. The medicated lather tones up slackened tissues and leaves your skin flawless, radiantly lovely.

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She rode a motor cycle across Africa

Courageous English girl now in Australia

An Englishwoman who, with a girl friend, crossed Africa from Algiers to Capetown on a motor cycle and side-car and then made the return journey alone is now visiting Australia.

SHE is Miss Florence Blenkiron, and she is seeing Australia as chauffeur-companion to two charming Melbourne women.

Her experiences in Africa would provide material for a first-class "thriller."

On one occasion, when the engine of their motor cycle broke down, she and her friend were rescued by Taureg tribesmen in the Sahara Desert. They were towed by horsemen for 100 miles to a French military outpost, where they had to remain for six weeks until new parts for the engine were received from England. Their route took them over trackless wastes, mountains, swamps, and jungle trails.

They encountered almost every kind of animal. One night they met two lions, but managed to scare them away by roaring the engine.

When Miss Blenkiron returned from Africa to England she travelled on a Spanish cargo-boat. The entire crew was Spanish, and she was the only woman on the ship.

Back in England, she organised tours for visitors in her own car—an enterprise which enabled her to meet many Australians.

"But I'm really not an interesting person to write about," she told The Australian Women's Weekly. "Some of my adventures may



MISS FLORENCE BLENKIRON

sound exciting, but after you've achieved a thing it doesn't seem exciting any longer!"

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The Movie World

August 19, 1939

The Australian Women's Weekly Special Film Supplement

First Page



Blonde with Ambition...

• JUNE LANG, pictured above in glamorous pose—the way she likes best to look on the screen—is blonde, beautiful, and ambitious. She's been married once—to Vic Orsatti—but now lives quietly at home with her mother. Her current screen is A. C. Blumenthal, Hollywood business man.

• Her real name is June Vlasak. Both her parents were born in Bohemia. But her mother's ancestry is Swedish, and that's where this lovely actress inherits her blonde hair and her deep blue eyes.

• You'll be seeing her next in "Captain Fury," Hal Roach's historical drama of Australia's early pioneering days. With her in this film are Brian Aherne and Victor McLaglen.

Before anything else...

Beauty preferred!

JUNE LANG WOULD RATHER
BE A GLAMOR GIRL THAN A
GREAT DRAMATIC ACTRESS

From JOHN B. DAVIES in New York

JUNE LANG, tall, blonde, lissom, is beautiful—and she means to stay that way.

No secret pining for great dramatic flights disturbs this elegant young person.

She just wants to go on playing, graciously, the modern streamlined charmer.

To act within the limits set by loveliness. To be beautiful—and not dumb.

"Imagine Bing Crosby as Abraham Lincoln—or Ronald Colman as The Great Barnum! I'd be just as out of place as a demure ingenue or a queen of tragedy," she says.

June adores wearing lovely clothes. Although she looks so charming in billowing, Old-World gowns, she hates period costumes.

"I used to think the bustles and hoop skirts, the tiny waists, the trailing skirts were cute and romantic.

"Not any more. Not since I wore them in 'Wee Willie Winkie' and 'Elephants Never Forget,'" she says. "The outfits weighed about thirty

pounds. They were hot, cumbersome, and so depressing."

June has just finished a period role in Hal Roach's "Captain Fury." But she didn't mind that so much.

She was a simple country lass in that picture, and was only required to wear the loose gingham house frocks of that day.

This girl, who won't sacrifice comfort or beauty in the cause of fame, has plenty of driving power.

She began her professional career as a dancer—at the age of six.

She danced her way from her home town, Minneapolis, to Los Angeles, where she became known as one half of a popular dance team.

When her brunette partner received an offer from Fox studio for a film test, June went along, too.

The casting director chose the blonde for the available role, a small one in "Young Sinners," and her brunette dancing partner was left out.

Hard work and her own ability have established her as one of the most popular starlets in Hollywood.



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Holds finger-wave for days. Makes 'perm.' last a lot longer.

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YOUTH'S DAY in Hollywood

LONG-FAMOUS STARS THREATENED BY CAMPAIGN FOR NEW FACES BEING LAUNCHED BY THE FILM STUDIOS

By JOAN McLEOD, from Hollywood

FILMLAND to-day is in the throes of universal revolution.

Every studio is drastically revising its star list. Those on the topmost thrones in talkies are tottering, and many of the most famous players are shaking in their shoes.

There has not been such an upheaval in Hollywood since the arrival of sound sent the weaker royalties of the silent screen into exile.

New talent is invading every studio on an unprecedented scale. New talent, did I say? Yes, and most important, youthful talent!

An impatient new generation of filmgoers has been loudly critical of feminine stars whom they regard as "old women." And most of the famous to-day are in their thirties—from Shearer to Colbert.

Seasoned filmgoers have watched the fashionable two-hour pictures expose the limitations of established players.

Producers are disgusted with multi-star films and fabulous contracts, which have kept expenses rocketing, although the actors concerned are often past their popularity and their prime.

In one sentence the screen is tired of mature sophistication.

Everywhere you look in Hollywood to-day, you see the advance guard of youth—the sparkling, dewy youngsters in their teens, who will make this revolution permanent.

Their laughter, their high spirits, and their precious zest for living are flooding the sound-stages of every major company.

Stories will have to be changed for them—the old drawing-room dramas will go, and the sob-stories will go. True romance, the romance of the really young, will come into its own.

Make-up and fashions are already being attuned to them. For naturalness is the watchword of this youthful army—natural health, natural appeal, and, in the girls, natural beauty.

Success at seventeen

BRIGHT eyes and glowing skins are typical of all of them—and Linda Darnell, of 20th Century-Fox, is one of the most bright-eyed in the increasing group.

I met several new girls at Fox studio whom I will discuss in more detail later.

Let me tell you now about Linda, the radiant, bronze-haired girl who is embarking upon her screen success at the age of 17!

Linda's first picture was the lead in "Hotel for Women," which is again typical of the revolution.

The studios cannot afford to waste months keeping these starlets in tiny roles. They are building up their talent swiftly against the fast approaching day when those traditional thrones of the mighty are empty.

Movie magnates are looking ahead. Competition for new talent is so keen that their talent scouts are attending high-school graduation ceremonies all over the States. Darryl Zanuck, more far-seeing than any of them, has had Linda under observation for two years.

In 1937, a Fox talent scout visited Dallas, Texas, and was interviewed by a 15-year-old schoolgirl, who gave her name as Monetta Eloyse Darnell. The scout took some of her photographs back to Hollywood with him.

On February 7, 1938, a telegram arrived for Miss Darnell. Would she please come to Hollywood and take a screen test? Miss Darnell, accom-

panied by her mother and her brother, most certainly would. After three weeks of rehearsal she made the test, partnered by Robert Allan.

Two weeks later the blow fell. Miss Darnell was too young.

Producer Darryl Zanuck told her her screen career must wait another two years. She was to go home, keep in touch with the studio, continue her theatrical studies—she was a member of the repertory Cathedral Players in Dallas—and send new photographs of herself to him from time to time.

Hard advice for a 15-year-old girl to accept. But Linda, although disbelieving in any future, obediently followed instructions.

Big roles follow

IN April of this year another telegram arrived for Miss Darnell.

Her latest photograph had been most encouraging—would she please come to the studio for another test? Miss Darnell did so. And, a week after her arrival in Hollywood, found herself working in "Hotel for Women," with the new name of Linda.

At this moment, Linda is preparing for her second 20th Century-Fox film, "Drums Along the Mohawk," which is starring Henry Fonda and Claudette Colbert.

Wonderful happenings for a girl who has not yet reached her 18th birthday. But youth from all over America is experiencing these wonderful happenings to-day—as far as the screen is concerned, 17 is the new Golden Age.



• The coming reign of Youth in the film studios is typified by this sparkling portrait of Linda, natural in beauty and radiant in health. At seventeen she is making a movie name for herself.



• Linda Darnell, Fox player, one of the bevy of young beauties now being groomed for stardom in Hollywood.

Charles Laughton in Chaney role

BRILLIANT ENGLISH ACTOR BACK IN HOLLYWOOD TO STAR IN NEW VERSION OF "THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME"

AFTER three years' absence Charles Laughton has returned to Hollywood, brought especially from England for the title role in "The Hunchback of Notre Dame."

If your screen memory can take you so far back, over a decade, you will remember the phenomenal success Lon Chaney scored with the silent version of the Victor Hugo story.

Made by Universal, it proved one of the biggest money-makers that studio has produced.

Search for actor

SHORTLY afterwards Chaney died, through make-up poisoning, a victim to his art. With him died his make-up secrets.

The search for a modern actor to play the Hunchback has kept RKO, who are making the talkie version, busy for almost a year.

Chaney's son, Lon Junior, was a logical choice. He has been making a name for himself on the stage, most recently as Lennie, in "Of Mice and Men."

After turning down sundry other screen offers, waiting for the decision, Lon accepted a leading role in another RKO picture.

Fifty budding Lon Chaney's, among them several well-known Hollywood actors, were screen-tested in one week for the role—without success.

And the search continued, this time with Claude Rains the favorite candidate for the honor. RKO announced they were considering Rains, but a fortnight later Charles Laughton disembarked from the Queen Mary in New York, with the role safely signed for on the dotted line.

Three years ago when he left Hollywood Laughton said he was off for good. The heavy income tax which he had to pay both in England and the United States on his earnings in Hollywood did not, according to the actor, make working in America worth his while.

The truth, as he later revealed, was that he preferred to work in England, where he could more freely choose his roles.

And Hollywood has won him back with just the kind of character role he really enjoys playing.

He is the only actor so far cast for the picture. But Ginger Rogers, eager to play with the brilliant actor, has applied for the part of Esmeralda, the girl whom the Hunchback loves and protects. This was taken in the silent version by Mary Philbin.

These movie actresses... Gave up their careers for matrimony

THEY'RE TOO BUSY LOOKING AFTER HOME
AND HUSBAND TO HAVE ANY REGRETS FOR
THEIR OWN VANISHED HOLLYWOOD GLORY

From BARBARA BOURCHIER, in Hollywood

HOW many girls at the height of their fame would give up a movie career in favor of matrimony?

Chorus probably says, "I—if the husband were nice enough."

But, honestly, would you?

Pat Paterson would, and did. Pat was brought specially from London as a threat to Hollywood glamor girls. Her passport to the colony, success on the English stage and screen.

Unfortunately for Hollywood, Pat met French Charles Boyer, fresh from his "Mayerling" triumph, and headed for Hollywood.

And that was that, as far as Pat's screen career was concerned.

She hasn't bothered about it since she married. Occasionally she will take a small part, by special request.

Her last screen part was in "Idiot's Delight"—as a gesture to the star, Norma Shearer.

Norma met her at a dinner party, and, thinking how suitable she'd be for the role, asked her to play in the film, as the young English girl on honeymoon.

Pat is not alone in her glory. Other actresses have been even more self-effacing. They have given up their careers entirely.

Crosby's actress wife

DIXIE LEE never acted again after she said "Yes" to Bing Crosby.

Without regret, she turned her back on Hollywood fame. That was more than seven years ago.

Now she's the mother of five small Crosby boys. And quite content to bask in her husband's reflected glory.

You may not remember an attractive young actress, calling herself Sandra Shaw.

Her real name is Veronica Balfe, and she is Gary Cooper's popular socialite wife.

Sandra, fired with the ambition to become a movie star, arrived in Hollywood several years ago.

Then she met Gary Cooper. Gary was just over that hectic romance with fiery Lupe Velez, and fell victim to Sandra's calmer charms.

So Sandra's film career was left an unfinished chapter.

The same happened to Virginia Valli, when she married Charles Farrell. When she signed the register, she wrote films to films.

Charlie, of course, was then at the height of his glory. But even now, when the Farrell fortunes have suffered a considerable setback, Virginia isn't considering a comeback.

Was top-flight star

MAYBE you wonder what became of Florence Vidor, a popular star in the sophisticated class a few years back?

Same answer here. Hollywood's loss was a one-man gain.

Florence married the world-famous musician, Jascha Heifetz, and settled down immediately to untroubled domesticity.

Even now that Jascha has launched on a film career for himself—he makes his debut in "Music School"—Florence is content to sit on the set, watching him proudly from the backroom.

There have been others, too... Jobyna Ralston, who gave up all for love of Dick Arlen (that marriage, alas, has now been terminated). Corinne Griffith once "the most beautiful woman on the screen," and blonde Anita Page, both of whom left thousands of sorrowing fans behind when they married and left the Hollywood scene.

Actually there haven't been many movie stars who have yielded their hard-won movie laurels so completely when they married.

But there are quite a number still

Farewell to Carole?

• Will Carole Lombard, now so happily wed, retire from the screen and devote her life to being Mrs. Clark Gable?

All indications point that way. Carole now proudly signs her autographs with her married name, and is devoting every possible moment to her new home in San Fernando Valley.

For all her party girl reputation, Carole is a very domesticated person. And, believe it or not, one of the best cooks in the movie colony.

Clark and Carole are planning a honeymoon trip to England as soon as they can get away together. And, after that, Hollywood is tipping, Carole will gradually drop out of pictures.



• Pat Paterson, Charles Boyer's wife, now seldom appears on the screen.

She doesn't care how much this may interfere with her career.

Just how the arrangement will work out otherwise remains to be seen.

Maureen O'Sullivan and Margaret Sullivan both risked their careers for motherhood. Maureen is married to director John Farrow, and has just had her first child.

Margaret, wife of Leland Heyward, stars' agent, is now the mother of two.

Geraldine Fitzgerald, new Irish arrival in Hollywood, has insisted that she shall be allowed time off from work each year to visit her husband in England.



• Madeleine Carroll, whose marriage has ended as her film career soars...

GLAMOR with inspiration

... Noticed about town are some unusual and decorative touches on the dresses of the glamor girls. Their own ideas, too, most of them. Here are some—worth repeating—by those who prize individuality in frocking.

ROSELLA TOWNE chooses plain tailored suits, and flaunts three gay little ostrich feathers on the deep-cut lapels.

GLADYS GEORGE tops her summer dresses with a hem-length, hand-knitted coat of snowy-white angora, very straight and tailored. A fine, summerweight slouch felt completes the sporting effect.

MARGOT STEVENSON, Broadway star, now working for Warner Brothers, has material left over from her short-sleeved summer dresses swathed into bracelets.

GLORIA DICKSON has the toes of her stockings specially tinted to match her gowns. This trick is for "toe-peepers," of course.

WENDY BARRIE is dining out in a pastel-blue knitted suit, which has enough silver thread twisted in the yarn to give a shimmering effect.

JEAN PARKER is wearing a dull black linen shirtwaist, vertically striped with white rickrack, and tucked into a full, circular, black linen skirt. For variety a broad fuchsia belt, clipped into a firm waistline.

By...
**ORRY
KELLY**
famous
Hollywood
dress designer

ANN SHERIDAN is wearing quaint gipsy-style turbans to match her sports dresses. They keep her hair in order, and she likes the scrubbed, clean-cut look they give.

1 **YOUNG QUEEN VICTORIA**, Anna Neagle, and the Prince Consort, Anton Walbrook, play archery in Windsor Castle grounds.



2 **THE QUEEN** bends over the cradle of her first-born, who was the Princess Royal.



3 **THIS** glittering scene from the picture shows the Queen surrounded by her youthful family, and supported by her husband, at a brilliant Court function. Only absentee is the future Edward VII.



4 **THE QUEEN** publicly thanks Florence Nightingale (Joyce Bland) for her work in the Crimea, and kisses her in gratitude.



5 **EVEN** in the last illness of the Prince Consort, his counsel inspires his wife, who brings to him for discussion all her problems of State.



6 **THE** ageing widow Queen, on holiday at Balmoral, listens attentively to the advice of her faithful Highland retainer, John Brown.

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NOW IN POND'S CREAMS—the active "skin-vitamin"



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POND'S DEPT. X(S), Box 11312, G.P.O., MELBOURNE.

Name Address

Screen reclaims these former favorites

FORMER popular stars are returning to the Hollywood fold in increasing numbers.

Some of these players have been absent from the screen for over eight years.

Do you remember...

ENID BENNETT? glamorous Australian star of silent films and early talkies, has been signed by David O. Selznick for a featured role in "Intermezzo," which stars Leslie Howard.

Enid played opposite Milton Sills in the original version of "The Sea Hawk," which is now being remade in talkie form by Hollywood.

EDNA BEST? last seen in a Hollywood film five years ago, has arrived from England also to appear in "Intermezzo." She has the leading feminine role opposite Leslie Howard.

Edna, who is Mrs. Herbert Marshall in private life—they have been separated for several years—was recently seen in two English films, "Prison Without Bars," and "South Riding."

CHESTER CONKLIN? beloved comedian of those Mack Sennett custard-pie films is now working on Twentieth Century-Fox's "Hollywood Cavalcade," with Al St. John, Hank Mann, Vic Potel, James Pinlayson, Joe Bordeaux and George Davis, known in "silents" as the Keystone Cops.

LEATRICE JOY? Former wife of John Gilbert, and a popular "silent" star, has a featured role in

Paramount's "Our Neighbors—the Carters."

Leatrice has attempted a screen comeback on several occasions, but this is her first film role in over five years.

Her daughter, Leatrice Joy Gilbert, made her first and last screen appearance in "Of Human Hearts."

MARY PICKFORD? In England with husband Charles ("Buddy") Rogers is returning to movies—via the English screen. She has already begun work on "The Bat" at Denham studios.

Sixty Glorious Years

• English producer Herbert Wilcox has made a sequel to his "Victoria the Great," under the title of "Sixty Glorious Years." Once again Anna Neagle plays the Queen, and Viennese Anton Walbrook the Prince Consort. This sequel introduces the great Exhibition, the Crimean and Sudan campaigns.

Three things that count

Modess Sanitary Napkins are completely safe, with a moisture proof backing. They're softer and filmed with downy cotton. Modess is economical.

MODESS

SANITARY NAPKINS

Product of Johnson & Johnson

1/ BOX OF 12

SCREEN ODDITIES ★ By CHARLES BRUNO



TYRONE POWER and Annabella have left for Europe on a six weeks' delayed honeymoon jaunt. They had planned on a two months' excursion, but Fox could not spare either of its stars for so long a period.

DANIELLE DARRIEUX will not make "Rio" for Universal, as planned. Danielle is still in Paris, and shows no signs of returning. So Sigrid Gurie, the "Norwegian from Brooklyn," gets the role, with Basil Rathbone, Vic McLaglen, and Robert Cummings in support.

MAUREEN O'HARA, eighteen-year-old Irish girl, who makes her film debut in Charles Laughton's "Jamaica Inn," was married secretly six weeks ago.

Her bridegroom is George Brown, young assistant production manager to Mayflower Pictures, Laughton's British company, which discovered Maureen.

Maureen is now in Hollywood with the Laughtons and will play leading lady in the English actor's next film, "The Hunchback of Notre Dame."

Here is Proof! THAT YOU CAN GROW QUICK HAIR!!

Another 1500 TRIAL Treatments to be distributed this Month!

DESPERATE A COMPLETE FAILURE NEW HAIR AT LAST

Was Bald for 16 Years Hair Now Growing "Hair has started to grow over parts which have been bald for 16 years." (Signed) G. L. Horton, S.A.

Great Distribution of Hair Treatments

NOW you can test it yourself—try this famous treatment in your own home—under any condition you like, and if it doesn't grow new hair, rid your dandruff, or any other hair trouble you suffer from within 30 days, it COSTS YOU NOTHING! Not one penny! But you must hurry: this offer may never be repeated. It places you under no obligation, and all you have to do is to post this coupon NOW.

NEW DISCOVERY ABOUT HAIR

It does not matter if your hair is falling out, if you are fast going bald—or what you have tried. You have not used the RIGHT method. Hundreds of people who had tried all kinds of "tonics" found their hair falling out in handfuls and were fast going bald. But now their hair is thick and lustrous—thanks to the important discovery that—

TONICS WILL NEVER GROW HAIR

THEY never have—because it is impossible while the scalp remains in a clogged condition. There is one underlying principle that stimulates New Hair Growth—this principle is involved in the New Murchison Treatment. It's a new way—entirely different and successful. It appraises baldness, falling hair, etc., from a new angle. With it you can stop your hair troubles overnight or it won't cost you one penny! POST THE COUPON NOW!

"You asked me to report in one month on your treatment for the hair. The month isn't quite up yet, but it isn't necessary to wait that long. I could have told you after one application that your treatment would certainly grow hair. I have used a lot of different 'restorers' in my time, but yours is the only one that I ever used that I have had any faith in. You said it would cure dandruff in one week; well, I can beat that easily, as it cured my dandruff in one night. It has completely changed the colour of my hair. It has turned it from its dry, dead, straw-looking colour back to its original shade of brown, and now, after about three weeks' use, I have a lot of new hair growing all over my head." G. REYNOLDS, M., N.E.W.

"After using your course for one week, my hair stopped falling and began to improve wonderfully. Today my hair is as healthy as it is possible to be, and the thin parts are almost as abundant with hair as the rest of my head." G. ROEPER, M., VIC.

SEND NO MONEY!
J. KELSO MURCHISON, DEPT. 5,
LOMBARD CHAMBERS,
PITT STREET, SYDNEY.

NAME
ADDRESS
19/8/39.

2.30 and 8 p.m. **TIVOLI** 2.30 and 8 p.m.
Frank Neil proudly presents the World Famous Oriental Stage and Screen Star, **ANNA MAY WONG**

★ IN HIGHLIGHTS OF HOLLYWOOD, with Betty Hargrave and Sonny Lamont, Andriol, Fred, Joaquin Garay, Hugo Wilson, Evers & Dolores, Jack Lane, and Alfredo & Dolores, Ambrosio, Cath Esler, and the 6 Danwells. Plan at Palling's, Nicholson's, Tivoli (M6836).

PRIVATE VIEWS

By The Australian Women's Weekly Film Reviewer

★ EAST SIDE OF HEAVEN

Bing Crosby, Joan Blondell, Mischa Auer, Sandy. (Universal.)

HERE is an unexpectedly human little picture which introduces a new and dynamic personality to the screen.

This personality is cherubic Sandy, ten-months-old baby girl in real life, but boy in the film. And if you think "dynamic" is too strong a word, just wait till you see her!

Sandy doesn't talk, walk, or do anything extraordinary. She's just a baby, who gurgles, coos, and looks helpless. But what a baby! She's cute, cunning, adorable, assumes attractive poses naturally, and allows herself to be carried about with the greatest good humor.

And Sandy earns its second star for the film.

Without Sandy the production would be indifferent fare. The first half, in which she does not appear, is monotonous.

Bing Crosby, as the crooning taxi-driver who finds a baby left in his cab, is as casual as ever in his acting. Only in the scene, with Sandy does your heart really warm to him.

On the credit side, too, for him, are two good song hits.

Joan Blondell, as Crosby's telephoneist girl-friend, and Mischa Auer as his astrologically-minded room-mate don't yield movie honors to Sandy as readily.

They do their best with rather dull roles.—State; showing.

★ THE BEGGAR STUDENT

Marika Rokk, Johannes Heesters. (UFA.)

THIS gay, German-made film of a famous Viennese operetta is enchanting entertainment—a smooth blend of song, dance, and witty comedy.

It is spoken entirely in German. But the subtle, expressive acting of its Continental stars—the film fairly bristles with them—and the intelligently-placed English subtitles make the story, and every mood of the players, astonishingly easy to follow.

But it is the music, lovely, lilting, and familiar, which will charm you.

Set in Cracow, the old capital of Poland, in 1704, when Poland was led by Germanic Saxony, the story deals with the student struggles to free their country from the Saxon yoke.

It also tells a merry tale of the love of two fair maids for two handsome beggar students... with a surprise denouement.

Woven into the story are sweet Viennese waltzes and Polish melodies.

Marika Rokk, Hungarian danseuse, is the real star of the film. Graceful, beautiful, she is a joy to watch.

Attractive, too, is young, husky-voiced blonde Carola Hoehn. Johannes Heesters is the singing hero, and a very gallant one, too.

There is plenty of robust adult comedy from Fritz Kampers as the inflated military governor of Cracow, and Ida Wuest as the impoverished Polish countess.—Savoy; showing.

★ BIG TOWN CZAR

Barton MacLane, Tom Brown. (Universal.)

NOT very cheerful entertainment, but a vigorous, powerful little film that will keep you interested.

That crime does not pay is its theme. The story is just a straightforward account of the rise and fall of a big-time gangster.

But Barton MacLane makes this central figure both interesting and human.

For MacLane is not all bad. He is only in the racket to make "big dough." He plans a cottage with roses round the door, and a peaceful old age.

But, as the film points out, he has to pay for his ill-gotten gains.

And it is his kid brother (Tom Brown) who brings about his downfall.

Oscar O'Shea and Esther Dale are fine as MacLane's honest, unhappy parents.

The film takes care that you grasp its lesson. A real-life New York columnist, Ed Sullivan, introduces the theme, then lets the characters act out the story. Mr. Sullivan appears again at the end to repeat the moral.—Capitol; showing.

★ A GIRL MUST LIVE

Margaret Lockwood, George Robey, Hugh Sinclair. (Gainsborough.)

THIS comedy, with song, of gold-digging chorus girls in London, is broadly funny, with some situations definitely on the risqué side.

It is designed for that bolsheroos mood, and slapped on the screen with haste.

Most amusing, and defiantly vulgar, characters in the story are Renee Houston and Lilli Palmer—two ladies of the chorus who fight and intrigue.

But their prize, the earl, is snatched from them by demure Margaret Lockwood—who is in the chorus because she is too poor to stay at an exclusive finishing-school.

Humor altogether is of the stage-farce variety—with comedian George Robey contributing his ripe innuendos.—Embassy; showing.

★ RETURN OF THE FROG

Gordon Harker, Rene Ray. (British.)

ANOTHER comedy thriller in which English actor Gordon Harker plays that bowler-hatted detective, Inspector Elk of Scotland Yard.

Inspector Elk is on the track of a mysterious gang, the Frogs. But he is dimmer-witted than he used to be. You will guess the head of the Frogs as soon as that sinister gentleman appears.

There is a tremendous lot of running to and fro in this picture. People dart in and out of waterside taverns, night-clubs, and ships, prisons, and wealthy flats, without making much sense.

But Harker himself is always "good for a laugh," as he would say himself. Indeed, he is the reason why this film scrapes up into the "average entertainment" class.—Mayfair; showing.

★ THE DEVIL ON WHEELS

Pat O'Brien, Ann Sheridan, John Payne. (Warners.)

THE "devil" is Pat O'Brien—speedway wizard—and the film is as exciting as it sounds.

It's the old, old story of big brother who wants to save the enthusiastic youngster from the peril and the heartache which he has experienced.

The kid brother (John Payne) wants to run his life, and the situation becomes pretty grim.

Maybe the characterisation isn't too convincing, but that's not the fault of the players. They play with spirit parts tinged—a little too strongly—with melodrama.

Exciting speedway sequences give vigor to the story. And there is glamor from Ann Sheridan, Payne's girl friend, and Gale Page, O'Brien's long-suffering sweetheart.

And plenty of comedy from all—Cameo and Haymarket—Clivic; showing.

CALIFORNIA FRONTIER

Buck Jones, Carmen Bailey. (Columbia.)

A TEDIOUS tale of California's bad old days, with Buck Jones as the Government representative sent to clean up the lawless element.

Ranged on the side of the defenceless Mexicans who are being run out of town so that the bad men can stake their gold claims, Buck cleans up the gang in fine style. Battles are waged in the streets, but Buck, playing a lone hand, rides straight through to victory.

The film wouldn't be so bad if there weren't such long, dull scenes showing Mexicans keening in various stages of misery.

The film is centred on the misfortunes of one particular family of four. Three of them are killed off—somewhat slowly—before the end of the film! The girl, Carmen Bailey, is left, of course, for Buck's sweet sake.—Capitol; showing.

THEATRE ROYAL

COMM. TUES. Aug. 22

THE RETURN OF THE INCOMPARABLE

MARIE BURKE

In Her Greatest Success,

"WILDFLOWER"

With Melton Moore, Don Nicol, George Debie, Marie La Varré, William O'Shea, Magda Neri.

Our Film Gradings

★★★ Excellent
★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars — below average.

Shows Still Running

★★★ Dark Victory. Bette Davis, George Brent in poignant tragedy.—Century, 4th week.

★★★ Good-Bye Mr. Chips. Robert Donat, Greer Garson in beautifully human drama.—St. James, 3rd week.

★★★ The Story of Irene and Vernon Castle. Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire in enchanting biography of famous dancers.—Regent, 2nd week.

★★ Confessions of a Nazi Spy. Edward G. Robinson, Paul Lukas in sensational frank and thrilling spy drama.—Mayfair, 7th week.

★★ Union Pacific. Barbara Stanwyck, Joel McCrea in grand action drama.—Prince Edward, 3rd week.

★★ Man of Conquest. Richard Dix, Gail Patrick in vigorous masculine drama.—Lyceum, 2nd week.

★★ Rose of Washington Square. Alice Faye, Tyrone Power in appealing musical drama.—Plaza, 2nd week.



(A column of gossip devoted to the finest motion pictures)

Opening of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's masterpiece, "Goodbye, Mr. Chips," starring Robert Donat with Greer Garson, in Sydney (at the St. James Theatre), has loosed a flood of the greatest acclaim ever published in Australia for any picture. And Sydney picture-goers are awake to the excellence of this entertainment, proven by capacity audiences at every session. It's the Smash Hit of the Year—the Best Picture of Any Year!

These are just a few of the enthusiastic tributes paid to "Goodbye, Mr. Chips":
Smith's Weekly honours it with its highest rating: AAA and the Gold Cup!
Women's Weekly honours it with its highest rating: Three Stars!

Sydney Morning Herald says: "It will always remain one of the screen's finest masterpieces. It is no exaggeration to acclaim it as a supreme vindication of the film!"

Sydney Daily Telegraph declares it "one of the best films ever made!"

Sydney Sun headlines it as "A Masterpiece!"

Sydney Daily News proclaims that Robert Donat's performance "puts him into the ranks of screen immortals!"

After enthusing happily about the film, the reviewer for the Sydney Sunday Sun concludes: "Goodbye, Mr. Chips" is a picture I am going to see again!"

You will echo every one of these critics when you see "Goodbye, Mr. Chips." And you will say, with the Sunday Sun, "I am going to see it again... and again... and again!"

"Goodbye, Mr. Chips" is that kind of a picture... one of those rare, exciting films which are the real milestones of screen history!

Yours for the best in entertainment,

LEO, of M-G-M.

Face Cleared of Pimples

LOOKS ATTRACTIVE; FEELS FIT

"I had pimples on my face and my blood was poor," states Miss L.M.B., of Yolla, Cal. "My legs were in a bad state, for they came up in lumps and would break out. I was also run-down in health. I read that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills were good for clearing away pimples and decided to try these pills. I am pleased with the results, because the pimples have cleared away, my legs are better, and I feel healthier."

When the blood is thin and poor, pimples and spots break out and spoil your complexion and good looks. Headaches, nervousness and languor cause daily misery, colour is sallow and muddy, and you lose fitness and attractiveness. Young men, ageing, unhealthy symptoms of bloodlessness by taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which will help to refresh your system throughout with an abundant supply of new, rich, red blood. Watch how youthful, colourful and fit you look and feel after taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. 3/- a bottle, at all chemists and stores.

Asthma Germs Killed in 3 Minutes

Choking, gasping, wheezing Asthma and Bronchitis poison your system, ruin your health and weaken your heart. Mendaco, the prescription of an American physician, kills Asthma Germs in 3 minutes, refreshes the blood and builds new vitality so that you can sleep soundly all night, eat anything and enjoy life. Mendaco is so successful that it is guaranteed to give you free, easy breathing in 24 hours and to completely stop your Asthma in 3 days and keep you free of return of empty packages. Get Mendaco from your Chemist today. The guarantee protects you.

Mendaco

Ends Asthma • Bronchitis • Hay Fever

Now and then, despising himself for having concocted this particular joke, he caught snatches of their conversation. And once, looking for a split second into the girl's lustrous grey eyes, he could have sworn that there were tears behind them that the girl would never shed while Teddy was there.

She wasn't a Londoner, he felt sure.

This year girls were wearing their hair with a very high foreheady look, and they were using a great deal of very vivid lipstick. Steven saw at once that this girl's mouth was lightly touched with rose, and her cheeks were very pale. With her shining dark hair peeping out at the back under her hat, and the crisp freshness of her organdie blouse, the girl looked—there was no other word for it—"ladylike," except that ladies seldom had that look any more.

Steven waited patiently; just before he thought they would have finished he called for his bill and left, standing a few doors away to watch for them. Then in a sudden surge of anger he witnessed their formal good-bye, Teddy's gingerly handshake, the sudden flash of bewilderment on the girl's face.

A moment later Teddy had gone, and Steven found himself staring in a sort of fascination at the two glimmering mist that blurred the girl's eyes as she stood in the shadow of her doorway, uncertain where to go next.

He wanted to go to her and beg her

not to cry over the stolidity, the wholesome density that was Edward Scott. But you didn't beg strange girls not to cry. You watched helplessly while they walked away pressing a small handkerchief fiercely against grey glimmering eyes.

It was days before Steven understood the sharp anger and the equally sharp pity that suddenly made him speak to her.

"Excuse me," he faltered, overtaking her. "But I've been following you."

She turned round and looked at him seriously. He saw that she was not angry or afraid.

"I watched you meeting Teddy and I watched you all through lunch, and you weren't happy," he accused. "You wanted to cry. When he left, you did cry. I simply had to know why. He stiffened himself against a just rebuff. He had no right in the world to follow this lovely, translucent young person.

"Life is so narrow," she said dully. "Like a little dark room."

"Life is a great wide sunny garden," he corrected seriously. She shook her head.

"You wouldn't understand."

"I do understand."

"Are you the man Teddy lives with?" she asked quickly, as if she had just remembered that they ought to know each other's names. "That wicked, reckless, incorrigible Steven Harbiston?" She smiled for the first time.

Isabel Comes to Town

Continued from Page 5

"Yes, I am Steven Harbiston," he agreed obligingly. "Do you feel safe?"

"I'm Isabel," she said in a small voice, though he hadn't dared to ask. "I come from the town where Teddy used to live. I'm up here staying with my married sister. Teddy wishes I weren't."

"He couldn't," denied Steven indignantly. "But he does. He feels the awkwardness of the situation. You know," she added irrelevantly, "I have cared about Teddy since I was fifteen. But it doesn't matter. I'm leaving on Sunday and there are only a few days to live through till Sunday."

Her voice was steady, even meditative. "Isabel, don't!"

"Steven, why not?" she mocked gently.

STEVEN thought furiously for a long minute. "There's a big charity tea-fight this afternoon—people named Matthews, with a daughter Lucia. You've got to come with me. I'll ring up Mrs. Matthews and tell her a dear friend of mine has just arrived in town and I'm bringing her. Teddy will be there. So will everybody else. Even Teddy will think we know each other, that we've met before or something. I'll take you home now and wait while you dress."

"I couldn't," said Isabel faintly. "You must."

"No." But her eyes roved mentally to the new afternoon frock that would be the perfect thing to wear. "Doesn't it catch your imagination at all?" demanded Steven impatiently, waving his pipe. "Come along, now. Life isn't a small dark room at all. It's vast and wide—as wide as from now till Sunday. We'll have fun. Pretending we know each other well will make us get to know each other well—so that by to-morrow night when we dance at the Embassy Club you'll feel as safe and at home with me as with an old shoe. And everywhere we go Teddy will come, too. He's sure to!" He laughed shortly.

Her breath came evenly and her cheeks were as pale as before, the

smooth faint tint of imperishable marble. She measured Steven with her eyes, up and down, through and across, from his fair hair to the tips of his shoes, the strength of his chin and the breadth of his brow.

"You are a completely reliable person," she said finally. "But you've had everything. It—it must be breath-taking to have had everything before you're twenty-five."

"I haven't a job yet," he said seriously, and then, out of a clear sky, having had no intention of saying just that and having never even thought it before, "nor love. Nobody has ever cared for me since she was fifteen. Nobody has ever really loved me at all."

"Poor Steven!" murmured Isabel incredulously.

He suddenly went into action. "But we're wasting time. I've left my car nearby."

He handed Isabel into her seat and sat in his own corner, watching her narrowly for any more tears or a hint of stage fright.

"I feel a little bit silly," she said with her second smile.

"But not afraid?"

"Tea-parties are hardly objects of terror, you know. And I'm about to start on a great adventure."

But it was Steven's adventure.

At no time was there any element of suspense in it for Isabel. Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday she passed serenely among the other guests and between the tables as through an invisible aisle. She had poise and she had the gift of silence.

At that first meeting with Teddy, which neither she nor Steven would ever forget, she had seen him from across the Matthews' drawing-room, which was both long and broad, and she had neither flushed with a natural embarrassment nor paled with any emotion at all, and there was nothing in her nod and smile but a charming friendliness and pleased surprise. "What a girl, what an actress," encouraged Steven under his breath.

He had tucked her slender hand over his arm. They were to be very old friends indeed; their mothers were to have gone to school together.

Please turn to Page 52

• If You Get a Correct Answer You Must Win a Prize!

The Royal Mail Airship "Cooee" is off on a long flight. The total of all figures in the drawing represents the number of miles she travels. Mrs. M. McNulty, of Brisbane, had never before won a prize, and little did she realise when she picked up a pen to work out our last Figure Skill that she would win £150, but she tried and won. YOU CAN DO THE SAME. It's the Competition you like! There is no catch. There is no guesswork. There are Special Cash Prizes for young and old. Twenty people have already won £100 or £150 EACH in past Figure Skill Competitions, which are noted for fairness in judging and promptness in paying prizes.



Here are just some of the twenty names and addresses of competitors who have each won £100 or £150 CASH in recent Figure Skill Competitions.	Mr. G. GREAVES, 27 St. Oyst. St., TOOWONG, BRISBANE, Q. £100	Mr. O. CARLSON, 2 Benwarren Rd., MONT ALBERT, VIC. £100	Mr. M. WILSON, 80 Baptist St., REDFERN, N.S.W. £100	Mr. S. SPURWAY, East Crescent St., MCMAHON'S PT., N.S.W. £150
	A. B. MACGREGOR, 4 Bond St., SYDNEY, N.S.W. £100	Miss S. STRAHAN, Brighton Rd., ELSTERN, WICK, VIC. £100	Mr. C. W. ELBOURNE, W.C. & J. Cummings, LEETON, N.S.W. £100	Mrs. M. MCNULTY, Pulton St., DUTT PARK, BRISBANE, Q. £150

1st Prize, £150
2nd Prize, £25

10 at £1 each, 50 at 10/-

And a special prize for EVERY correct entry received.

* SPECIAL CASH PRIZES FOR YOUNG AND OLD.

£10/10/- BEST ENTRY (Over 60).
* £5 BEST BOYS' ENTRY (Under 16).
* BEST GIRLS' ENTRY (Under 16).

* Competitors over 60 years and under 16 years of age please state age on coupon.

CLOSING DATE	RESULTS	EXTRA COPIES FREE
5 p.m. THURSDAY, SEPT. 21.	Posted to EVERY Competitor immediately after judging.	Write to the address on coupon for additional copies, and enclose stamped addressed envelope.

WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO!

- Print by hand or write by hand all figures shown in the above drawing, but do not include the 8 and 9 shown in the example. All figures are single; e.g. 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9. There are no double figures or heights or ones.
- Add up the figures and forward the sheet or sheets of paper showing the addition (so as we can check them), along with the coupon containing your name and address.
- All entries will be judged on the 22nd September, by the Directors of The Western Company Pty. Ltd. and the Advertising Manager of "The Australian Women's Weekly" in the presence of the Press. The first prize of £150 cash will be paid to the person sending in the correct or nearest correct solution of this Figure Skill Competition. Should more than one person send in the correct answer the prize will be awarded for general neatness of figures presented in the simplest manner. Second prize will be awarded to the next best solution and so on, until all the prizes are distributed.
- School teachers, commercial artists and draughtsmen and first or second prize-winners in any of the previous Figure Skill Competitions are debarred from entering.
- No correspondence will be entered into with the Competition.
- One person may forward any number of entries on plain paper, provided each entry is accompanied by A POSTAL NOTE FOR £1/- AND A STAMPED ENVELOPE BEARING YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS. Send all entries in the same envelope.

The Secretary, "Figure Skill" Competition, Box 4120W, G.P.O., Sydney.

* Age: _____ The total of all figures in the above drawing is _____

Enclosed is a POSTAL NOTE for £1/- and my paper showing the above numbers added up, together with A STAMPED ENVELOPE BEARING MY NAME AND ADDRESS. I certify that this is my own work and I am eligible to compete in accordance with the conditions, and I agree to accept the decision of the judges as final.

NAME: _____

SURNAME: _____

TOWN: _____

STATE: _____

Please write plainly and state whether Mr., Mrs., or Miss.

What's the Answer?

Test your knowledge on these questions:

1.—Can you supply the missing names here?

..... Chamberlain (England's Prime Minister)—
G. Menzies (Australia's Prime Minister) — Franklin Roosevelt — Mussolini — William Hughes.

2.—A baby's layette properly includes:

Clothes, toilet articles, and bedding — clothes and bedding — clothes and toilet articles — toilet articles and bedding.

3.—What Australian film did Charles Farrell, the Hollywood actor, appear in?

"For the Term of his Natural Life" — "Dad and Dave" — "The Flying Doctor" — "Mr. Chedworth Steps Out."

4.—If you had a deciduous tree in your garden, would it

Be evergreen — Shed its leaves every year — Shed its leaves every two years — Be poisonous.

5.—Here are the names of some flowers you know well. Three of them are wrongly spelled. Which are they?

Cyclamen — nasturtium — fuchsia — azalea — fox — cineraria — geranium — astor.

6.—Can you finish off these names?

Sweet Nell of
Nelson of the
Ritchener of
Lawrence of
Lancelot of the

7.—Who created these famous characters?

Kim — Mr. Chips — Bulldog Drummond — Little Nell — Fu Manchu — Mr. Britling — Father Brown.

8.—You often see in dictionaries and books of reference the letters q.v., which mean

Now dead — which see — information not verified — of foreign origin — handed down by word of mouth.

9.—If you put through trunk tele-

phone calls, each of the same duration, to a number of Australian towns, the difference in charges for each call would be calculated according to:

Distance by road—distance by rail—distance as crow flies—distance covered by telephone wires.

10.—A male donkey is called a jackass. A female donkey is called: A nanny—a jenny—a jill—a jade.

Answers on Page 52

...then My FAIR HAIR Darkened Today—it's LIGHT again!

Sta-Blond is the only shampoo which (1) removes excess oil—(2) restores hair to its natural "lighter" color—(3) naturally restores hair from darkening—(4) it contains no ammonia or other chemicals—(5) it contains wonderful "Vital" which feeds the follicles, restores the scalp, restores hair growth. If you prefer a wash, use STA-BLOND SOAPLESS (Liquid or Powder) For all shades of hair.

STA-BLOND
THE FAIR HAIR SHAMPOO

New 3-Second Relief

CORN

PAIN GOES
Corn lifts off

* Actually in 3 seconds after touching it with a drop of Prosol-ice... You can feel the pain die out of any nasty nagging corn or callus. This better-type of anaesthetic action works that fast every time. Soon after the corn begins to shrink—then works so loose that you can lift it out in your finger-tips. PROSOL-ICE is the safe, instant-drying, antiseptic treatment that does not spread out on healthy tissue. Only 1/6 at all chemists and stores.



MALE v. FEMALE TEETH

THE average woman has lost half her teeth at age 40; the average man doesn't lose half his until age 50; but why lose teeth at either age? Regular brushing with Listerine Tooth Paste will keep the teeth free from the germ harboring film, tartar, and food debris that cause decay. Because of its exclusive combination of rare cleansers—found in no other dentifrice—it makes teeth white and gleaming with amazing speed. It contains NO soap . . . NO trick frothing element, nothing to harm gums or tooth enamel and is a real

Beauty Bath for Teeth

FREE GIFTS FOR LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE
CARTONS

A typed pillowslip; art silk guest towel; white huckabuck guest towel; or white supper cloth, whichever you prefer, will be sent you post free in exchange for twelve 1/3 size or eight 2/3 size cartons (the best test is G.P.O. Box 3913 TT, Sydney).

Two sizes, 1/3 and 2/3.

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What Women are Doing

Says fencing is ideal sport for women

NO one has watched the growth of interest in fencing as a sport for women in Australia more closely than Miss Sylvia Forrest, of Sydney.

An expert fencer, she is a member of the Academie d'Armes de Paris, which she has visited during several trips abroad.

Miss Forrest says that in England and Europe children begin to learn fencing when they are six years old, and may become quite proficient even at that early age.

The sport is known to be excellent training for the mind as well as the body because the fencer must always be alert.

While it takes several years to become a really skilled fencer, Miss Forrest says that beginners can enjoy it after two short terms of instruction. The weapons used in fencing are the foil, the sabre, and the epee, but the foil is the one most suited to women.

Although Miss Forrest will not compete in the fencing championships to be held in Sydney in October she is helping to arrange them.

The contests this year will have quite an international flavor because, as well as Australians, a number of Czechoslovakian, Polish, French and Austrian fencers will take part.

Paints native wild flowers as a hobby

BECAUSE her father has made a hobby of growing wild flowers, Miss M. A. Ashby, of Blackwood, South Australia, has developed one of her own—painting the flowers.

Mr. Ashby has collected flowers from all over the Commonwealth—from the south of Tasmania to the Northern Territory—and his daughter has completed between 400 and 500 paintings, many of them in delicate colors.

Although Miss Ashby has had many inquiries about an exhibition of her work, she intends to increase her collection before arranging one.

Mrs. Barrett Cadbury, an English visitor, recently took several of the pictures home with her to show to English wild-flower enthusiasts.

Will chaperon girls on interstate tour

CHAPERON of 40 girls to take part in the Young Australia League's Business Girls' forthcoming tour from Queensland to New South Wales, Mrs. T. Andrewartha, of Brisbane, does not anticipate an



Mrs. T. Andrewartha.
—Park Lane.

arduous job. She has previously acted as chaperon for similar tour.

The programme of sight-seeing has been arranged to suit the various interests of the girls, who will come from cities and towns all over Queensland.



MISS FORREST ready for a duel. The mask she is holding will protect her head.

In charge of home for aboriginal women

NO longer a missionary, but still doing work for aboriginal women, Miss I. Campbell is in charge of the Aboriginal Women's Home at Lower North Adelaide.

Miss Campbell, with the help of Janet, a shy but attractive aboriginal girl from one of the mission stations, does all the house-keeping at the home, which is for women who have to attend hospital, or who have to bring their children to Adelaide for treatment. When necessary, Miss Campbell meets them at the railway station.

Before coming to Australia, Miss Campbell did valuable social service work in Scotland, and later she was attached to a mission in North Bengal.

For some time she was at the Ooldea Settlement in South Australia, which Mrs. Daisy Bates has made world-famous.

Famous conductor praises woman composer

HIGH recognition in the musical world has come to Miss Margaret Sutherland, of Victoria. Three performances of her suite for orchestra on a theme by Purcell have been performed recently by the Melbourne Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Professor Georg Szell.

Miss Sutherland, who is Mrs. N. A. Albiston, was complimented by Dr. Szell for her originality and poetic insight, and he used her score just as it was written.

Following the completion of this orchestral work, she has now composed a work for solo voice, chorus and orchestra.

After having been a member of the teaching staff of the University Conservatorium for a number of years, Miss Sutherland resigned recently to devote the time she can spare from her home and two children to composing.

Toured Europe with accordion and sketch book

WITH a sketch book and a piano-accordion among her luggage, Miss Elsa George, a Melbourne student, recently toured Europe on a bicycle.

She was abroad for three years, and decided to cycle through Europe to learn folk songs, make sketches, and study the languages.

A daughter of Dr. and Mrs. T. W. George, of Rainbow (Vic.), Miss George studied French and German at the Melbourne University.

After having been a member of the staff of the Methodist Ladies' College, Melbourne, she won the Alexander von Humboldt Scholarship awarded by the German consulate for further language study. Through the scholarship she spent 14 months at Munich University and then left to study at the Sorbonne, Paris.

She stayed at a number of youth hostels, and collected many books of folk songs.

To plan floral floats for spring carnival

LARGE floral floats will be a feature of a procession through the streets of Melbourne to be held during the forthcoming Spring Carnival.

Co-operating with private firms in arranging floats is Miss Sheila McCubbin, a daughter of the late Mr. Frederick McCubbin, the well-known artist, and a sister of Mr. Louis McCubbin, director of the Adelaide Art Gallery.

Miss McCubbin has already completed several designs for the procession.

A float representing the wool industry, to be called "Little Bo Peep," will be carried out in sweet peas and white daisies, surmounted by archways of mixed roses. The central girl will be seated on a bank of white flowers, with toy lambs at her feet.

As well as many excellent portraits and flower studies, Miss McCubbin has painted murals for children's nurseries.

Here to test and train Girl Guides

GIRL GUIDING is receiving encouragement from the visit of Miss Margaret Martin, who has come from Imperial headquarters in London to test and train Australian Guides.

Lady Stradbroke, wife of a former Governor of Victoria, originated the idea of bringing instructors from London, and Miss Martin has followed several others.

She is spending most of her time at the Guide House at Warburton (Vic.) where she is examining candidates for the Blue Cord and Red Cord Training Diplomas, and the Green Cord Camping Diploma.

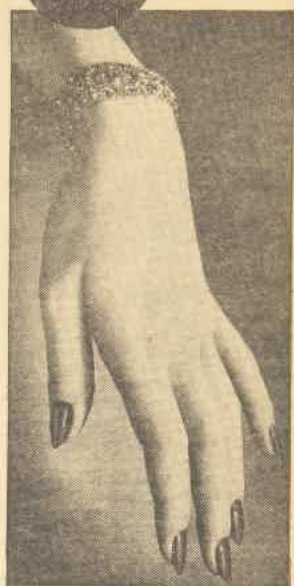
So that Victorian girls could have the benefit of Miss Martin's 14 years of training experience, she visited Donald for a training week for 20 Guides, at the home of Mrs. T. O. Guthrie, Commissioner for the Wimmera district.

When she leaves Victoria at the end of August, Miss Martin will visit Tasmania, South Australia, and West Australia.



Miss M. Martin
—Antoine.

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THIS baker is the jolliest soul who ever greeted a friend with a cheery "How d'ye do?" Yet a short while ago, this man of 39 "felt 139." He was so rheumatically that he began to wonder if he could carry on his job. How did he get back to his old bright self? Here he tells you.

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Kruschen, I felt 139. I had rheumatism as bad as I could have it. I am a baker, and having several little ones to cater for, I began to worry about my work. I tried several remedies—no good. Then I started taking Kruschen. Now I enjoy my work, and have no aches and pains. It is a very true saying, 'that Kruschen feeling.'"—A.H.

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Isabel Comes to Town

Continued from Page 50

"YES," Steven had insisted, "there must be a strong girlish tie of affection between our mothers. Because you are to be asked everywhere. No one is to dare to have me to a single party this week without my Isabel—my third cousin Isabel," he concluded with inspiration.

He pulled strings. He made Isabel buy a cobweb-grey chiffon evening dress straight out of a shop window, spending the last bit of her small nest-egg, to look, as he said, "like twilight, all shadowy and mysterious."

"If nothing else happens to me ever," she told Steven tremulously over a tea-table. "I shall really have lived. I shall know why people love London, and why they will spend their last penny on beautiful clothes or to hear music with pulses in it. Because of you, all because of you, playing a trick on—on Teddy."

"Darling Isabel," Steven said to himself.

He drew aimless circles on the tablecloth with his teaspoon.

And then suddenly, with more wariness and finesse than a detective, he began to watch Teddy. He noticed whether he ate a good breakfast or not, whether he had the appetite for one egg or two or none at all, and he could hear him toss in sleeplessness at night or curse his clumsiness with the razor in the morning.

Steven's feelings were mixed. Sometimes he took a fiendish delight in Teddy's obvious discomfort and envy. Again, he analysed the simple case of male jealousy with a morbid misery.

It was clear enough. He could put it off day by day, but in the end he must give Isabel her chance. He must tell her that Teddy did care for her, that the intricate plan had worked and the future was a smooth white path for her little feet. And he was her humble servant, Steven. "Call on me any time, Isabel. It's been splendid knowing you." That is what he had to say.

HE couldn't, but he must. He couldn't on Thursday afternoon, because they were driving down to Hampton Court to tea, and he couldn't on Thursday night, because there was a dance and she was wearing the dress like twilight. But on Friday...

Teddy settled it for him. He swallowed his pride and came to Steven.

"Look here, I've got to see Isabel," he said thickly. "You must help me. She cared about me once. I was a fool, a cad, anything you like, but I've paid for it. Just let me take her to that dance tomorrow, will you, Steven? Let me tell her how I feel."

"You've got to be decent to her," said Steven grimly, inexorably. "You've got to kneel to her the rest of your life. She's too good for you or any man. Promise you'll treat her like something too good for any man living."

"I promise." There was perspiration on Teddy's earnest upper lip. Steven went off by himself. He drove his long, grey car far out of London.

"What's the matter with you?" asked Isabel, on Friday night, on the way to the Beauregards' party.

"Nothing," Steven said lightly. "I'm turning you over to your rightful owner to-morrow night, by request. Teddy has begged and stood on his hind legs. He's over his attack of snobitis. I could give you a written recommendation that he is madly in love with you—always has been in a highly original fashion. Thank Steven prettily, Isabel."

"Thank you, Steven," she said gravely. "Then, if I don't see you to-morrow, will you come to see me off at the railway station on Sunday?"

"Of course I will, I'll even come to the wedding if I'm asked."

He knew he was lying. He intended to take Isabel back home to Jean's little house to-night, after the party, and drive out of her life in the grey car. Not once looking back.

He would have driven away, and he would not have looked back—after the last cool, burning touch of Isabel's narrow palm against his—except that Teddy didn't come home on Saturday night. Steven went to two films in succession, and

then he bought a wild detective story; at four in the morning he had finished the detective story, had finished pacing a hundred times from his room to Teddy's and Teddy had still not come home.

Savage remorse and a deep anger battled against his conventional chivalry. He had got Teddy for Isabel; Teddy would hurt her in a thousand ways as long as they both lived. Teddy would unwittingly trample her in a thousand misplaced

The answer is—

1. Neville — Robert—Delano — Benito — Morris.
2. Clothes, toilet articles and bedding.
3. "The Flying Doctor."
4. Sheds its leaves every year.
5. Flox should be phlox; cinnearia should be cinnearia; astor should be aster.
6. Sweet Nell of Old Drury—Nelson of the Nile—Kitchener of Khartoum—Lawrence of Arabia—Lancelot of the Lake.
7. Kipling — James Hilton—"Sapper"—Dickens—Sax Rohmer — H. G. Wells—G. K. Chesterton.
8. Which see (quod vide).
9. Distance as crow flies.
10. A jenny.

Questions on Page 50

footsteps. Yet he had handed her over in all her innocence and transparency to a man who had made her bitterly unhappy already, ever since she was fifteen. Where had they gone? Anywhere. He didn't know. He couldn't find Isabel now. She was gone as twilight fades into night, leaving no trace.

At six he put on his clothes and went down into the dark little sitting-room. He stumbled over a maid and begged her to get him some hot coffee. He wanted it now.

Someone was sitting in the room. The seated figure stirred and got up as he entered.

"Lesh cel'brate. Isabel going home today. All go to station see my Isabel."

Steven collared Teddy and marched him firmly up to his bedroom. Isabel's train left at twelve. Teddy must be there.

But Teddy's system was not accustomed to drinking. He endured the ministrations of Steven in a state of peaceful acquiescence. By half-past eleven he was breathing deeply on the first lap of a twelve-hour siesta.

Steven gave it up. Someone had to go to the station.

He went out into the sunshine and bought armfuls of flowers. He swung his car recklessly round corners and tooted furiously at taxicabs.

He was in time.

The train was standing in the station and Isabel was sitting quietly in her seat, her hands in her lap, gloveless and empty.

"You thought I wasn't coming?"

"I knew you were coming," corrected Isabel.

"I almost didn't. But I had to. Someone had to come, and Teddy couldn't. He's sleeping it off."

"I'm not going to marry him."

"Did you tell him that? Was that the reason—did you tell him?"

"Last night."

"But you loved him. You've loved him ever since you were fifteen."

Isabel's hands and arms were full of flowers and there were sprays of them across her face. Steven could just see her smile. It was as if a light had been turned on in a dim place.

He groped for her hand blindly among the cropped stems. She was going to speak, to say something, and he was afraid to hear.

"I've loved you ever since I was fifteen."

"And Teddy was an understudy"—Steven's imagination was running riot, "someone you made up out of your head, until I came for you? Say it, Isabel," he pleaded.

"He was a sort of puzzle until the afternoon you took my hand and told me life was like a great wide sunny garden; then the pieces fell into place. Then, Teddy was somebody pleasant I used to know."

Isabel had not been acting at the Matthews' tea-party. She had passed among the people all the week with a serene omniscience.

"You came after the prologue, Steven. You were the play."

"I've got to get your bags off this train before it moves," he said, and gathered them up.

Isabel followed.

"Where are we going?"

"I'm driving you down. So that you can teach your little savages their fractions to-morrow. And then—"

"And then?"

"I'm coming back here alone. I've got to see about something."

"Darling, about what?"

"About a marriage licence and a job."

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ETIQUETTE

Hostesses' duties at dances and balls

• Arranging a dance calls for a special knowledge of etiquette. This week, Mrs. Massey Lyon, noted authority on social procedure, gives useful hints to hostesses and guests.



By MRS. MASSEY LYON
Published by Special Arrangement.

EVERYBODY dances these days, grandmothers and granddaughters alike, so dancing in one form or another provides the most generally acceptable form of party.

A dance, therefore, comes under any number of headings, ranging from a stately affair honored by Royalty and assisted by the most fashionable orchestras and costly decorations to the meeting of a handful of friends to the strains of a gramophone or radio.

And it is always a "dance," not a "ball," except in the case of an entertainment which has an official or special title such as a "State Ball," "Court Ball," "Lord Mayor's Ball," "Artists' Ball," or "Polo Ball."

Invitations for an important dance are sent out at least three or four weeks in advance. This is because, during the dancing season, so many hostesses entertain that every night is "booked up" so quickly.

These invitations are of the ceremonial kind—printed, with the guest's name written in the top left-hand corner and the word "dancing" printed in one corner.

If Royalty or Vice-Royalty is expected, it will be indicated by the word "Decorations."

Dancing with Royalty

It is always advisable, when important guests are to be present, for the hostess to be assisted by her sister, married daughter, or a near friend.

If Royalty is present a Prince dances first with his hostess, or, if she does not dance, with her daughter, and a Princess dances first with the host.

An equerry goes to any girl with whom a Prince wishes to dance and presents her to the Prince, and it is always for Royalty, Prince or Princess, to rise first to start a dance and to stop when he or she wishes. After the dance, the partner retires after making the regulation curtsy or deep bow.

On such occasions decorations may be most elaborate, including banks of flowers in the ballroom, hall and staircase, and a lavish display of flowers in the supper-room.

Draperies and flags are reserved for halls in which public balls are given, such as a Hunt Ball or Highland Ball.

SOMETIMES in modern houses there is not sufficient floor space for both dancing and supper, and a marquee may be erected for supper. Decorations and lighting will then have to be more elaborate and draperies and bunting are then permissible.

At important dances a "sit-down" supper has its proper place, providing perhaps consommé served in cups, filets of sole, lobster salad, eggs in aspic, boned turkey or chicken, ham and tongue, pheasant or other game, with lighter dishes such as cutlets in aspic, chicken cream, little vol au vents of chicken, and so on.

Sweets follow much the same lines as those provided for a dinner party. Champagne may be provided, with

hook, cider and claret cup and soft drinks.

Supper on this scale is served about midnight, the dining-room in which it is set out being closed until then.

Small tables are arranged, and the host and hostess take in the most important woman and man guest respectively (not taking arms, however), and see that others of importance among their guests are suitably paired off.

Often, relays of suppers have to be arranged, and it is to the first that the important guests must be taken. Dancing, of course, goes on all the time. A buffet with sandwiches, cakes and ices is available throughout the evening.

At a small private dance a buffet supper—with sandwiches, chicken or oyster patties, sausage rolls, and perhaps cold poultry and salads—replaces a "sit-down" supper.

Supper is important to the success of a dance, but there are other details of even greater importance.

For instance, there are such matters as the music and floor to be considered. And there is always a temptation to send out invitations to more people than the ballroom will accommodate comfortably.

If the hostess can ensure good music, good floor, sitting-out room and adequate cloakroom accommodation, she can count on success.

Programmes are not used so often at dances now. They have their place at official and semi-official dances, but not usually at private dances.

Frocks, however, remain the same in character, representing always the most charming and chic which the fashion of the moment provides.

A big dance is obviously a full-dress affair, while at the other end of the scale are small informal dances, where informal dress is suitable.

Fans, usually large feather fans, are still part of the elaborate toilette for a big dance, and long gloves are a necessity. At smaller dances gloves should be carried, but not necessarily worn.

At big dances, unless uniform is demanded by the official character of the dance, men wear evening dress of tail coat, white waistcoat and white tie. White gloves are also correct, but this detail is not so often observed nowadays. Dinner jacket is incorrect except at less formal dances.

Hostesses' Duties

THE duties of the hostess depend on the size of her household. If she has a large staff of servants, she will have to give orders for all arrangements to her housekeeper, house steward and others.

If she has a small staff, she may depend on caterers for all arrangements for supper and refreshments, and will then have to deal only with invitations, decorations and orchestra.

But whatever the size of her household or number of guests invited, there are a number of small details for her to see to.

She will see, for instance, that the orchestra is given a good supper, that mending materials, hairpins and powder are in readiness in the

A BUFFET supper replaces the "sit down" supper at a small private dance. Sandwiches, chicken and oyster patties, cakes and perhaps cold poultry and salads are provided.

cloak-room, that the staff understands precisely the time and procedure for supper, that the floral decorations will not cause crowding or discomfort for her guests, that arrangements for cars are adequate, and that a carpet or other covering is provided outside the door to protect her women guests' evening shoes, and that there is a bridge room available for older people who may not want to dance.

If she is giving her dance in an hotel or public hall the hostess is naturally relieved of most responsibilities.

Receiving guests

WHEN guests are due to arrive for the dance the hostess stands at the top of the stairs or at the entrance to the ballroom to receive them, with her husband beside her, and—if the dance is given in honor of a debutante daughter—with that important young person as well.

A servant will need to be on duty near the door to show guests to the cloak-rooms, and another to announce them to the host and hostess.

After leaving their wraps the guests are announced and they shake hands with host and hostess before passing on to the ballroom.

Very often the hostess will invite people who are unknown to her, but who are friends of other guests. They should be introduced to her by guests concerned.

Arrival at a dance is usually punctual, so that the hostess will be free fairly early to move to the ballroom. If she is delayed the host makes his way there to make introductions and generally supervise the entertainment of his guests.

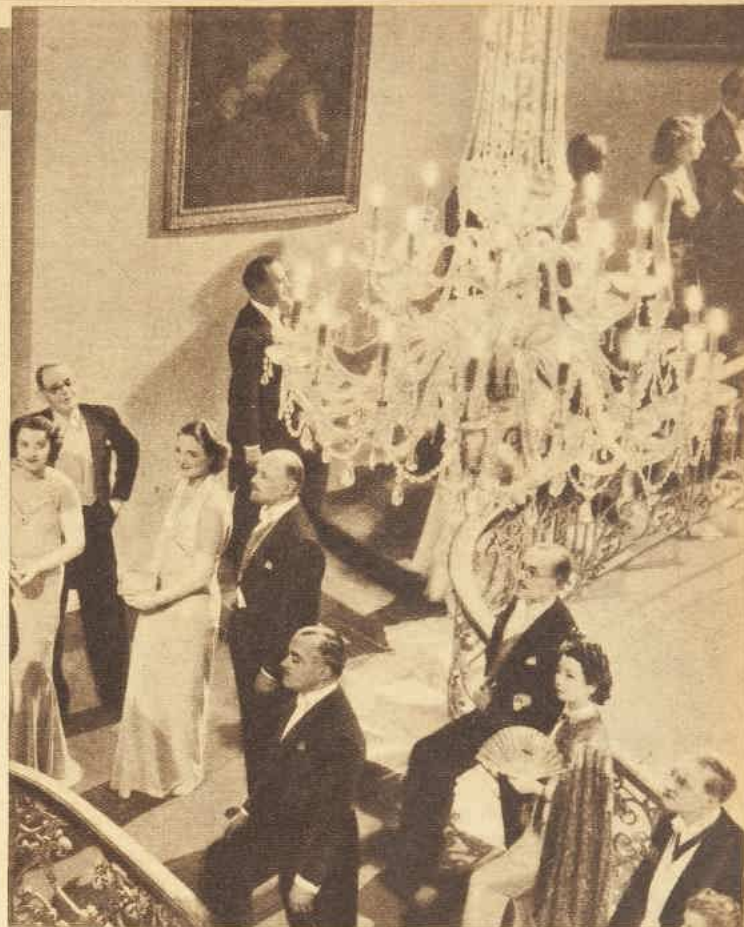
As the dance draws to its close the hostess makes her way to the most convenient place to farewell the guests as they leave.

Anyone who brings a friend should ensure that the friend has an opportunity of saying good-bye to the hostess. With the hostess' own friends this is not so important at a big dance.

On all occasions, whether it is a large or small dance, it is courteous to thank the hostess for her hospitality during the week following the dance.

In official circles the usual formality is to call or leave cards. A less formal method is to write a note, and for informal functions the guest telephones within the next few days.

NEXT WEEK: Small private dances, subscription and charity dances, and young people's and children's parties.



AFTER LEAVING their wraps, guests at a dance proceed to the ballroom to greet the host and hostess. At a big dance long gloves are worn by women guests.

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Betty's "racey" narratives

Country girl's "orphan" foal grew up to be dashing racehorse

By BETTY GEE

Success at Warwick Farm with Denita on Bank Holiday (August 7) was the fitting reward for one of New South Wales' keenest horsewomen, Miss Honor Wilson, of Brigalow station, Barraba.

Miss Wilson reared Denita, an orphan foal, from the day he was born, when her father, Mr Ken Wilson, presented him to her. She helped to break him in.

MISS WILSON was also indirectly associated with the success of another good racehorse, Fakenham, who won the Villiers Stakes of 1938.

She must possess the magic touch which makes mere horses into high-class racers.

The name Denita sounds like that of a sweet young filly, doesn't it? But Denita is a he-horse. The name is a combination of the last three letters in the names of Pa and Ma. He is by Rusden from Burlita.

Denita was bred on her father's station, Brigalows. Mr Ken Wilson reared his mother, Burlita. His brother, Mr. C. P. Wilson, bred the sire, Rusden, a son of Herold. Ajax claims the same sire for his daddy.

When Denita's mother died he was not much more than a spindle-shanked, long-legged baby, and Miss Wilson nurtured him until he reached the maturity of racing age.

At once he became the pet of the family, and used to hang round the homestead seeking his mistress. He learned to come galloping at her tail, and it was the speed he revealed in his hurry to possess himself of the waiting sugar lumps which consoled the family that Denita would one day become a proficient racehorse.

Mr. Ken Wilson raced Denita's Ma, Burlita, in the northern districts, and she was successful at Newcastle meetings. "She was a lovely mare, unusually well-bred, with great speed," said Miss Wilson. It was a real bereavement when she died last year producing twin foals to Harinero.

Like Denita, she was a family pet. It was another wrench for his mistress' affections when Denita became a grown-up racehorse and went away for the real training of the Turf. He didn't need a great deal of that, however, for Miss Wilson had brought him right to the verge of concert pitch.

Mother's footsteps

DENITA quickly followed in mother's footsteps with wins at Newcastle a year ago. He also won at Maitland.

Then he came to Sydney, and has won two races here at his last two starts, making already six wins for a racing career of only a brief year.

Because he did not commence the busy career of being a speeding racehorse until Miss Wilson had thoroughly matured him he will be all the better, and his trainer, Peter Lawson, hopes that he will develop into a much better racehorse as he gains experience.

Lawson says that Denita has been brought up like a thorough young gentleman. "He has gentle manners, is well-behaved, and easy to train," he adds. "For this we must give credit to Miss Wilson for his careful upbringing."

And you should have seen Denita perform when Miss Wilson called at Lawson's Randwick stable after a long absence from her pet.

He was frantic with excitement. In his eager affection he almost jumped the gate out of the box.

In her early twenties, and a handsome young woman, Miss Wilson is the complete horsewoman.

Her family have handled thoroughbreds for generations back. She often helps with the preparation of candidates for the picnic races in the district.

Her association with Fakenham came when he was sent to her uncle's property as a hack.

It was believed his racing days were over. But he became sound, returned to Sydney, and won the £1500 Villiers, besides several other races.

Randwick hope

MY advice about Denita is to follow him in his Sydney races. It is my considered opinion that his Warwick Farm win was but the stepping-stone to one at Randwick before another two or three moons wax and wane.

And that brings me to the stern necessity of finding a winner. The races are at Moorefield next Saturday. "Punters' Paradise" they call it, and so it has been lately, but I hope it doesn't change its spots and drop us into the claws of the bookie leopards.

The Syndicate offers Kaiser for the Three-year-old Handicap.

And, talking of international affairs, the Spanish stableboy says to follow up El Camarilla, who was scratched last week. If she gets into the second division of the Flying Welter she is a cert, he declares.

The Head Walter's tip is Curiosity for the Moorefield Handicap, or whatever else she likes to run in from now on.

GUIDE POSTS OF THE AIR



THIS AMAZING SIGN POST at Amsterdam airport points the way to half the world. Cities and countries in Europe and Asia are covered by this post, which points the way for the planes of the fourteen European airlines that land and take off from the airport.

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Private Wire

Continued from Page 17

AND it was nearly three weeks before the firm knew anything about it!

Then Tom Howell telephoned to Harry Benson and tried to sound casual about it.

"By the way, Harry," he said. "Remember that blonde in advertising? Well, no wonder we didn't have a chance. Guess who her boy friend is."

"Who?"

"Young Parker."

"No!"

"Yes. Saw her driving through Piccadilly in his car last night."

In an hour the whole firm knew about it. Frank in the machine shop, telephoned it to his girl friend, Jean, in the engineering division. Jean telephoned it to her girl friend in accounts. Miss Gilly listened to the wires humming, listened disinterestedly. Why, she had known of every step they made. She knew when the luncheons broke off being business luncheons. She remembered the first afternoon he telephoned Miss Williams, asking casually if she'd care to see a show that night. "Why not? Oh, come on, Anne." It was Anne now, of course, though she still called him Mr. Parker over the telephone. Miss Gilly suspected she didn't call him that when they were alone, because once or twice she corrected herself. "Geo—Mr. Parker," she'd say.

Jenouss purred over the wires from girl to girl. Elsie, in accounts, didn't see what George Parker saw in that up-stage creature. My dear! She wouldn't mix with any of the other girls. Never went out with any of them or anything like that. And Jean, in engineering, telephoned her friend again that she'd heard the full story now. This Miss Williams,

who wasn't so young as she looked, said Jean, had practically thrown herself at George Parker's head. She had flirted with him outrageously and was always finding excuses to call him into her office on some pretext or other. Jean got this from the office boy, who saw George Parker going in there a couple of times a day.

And Harry Benson telephoned back to Tom that he had heard something. Did Tom know that this girl was an old, old girl friend of George Parker's, and that George Parker had fixed her up with this soft job, though she knew absolutely nothing about advertising?

A lot happened in the four months after Miss Williams came to the Parker Company. Dick discarded Elsie, Helen and Lols, and rang a new girl at least twice a day. It was queer that he never mentioned love when he talked to her. Queer, because he was so obviously in love with her, and he had three girls. Now he hadn't a joke left in him. He talked about what he had done after he left her last night, what kind of a sleep he had had, and what the weather was to-day.

Also Mr. Shaughnessy had another baby, and Miss Gilly knew about it two hours before he did, because it happened very suddenly, and Mr. Shaughnessy's mother phoned while he was out.

And Mr. Correl was in some kind of trouble now, because every few days a man rang him up, and said: "What about it, Mr. Correl?" and was not very polite in his tone. And Mr. Correl would stammer that he hadn't got "it" yet, but give him a couple more days. And then the caller would say something about Mr. Correl's car and furniture, and Mr. Correl would say pleadingly: "Good Heavens, man, give me a little more time. My wife—"

On a September afternoon Miss Gilly reluctantly closed the key on a conversation between Dick and Janice and answered an outside call. "Put me through to Miss Anne Williams," a voice said—a heavy masculine voice.

MISS GILLY plugged in the call and listened. She heard Miss Williams' cool "Hello."

"Hello, dear," the man's voice said. After a long pause, "Hello," said Miss Williams in an oddly changed voice.

"Well, I'm back."

"So I gather."

"Glad to hear from me?"

"No," quietly.

"Thanks, Anne." The heavy voice was sardonic. "Nice to get such a cordial welcome home."

"What do you want?"

"Well, it's rather natural for a man to look up his wife after being away for a long time, isn't it?"

An extension light flashed on, but Miss Gilly let it go unattended.

"That's over. You know it," said Miss Williams. "You were served with the papers, weren't you?"

"Thanks, yes. The only communication I had from you, incidentally, in those three years."

"That's all I had to say."

"Decree hasn't gone through yet, has it?"

"Not the final one, no. But it will be through in a few months."

"Hmmm, I'd like to see you. Talk it over, you know."

"I'd rather not."

"That's how it is, eh?"

"That's how it is."

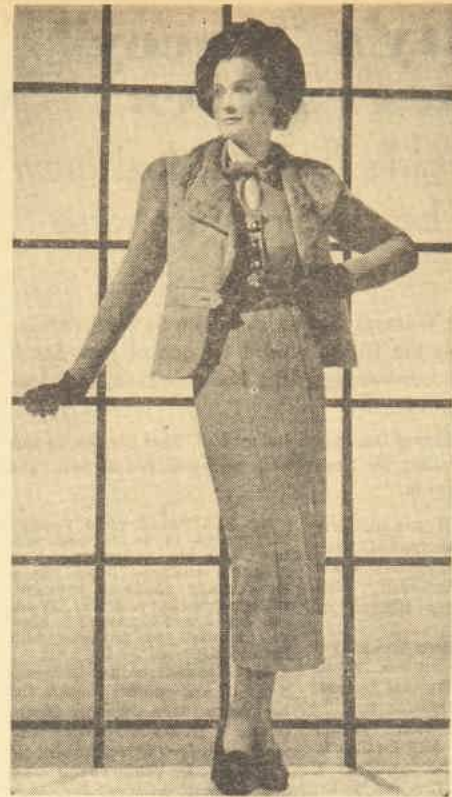
"Well, after all the trouble I had finding you! So long."

"Good-bye."

There were two sharp clicks, and Miss Gilly released her breath. That was something! Miss Williams already married and getting a divorce. Miss Gilly was not easily surprised. She had listened to too many secret woes and entanglements. Nearly everybody had some. Still, Miss Williams! Nobody would have thought that.

And what did all that mean about being away three years? Gaol? She couldn't think of anything else. No, her mind went on, that must be it. Her husband had been in gaol all this while.

She was rather overwhelmed by the weight of her secret. If the other girls knew that Miss Williams was married, if George Parker knew it, if they knew her husband was an ex-convict—well, there would be no telling what might happen. Of course, she, Miss Gilly, wouldn't say anything. The secret was locked between her ears. But it was strangely wonderful to have



Suit
for cold
days

SUBTLE: Flattery in a violet wool ensemble from Derry and Toms. The frock is sleekly moulded with a slightly longer skirt to offset the front pleats. The engaging little jacket has collar and lapels of moleskin.

it locked there. It was much more important than the inside story of the Nelson case.

The next day she was hardly interested when Elsie Rorer, in accounts, broke an appointment with David Healy, saying she had a headache, and would David mind if she went straight home from work? David said no, he didn't mind, and he was very solicitous about the headache. And as soon as that connection was broken Elsie telephoned a Temple Bar number, got a Jim on the wire, and said she would be waiting for him at the Corner House entrance at six o'clock. And this was after Elsie and David had been going about together steadily for two years!

Ordinarily, Miss Gilly would have been fascinated by this duplicity; but now she only listened as a matter of course. And when George Parker telephoned Miss Williams that afternoon, she let two extensions buzz without heed while she took in every word. They were disappointingly few. George said he would see her at six-thirty at the Weldon. Miss Williams, in her cool, even voice, said that would be fine.

Nothing much happened after that for a week, although Miss Gilly expected something every day. And then, one morning, the same heavy voice floated in and said, "Miss Williams, please."

After the connection was made, "Hello, Anne," the heavy voice said.

"I wish you wouldn't ring me up here."

"I'll get in touch with you at your home, if you like. What's the address?"

"There's no need to get in touch with me anywhere."

"That's what you think. I've been making a few inquiries about you, Anne. Also I managed to follow you from your office a couple of evenings."

"Really?"

"Really?" Then, quietly, "Is the young man serious, Anne?"

"I'm rather busy. Will you excuse me?"

"Not yet, Anne. You see, I need some money."

After a pause, "That sounds familiar," she said. "Wasn't that what you said the last time you got in touch with me—something over three years ago?"

"There's nothing wrong with your memory. Or mine, either. I remember you came through handsomely then. I did thank you for it, didn't I?"

"I don't remember that. Anyway, that was all I had, Bill. The last of it."

"Sure there isn't some left?"

"Positive—and if there were, I would not let you have it."

"I see." He sounded almost as though he were musing about it. "Then I suppose I'll have to sue Parker?"

A long pause. "What?" she said. "I said I'd have to sue your boy friend."

"What for?"

"Alienation of you-know-what."

"That's ridiculous. It would be thrown out of any court. It's been five years since there was any affection to alienate. And you know it."

He spoke in a lower tone. "Let's forget that for a minute. Have you ever thought what the papers would make of this? George Parker's pretty well known in the city, you know. There's the little matter of the public prosecutor, too."

Please turn to Page 57

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MISS WILLIAMS'

voice was the same even one. "Are you going in for blackmail now, Bill?"

"I don't think anyone could tie me down to blackmail, Anne." There was a hint of panic in Miss Williams' voice now.

"Bill, I've got about thirty pounds saved up. Will you take it and stop me."

"Now, Anne, you know I never went in for things in a small way, thirty pounds!"

"That's all I've got."

"Too bad. It looks as though I'll have to sue."

"I won't let you do it."

There was a suggestion of laughter in his voice. "Oh, no? Well, I'll listen to reason—the kind of reason that jingles. But you can't stop me."

"I've been thinking of ways. But listen to another kind of reason. Bill, you gave me a pretty cruel time right from the beginning—when I was so young it was like taking a rattle from a baby. And you know very well that you got all the money I had."

"Was it my fault the market crashed and wiped you out? I invested your money in the best possible way I knew."

"Only you forgot to tell me you were selling my securities. All right. Let's forget that. I'm only asking one thing—keep your hands off that certain young man."

"Is that an order?" he asked mockingly.

"Take it like that if you want. I won't have you dragging him down in that mud you're manufacturing."

"Now, don't get excited, Anne! Why not tell him about me and

"Do you think I haven't told him?"

"Oh, of course. But why not explain that for a few hundreds you can get rid of me painlessly, noiselessly and permanently?"

"No."

"All right"—he was getting angry—that settles it. Wait a minute. I'll give you half an hour to change your mind. Take my telephone number. Marlboro 4841. The name—remember?—is Hemingway, Bill Hemingway."

"Don't bother to wait. I won't ring up."

"All right. Good-bye, then."

"All right, Bill, good-bye. But before you serve any of your blackmailing summonses, make sure you aren't handling something rather dangerous. Make sure I'm still here, that I still exist."

"Now, what are you talking about? Still exist? Cut out the nonsense, Anne."

"Nonsense?" Miss Gilly had never heard Miss Williams' voice sound like that—so shaky. As though she was crying, or wanted to cry. "I suppose that's what you would call it, Bill. You—you couldn't, of course, imagine anyone wanting to save someone from being hurt. And I won't let you hurt him—I won't. I won't let him be branded because of me. Before I let you do that, I'll go away—I'll do something."

Miss Gilly heard her receiver click down on the hook with the first sob. The man apparently didn't. Miss Gilly heard him say: "Cut out the comedy, Anne! If you think weeping will melt me, you're mistaken. Hello...hello...hello... Then his receiver went on the hook."

There were three other calls which Miss Gilly answered in a day. After that there were fifteen quiet minutes. Then Miss Williams rang.

"Mr. George Parker, please," she said. And when she was connected: "George, I'm awfully sorry. Do you mind if we call off our engagement to-night?"

It amazed Miss Gilly that she was so casual about it.

"I do," said George Parker. "I object on the grounds that it's constitutional, irrelevant and contrary to justice. Also because I haven't seen you since last night."

He laugh tinkled over the wire. There was something shocking about it to Miss Gilly.

"I really have a wretched headache, George. It's getting worse. I want to go home, take an aspirin, and be down."

"I'm sorry, darling. Can't I do something? Send you a box of pills, or, better, bring them round myself?"

"No, thanks so much, but you'd better get some round to-night."

"Against my better judgment then, all right. We'll do that show to-morrow night?"

"Er—you'll hear from me to-morrow. I don't quite know how I'll be feeling."

Private Wire

Continued from Page 56

"Right. Give me a ring if you're not better to-morrow."

"I'll get in touch with you."

"All right, then! So long, Anne."

"Good-bye, George."

A few minutes later Miss Williams was on the wire again. "Switch-board, if there are any calls for this office this afternoon, will you please put them on Mr. Jensen's line? Thank you."

Miss Gilly sat at the switch-board, feeling strangely panicky. All this was none of her business. She knew it. She wasn't supposed to have heard anything. But her mind kept seizing on little details and worrying them. Miss Williams hadn't said "so long"; she had said "good-bye." But she was cheerful enough. She had laughed. What was that recurring line in the newspapers which Miss Gilly was thinking of for some reason? Something like, "When last seen—a few hours before—had been

in a cheerful mood." Something like that.

She told herself to stop worrying. Miss Williams would merely vanish. That wasn't so bad. No, people got over those things. Still, it was bad enough. George Parker would be stunned and hurt, even if nothing worse happened.

Anyway, what could she do? She couldn't help. Miss Williams was out of the building by now and going home probably, with that cool, competent exterior and that burning, unsolvable problem inside her. She was like Mr. Correl and his entanglement, like Mr. Nelson and his divorce case. Only, somehow, Miss Gilly wanted to do something for her. Wanted badly to do something for her, but there was nothing she could do. George Parker could, perhaps, do something. But he didn't know about it.

And, suddenly, the thought raced

into her mind. Something began thumping inside Miss Gilly's breast. Her mind went racing into channels that, for Miss Gilly, were strange and tricky. A couple of times she told herself aloud that it was none of her business. But she couldn't convince herself.

And, finally, she plugged in "Inquiries." "Give me the name and address," she said, "of Marlboro 4841."

She got it. She knew the district vaguely.

Then she switched off the buzzer, unbuckled her mouthpiece and carefully held the opening in it pressed against that spot on the chest which for some reason—a mystery to Miss Gilly—transmitted spoken words into the mouthpiece. But the words thus transmitted were in a curiously muffled, altered voice—an excellent disguise.

SHE plugged in to Mr. Parker's room and rang. When he answered: "Mr. Parker? Mr. George Parker?" she asked, and heard the chest-transmitted words float back hollowly to her ears.

"Yes."

"This is a friend of yours, Mr. Parker."

"What's the joke?" asked George Parker pleasantly.

"It isn't a joke. This is serious, Mr. Parker. I am afraid Miss Williams is contemplating something desperate. You see..."

"I'll—well, go on."

"You see, her husband, William Hemingway, is back in town, and he's trying to blackmail her and you. He's suing you for alienation of affections. That is, he's threatening to start a suit so that you'll pay up to avoid a scandal."

Please turn to Page 58

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Private Wire

Continued from Page 57

"THANKS for the information," George Parker said dryly. He sounded puzzled, a little angry and unbelieving.

"Wait a minute, Mr. Parker. Today he threatened to do this to Miss Williams. Miss Williams said she would do something desperate to herself because she didn't want you to be dragged into any scandal. And I'm afraid she means it."

"Who is this?"

"Just a friend of yours, Mr. Parker."

"Well, I think your taste in jokes is the lowest, rottenest I've ever heard. And if I find out who you are I'll break your neck."

"It's not a joke, Mr. Parker."

"Then how do you know about it?"

"A friend of mine overheard Mr. Hemingway telephone from his house to Miss Williams."

"What house?"

Miss Gilly, perspiring now, gave the name and number of the street.

"I still think it's a rotten joke," said George Parker. "Why won't you tell me who you are?"

Miss Gilly disconnected suddenly.

George Parker jangled the hook. When Miss Gilly adjusted her mouthpiece properly, and said, "Switch-board," he commanded, "Trace that call, can you?"

Miss Gilly carried the bluff. She got on to the exchange and when the operator came in she repeated the request.

"I'm sorry," came the cut and dried answer. "If your party has disconnected, I cannot trace the call."

George Parker hung up, growling. A moment later his light flashed. "Let me talk to the advertising department."

Miss Gilly connected him with Mr. Jensen.

"Miss Williams? She's gone home," said Jensen. "Oh, hello, Mr. Parker. Yes, went home. About half an hour ago."

"Oh. Headache, I suppose."

"Yes, a bad one. She was white as a ghost and shaking when she left."

"Thanks," George Parker hung up quickly.

Miss Gilly sat back and breathed more easily. Mr. Parker would be leaving. She just knew it. He was probably out of the building now, calling a taxi.

A CALL came presently for Mr. Parker, and his secretary answered and said Mr. Parker was out. Then Miss Gilly was sure.

The afternoon dragged on. An hour, two hours passed. Mr. Parker's secretary told callers that Mr. Parker was still out.

And then, on an outside line, George Parker rang up. He said: "Let me talk to Mr. G. W. Parker, please."

And when the connection was made: "Uncle Will? This is George. Sorry to trouble you, uncle, but I wonder if you could send old Tomkins round. I'm at Victoria Police Station."

"You're what?" roared G. W. Parker. "What the devil are you there for?"

"Oh, I got a little on edge to-day and smacked a fellow down."

"You sound quite mad to me. And since when have you started 'smacking people down,' as you call it?"

"Listen, uncle. I'll explain later."

Miss Gilly got Mr. Tomkins, the Parker Company's solicitor, for Mr. G. W. Parker, and heard Mr. Tomkins say he would go down and straighten things out.

Mr. Tomkins rang back an hour later and spoke to G.W.

"Dashed if I know what it's all about yet," he said. "But this nephew of yours went to this man's rooms, as near as I can find out, said he had a business deal to talk over privately, and then without warning attacked the man and beat him up fearfully. I mean fearfully, Mr. Parker. His face looked like a piece of raw meat after George had finished."

"I tried to talk to him—this fellow—Hemingway's his name, William Hemingway—and get the story straight from him. But he seemed all shaken up and scared to death. He kept whimpering that your nephew was going to kill him, but he wouldn't say what it was all about."

"A nasty mess, Mr. Parker. I don't see how we could have beaten the



CAPTAIN JOHN MACKENZIE SKIRVING, of Farnborough, Hants, has papered four rooms and a bathroom of his home—with stamps! The bedroom and breakfast rooms—known as the King George V rooms, are papered with stamps of King George V reign only. Each room has over 250,000 stamps on the walls.

case. So I took him aside and suggested that all danger of his being killed by your nephew could be avoided if he left town. So for a consideration of twenty pounds he decided that that was a very good idea.

"Of course, I have no legal release, but I would say that we are quite safe. He won't turn up in court. He seemed suspiciously uneasy in the police station, as it was."

"If you've got that rake of a nephew of mine there, let me talk to him."

"No. He left me as soon as we got out of the station. Said he was going straight home—to your home, I mean. Said he left a friend with Aunt Mary, and wanted to get back to her. The friend, I gathered, not your wife."

"H'mmm. A woman, eh?"

"I gathered something like that."

"Papers get hold of it?"

"I don't think so. There's nobody knows enough to give anything away, and this fellow Hemingway is obviously too scared to talk."

The wedding was very private—practically a secret. Only the best

man and a single bridesmaid knew about it—and Miss Gilly. Miss Gilly heard George Parker telephone the best man, and Miss Williams telephone her girl friend about the time and the place.

It was on a Saturday morning in a quiet little church in the City. And it occurred to Miss Gilly that she could slip in there half an hour before the ceremony and sit there like any occasional worshipper and see everything.

She did. She sat in an oak pew in the dim little church, looking prayerful, until, very quietly, Miss Williams and George Parker came in and were married. They walked up the aisle and passed quite close to Miss Gilly, and they were just as Miss Gilly had pictured them. Miss Williams was tall and straight and had shining blue eyes, and George Parker was big and athletic and had quietly smiling eyes.

As they came abreast of her pew on the way out, Miss Gilly met the bride's eyes and smiled. And Miss Williams smiled back a happy slightly confused smile, and said: "Of course I know you—I just can't place you at the moment."

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hardly
eats a thing**

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Wife of a Stranger

Continued from Page 6

BUT as she opened the door she gave a startled cry. Two men in uniform stood there and one glance round revealed that every scrap of her luggage had been searched.

Angrily, she demanded, "Who are you? What do you want?"

A big, bearded police agent answered quietly, in broken English, "Madame will excuse but we have our duty. Madame is Russian—a Nitsky Voloff, yes?"

Instantly, Sylvia remembered. That very same question had been put to her by Hubert Forrester the first night they had met.

Indignantly she replied, "I am not Russian. I am English. My passport—"

"Madame is Russian," he broke in. "Your father was a son of Russia and an enemy of her Government."

Sylvia felt sudden fear. "I never knew that," she said. "He died when I was quite small. But I was born in England."

"You were born here, in Notsky, and left when you were a month old," he informed her sternly.

"We have reason to believe that you are in touch with Russians who are our enemies of our Government. While certain formalities are pending, I must insist that you remain here. And with a smart salute he and his companion went out and there was an ominous click of the lock as the door closed behind them.

Wildly Sylvia ran to the door and knocked violently, but it was locked. She began to feel really frightened. That man she had noticed so often! He had been following her.

Little fragments of the past came back to her. She just remembered her father, who had always seemed frightened. Her mother, too, had seemed to be hiding a secret. The Voloffs of Notsky!

Perhaps it was because he meant her to be useful to him that Hubert Forrester had given her this engagement. There were the other letters—hurriedly she opened her case and gave a sign of relief. They were still there. Obviously they had escaped the searchers. She wondered if she could destroy them—but there was no fire and, no matter how small, she tore them up, fragments could always be put together.

Putting them back again, she sat down to wait. The hours passed. She was not singing anywhere to-night and for that she was grateful.

At eight, her door opened and the waiter brought her some dinner on a tray. When she spoke to him he shook his head as if he did not understand, and glancing at the door she saw that two stalwart policemen were on guard.

Sheer hunger made her sit down at the table, and as she did so she noticed a scrap of paper half hidden under one of the dishes.

It was a note—in English!

"You are in the gravest danger,

and because we are your father's friends we want to help you. Unfortunately, you have no legal British nationality, and the only way you can acquire it now is by marriage."

"An English friend, Adrian Metcalf, who knows Russia well and who is indebted to us, is willing to go through the form of marriage with you and so help you to get out of the country. It will be merely a legal bond, and he will arrange a divorce as soon as you arrive in England."

"I hope you will accept his offer. If you do, be ready at half-past eight."

It was signed "Ivan Puktin," the name of the man to whom she had delivered Hubert Forrester's letter that very afternoon!

The next half-hour passed in a flash. For the first time in her life Sylvia was panic-stricken. Her scanty knowledge of Russian methods was mostly gleaned from the newspapers, but it was sufficient to terrify her.

Up and down her room she walked, her mind unclouded, conscious only of her loneliness and helplessness. Then, as the clock chimed the half hour, a door leading to the next room, which had always been locked, opened suddenly and a man came in.

"There's not a moment to lose, Madame," he spoke softly. "When the Chief of the Police, who is on his way, arrives, he must find you an English subject, that is if you are to get safely away from Russia. Arrangements have been made for your marriage. Will you trust yourself to me?"

It was all so fantastic. Sylvia's brain refused to work. So suddenly surrounded by danger, she could not even think. Mechanically, she let him wind a thick veil over her head and face. Swiftly he led her through the other room and down a back staircase to the street, where a drosky was waiting for them. In less than twenty minutes she was in a small, dimly-lit room which seemed to be crowded. Words were said of which she was not conscious; a ring was put on her finger; and she signed her name in a book.

Then she was hurried back into the drosky and to her own room in the hotel, and she was alone again.

She stared down at her hand. The ring was real enough. Adrian Metcalf! She wished she had seen the man she had married, but no one had thought of removing the veil from her head. Nervously she pulled it off now.

Her heart turned over at a sound outside. The door was flung open with a violent force, and half a dozen men entered. . . . and one of them was the Chief of the Police!

Now there was no thought of consideration. He hurled questions at her which she could not possibly

understand or answer and she shrank back against the wall in terror.

Just as one of the sergeants caught her arm and was about to lead her forward the door opened again and a stranger appeared.

He came straight across to her and drawing her close in his arms he kissed her.

"What is the meaning of this?" he demanded. "Don't you know that this lady is my wife?"

"You never loved me, and yet to save me . . ."

The words came back to Sylvia like a ghostly chuckle.

To save me—you gave me—. She laughed a little foolishly as she recognised him.

The man she had married was the convict who had attracted her so strangely, that night she had sung in Kenton Prison!

For a moment the Chief of Police seemed dumbfounded. Then he hurled a torrent of words in Russian at Adrian, who was still standing, his arm protectively round the

The difference

There were stirrings in the undergrowth

And whispers in the wood,

The trees reached down with thorny hands

To touch me where I stood.

There were shadows of enormous shapes

And leads on every stone,

And wings that fluttered in my face.

When I ran through alone!

But when I walked the woods with you,

With you to hold my hand,

Dear rabbits hopped from everywhere

And scampered through the land!

And there were little butterflies

And birds in every tree,

And oh! I loved the sunny place,

When you were there with me!

—Yvonne Webb.

girl he had married barely an hour before.

But Adrian Metcalf answered in English. "Look here, sir. You know me well. My papers are all in order and I have a permit to stay in your country indefinitely. That is why this lady and I arranged we should be married in Notsky. I had no idea when I should be in England again and the fixing up of her concert tour in Russia just gave us our chance. Didn't it, darling?"

He turned to her suddenly as he put the question, and his voice changed subtly. There was affection in it, understanding, intimacy . . .

SYLVIA nodded, unable to trust herself to speak.

"If you make inquiries you will find that I made all my arrangements, even to engaging the bridal suite for our honeymoon at the Volga Hotel. Afterwards—" he shrugged his shoulders. "I hope to go on to Moscow. Even a honeymoon cannot be extended indefinitely, you know."

He smiled with disarming frankness, but one of the other officers broke in.

"It all sounds very well, but remember, Chief, she is a Voloff," he growled.

"She is a Voloff no longer," Adrian Metcalf corrected him. "This lady is my wife, and as such a subject of His Britannic Majesty, King George of England."

But more questions came. In Russian, this time. Adrian Metcalf seemed to speak it fluently. Words ran high, the discussion almost reached violence. Yet gradually Sylvia's fears lessened. Adrian Metcalf's quiet confidence had communicated itself to her.

Suddenly the Chief turned to her and smiled. "Madame, my felicitations," he said. "We cannot quarrel with circumstances. May I wish you both a very long and a happily married life. I understand you will be leaving here with your husband in twenty minutes. That is good, and should end all suspicions against you."

He offered his hand and she took it mechanically.

A moment later, with sharp clicking of heels and low ceremonial bows, the officials left and Sylvia was alone with her husband.

She turned to him gratefully, both hands outstretched . . . hands that dropped limply to her sides as she saw the hostile expression in his eyes.

"Get your packing done at once," he said curtly. "The sooner you are out of here and under my protection the better."

She struggled for words. "You're too good. I don't know what to say."

"For goodness sake, don't waste time in talking," he broke in. "If you hadn't been an utter little fool, you wouldn't have meddled with things you didn't understand, and then all this wouldn't have happened."

She shrank back as if he had struck her.

"You don't understand," she explained. "I've done nothing, nothing at all. Why, I don't even know why—"

"Oh, don't try to fool me with your protestations of innocence," his voice sounded weary rather than angry. "You are like all women. You go blindly into danger and then sit back and expect others to get you out of it. And you never count the cost."

Sylvia's eyes flashed angrily. "I don't know what you are talking about. You are being horribly unfair—"

"Unfair!" he repeated mockingly, and Sylvia felt she hated him. She had no idea that his nerves were at breaking point; that grim fear had been at his very soul while he had been talking to the police. One slip—and this girl's future would have been swallowed up in the officialdom of Russia, with its espionage, its secret prisons, its lost hopes.

"Unfair! Please don't use that word to me, Sylvia." His racked nerves made him curt. "As a woman's weapon it may have its uses, but it means nothing at all to me. Now, get on with your packing, please."

Please turn to Page 60



Is the HOUSEWORK getting you down?

"I felt I wanted to scream. My nerves were at breaking point," writes Mrs. C. H. F., of Namburk, Victoria. "I couldn't eat or sleep, and my housework was getting on top of me. . . . As soon as I started taking Phosphorated Iron my appetite began to come back, I slept like a child, and felt new life."

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TRAVEL INTERSTATE BY SEA

A droszky was waiting outside, its driver muffled up in shaggy fur. The lights of the town lit up the frosty streets as if they were paved with diamonds. Cold though it was, there was something exhilarating in

The whole place looked festive. It

The door closed on the last of the servants, and as the latch clicked in

"You need feel no embarrassment," he said curtly. "It's late and you had better go to bed." He threw something into her lap . . . The key of the bedroom door. "You'd better use it, Sylvia," he told her quietly.

grad and Mimi and Mollie," he out-
in.

"Even your British nationality will be unable to save you from the consequences of this. And I shan't be able to help you or myself if you are arrested. There is only one thing to do now. We've got to get out of here at once—and heaven knows how—without being seen."

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H

Wife of a Stranger

Horried and upset, there was nothing Sylvia could do but obey him. "Just bring necessities," he said. "Nothing more. And remember this, the things you are leaving behind you are leaving behind for good."

The corridor was ghostly with the reflection of the dancing flames through the window. He looked the door on the outside and pocketed the key, glancing at the heavy panels with grim satisfaction.

"They won't get in too easily. I happen to know that there are no passkeys for these locks. They are old-fashioned. Now come along."

Down long unlighted corridors and twisting iron stairways they plunged to the very cellars of the huge building. Ghostly winds swept the passages till Adrian undid the bolt of a small door and they entered a quiet yard.

"Safe so far. Now for the sleigh," he said. "Stefan has one all ready for me in case of an emergency of this sort." He did not bother to tell her who Stefan was.

They hurried through numbers of narrow alleys rather than streets, for the most part unlighted, and stepped before a stable door. There was a sleigh there all ready, even the horses were harnessed and patiently waiting, and Adrian saw that the vehicle was already supplied with provisions.

"Get in," he commanded curtly, yet his hands were very gentle as he covered her up with the rugs.

For hours the sleigh went on, the gallant ponies, sure-footed, never tiring. Gradually a grey dawn came, splashed with crimson.

Sylvia was half dozing when Adrian brought the sleigh to a standstill in a clearing in the lonely snow-dusted forest.

"We must give the ponies a rest," he said. "I can't put more on to their willing shoulders. They're valiant beasts."

He unharnessed them, rubbed them down, fed them and built a rough shelter of pine branches for them.

"Hungry?" he asked her, quietly almost conversationally.

She nodded her head wearily. "A little—and tired." But he seemed indifferent and ignored her remark.

There was a samovar and chunks of bread, cakes and sausages of all sorts and bottles of rough wine. Whoever had packed the sleigh had left nothing to chance.

"Are we going far?" Sylvia asked timidly.

Adrian nodded absently. "Through the forest to Nishov Junction where we can pick up a Western European train for the frontier. It's

our only chance. I thought everything out and I'm quite sure it's the last thing our enemies will think of."

They rested till the sun crossed the heavens and began sinking to the west. All day long Adrian had alternately smoked and tended the ponies. There was no sign of life anywhere, not even the suggestion of smoke or the faint, bitter odor of burning wood. They were utterly alone in an ice-bound world.

The moon rose as the sun set, a moon full and brilliant.

"It's a mixed blessing," Adrian said as he harnessed his ponies again. "It helps us to get along quicker, but there's more danger of being seen, though the chances are with us in this part of the forest."

The night wore on. Adrian turned to Sylvia.

"We'll rest soon. There's a charcoal burner's hut somewhere about here, if Stefan's directions are correct. It's deserted, but it will be a shelter and there is wood in it so that we can build a fire."

As he spoke one of the ponies stumbled violently, the sleigh shook from end to end, nearly throwing Sylvia out of her seat. Then the pony fell and the sleigh came to a sudden standstill.

Adrian got out and examined the beast, which was lying suspiciously still.

"He stumbled over a fallen branch hidden by the snow," he told Sylvia. "He'll have to be shot. I'm sorry. I'll unharness the other one and move the sleigh if I can. Poor beast. I'm so sorry."

His voice held real sorrow and great tenderness.

A moment later came the sound of a shot—an ugly sound. Then Adrian

Animal Antics



"HE sold his flea circus—but some of the old performers refuse to leave."

took his place again in the sleigh and his face was grim and forbidding.

With only one pony their pace more than halved. Adrian grew even grimmer as a cold icy wind whined through the trees. Sharp flakes of snow stung their cheeks. The sky grew darker as ugly clouds scudded across the face of the moon, at times entirely blotting it out. Suddenly he heaved a sigh of relief as in front of them a tiny building loomed up.

"The charcoal burner's hut," he said triumphantly. "And there's a small shelter attached for the pony. Here we are. Get out, Sylvia. And help unpack the sleigh. There, I'll prop the door."

They both worked swiftly. Sylvia had lost all feeling in her limbs. Her hands, as she took the lighter packages, seemed too big for her.

As they finished, the wind rose to a blinding fury, rocking the tiny shack. They had reached shelter only just in time.

The hut was divided into two rough apartments. Adrian lit a fire in the outer one and very gradually Sylvia began to thaw.

"We're safe?" Sylvia asked at last, unable to bear the silence any longer.

"Safe, yes. But have you any idea how long these storms sometimes last?"

She shook her head.

"Generally for the best part of a week or ten days and—" he paused significantly. "At the most, we have

only enough food to last us three days."

The storm showed no sign of lessening. Everything outside was covered with blinding snow. It was as if a shutter had been let down between them and the world.

At regular intervals, Adrian went out to tend the pony and she heard him talking to it, his voice strangely tender as the knowing beast gave understanding whinnies in reply.

The first day seemed to last an eternity, but at last it passed.

Adrian himself got their meal ready, rationing the meat pie and the coarse peasant bread with particular care.

Sylvia watched and her voice broke as she protested. "Oh, don't, please, Adrian. I don't want you to measure out my half. I don't need as much as you, anyway."

"You'll eat exactly what I put before you," he told her. "We've a long journey before us and we've both got to keep up our strength, at any rate, for as long as we can."

He ate his portion without waiting. Not till he had finished the last crumb did he speak again, and then it was in the same harsh tone which chilled her.

"I've eaten to keep up my strength, too," he said. "You don't want to be left in these wilds with a sick man on your hands, do you?"

She caught her breath. "Adrian, you're not—ill?" she ventured.

He laughed. "Not in the slightest. I just want you to realise that I have no intention of starving, for my starvation won't help you."

She was stung into some sort of retort. "Oh, for goodness sake don't bother about me. Leave me here. Go on yourself. Don't you see that I just don't care what becomes of me?"

Coldly cruel, he spoke almost indifferently.

"Please don't get hysterical. Hysteria never did anyone any good and it only helps to make you look utterly ridiculous."

Suddenly she felt she couldn't go on like this.

"Adrian, be nice to me, please," she begged, forgetting her pride because at this moment her fear was even greater; not speaking to Adrian Metcalf because he was a man and her husband, but just because he was another human being in this solitary world into which they had been so rudely thrust.

"Put some of that snow into the

samovar and heat it up," he ordered brusquely, ignoring her words, and trying to ignore, too, the sudden flood of feeling that swept over him.

His tone at that moment was the last straw to Sylvia. She jumped to her feet and brought her hand sharply across his face.

"You beast!" she cried angrily. "Have you no decent feelings at all? Can't you even feel sorry for me?"

He caught her two hands in his and held her, looking into her eyes with an expression she did not understand.

Then he let her go, quite suddenly.

"There are the fur rugs and the cushions from the sleigh," he told her, and walked to the door. "You'd better go to sleep. I'm going to look after the pony."

And he went out without even wishing her good-night.

All night long she lay, eyes wide open, looking continually at her wrist-watch, as though seeing the very moments pass. When morning came she knew that breaking point had come.

She dozed with the dawn and so did not hear Adrian come in, yet she could only have slept a few moments.

Suddenly she sat up and stared round her. The fire had been built right up and the pannikin of water was boiling on it while Adrian had heated some meat in a tin over the flames.

He handed her a portion in silence and in silence she took it, yet all the while she was conscious of some unknown current passing between them. She knew that each was acutely conscious of the other in spite of the outward indifference. Wretchedly she told herself it was just a question of the greatest emotions the world can know. Love and hate. She could not help loving Adrian Metcalf any more than he could help hating her.

By night the wind had dropped slightly. She watched Adrian dividing the food and frowned as she saw how little there was. The silence was unbearable. When Adrian went out to spend the night in the shed, where the pony was housed, Sylvia felt she wanted to scream hysterically.

Anything was better than going on like this. Besides, if she wasn't here, it would be easier for Adrian. She heard him lift and drop the latch of the other door, and then, with stiff limbs, she put on her snowboots, tied the fur cap under her chin, put on her fur coat. Then she walked deliberately out into the snow.

Please turn to Page 62



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What's Wrong with so many Marriages?



The world is full of Men and Women thinking, "My Marriage is a Failure." No open break—just submission to a future without romance. Sometimes it is the wife's fault, some women fail to realize what their hold on life and love depends upon their charm. It is questionable if anything kills charm so swiftly and so surely as a parched wrinkled, faulty skin. Why risk loss of happiness, of self-esteem, and of the thrill of femininity when you may, with the aid of Australian Rice Face Powder and Cream, possess a smooth, clear, radiant complexion? The Powder is only 4/- and 1/- a box from good Chemists or Druggists. The Cream is 1/- for a giant jar.

AUSTRALIAN RICE

face powder & cream

Fat Cheeks, Double Chin

Spoil Good Features of Face

The fat just as now putting on is quite due to the unhealthy state caused by the absorption of waste digestive poisons into your blood. This matter has been accumulating through constipation, making you overweight and unattractive, bringing daily six headaches, bilious attacks, bad breath, pimples and blemishes on your skin, weariness and depression.

Resist these harmful effects of constipation and congested liver by taking Pinkettes. These little laxative and liver pills are compounded of safe, harmless ingredients that painlessly exercise lazy bowels and stir the liver, clearing away all poisonous digestive wastes and restoring the healthy, regular habit. See what a wonderful difference Pinkettes make to your eye, skin, breath, spirits and how unhealthily fat disappears. At chemists and Druggists, 1/3 bottle.

Everybody Knew . . . what she meant by "Headache"



NEW FACTS ABOUT PERIOD PAIN

Specialist Tells about Amazing New—Relaxing—Way to Relieve Pain—You Can't "Explain" . . .

"I wish that every woman in this country could realise just how much they cheat themselves when they allow unnecessary, weakening Pain and sickening headache to rob them of that calm poise which is so essential to charm!"

When your poor back feels it is being drawn in—when you want to sit down and cry with the Pain, and that terrible feeling of weakness and "blues"—let Myzone bring you wonderful comfort—better than anything you've ever known!

New Freedom for Women

Scientists have discovered new facts about Pain—and with them has been found a new—safe—way to relieve Pain, by relaxing nervous and muscular tension—(instead of by "doping").

Already five out of every nine women are blessing this marvellous new relief. For Myzone's special acterin (anti-spasm) compound brings instant ease from most severe period pain, headache or sick-feeling.

TWO Tablets

Yes!—Just two tiny Myzone tablets, with drink of water, or cup of tea, at the first sign of pain. How comforting! And in a few minutes you feel Pain fading away—you look brighter—and feel better.

The Myzone box is neat and inconspicuous. The price is 2/- for three months' supply at your chemist or pharmacy counter.

Let Myzone help you to look your best at all times.

FOR BUSY
HANDS**KALODERMA**Glycerin JELLY
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TOPROTECT AND BEAUTIFY
THE HANDS

Doctors say: "There is nothing better to take the 'workday' look out of busy hands—makes them smooth, soft and white."

All Chemists and Stores 1/3 per tube

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**New PLASMIC
Acts like Magic**

Removing almost instantaneously WRINKLES,
LINES, OPEN PORES, BLACKHEADS,
PIMPLES and all SKIN BLEMISHES arising
from any cause whatsoever.



Actual Photo. Mrs. Margery West, West-
burn, Victoria Road, Burn, after using
Bellevue Hill. Age, one tube of New
Plasmic.

NEW PLASMIC restores PERMANENTLY to
old or middle age the skin and complexion
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Large Tube, sufficient for three weeks' treat-
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FREE DEMONSTRATION of this MAR-
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290 Pitt Street (near Bathurst Street),
Sydney.
5th Floor. Take Lift.
Also obtainable at Washington Bond, Pattin-
son and Co., and other leading Chemists.

T

HE wind now came in unexpected gusts, whining through the trees before she actually felt its force. There was no path of any sort. The snow was so soft that she just sank into it down to her knees. Each step was a violent effort which exhausted her. Time had ceased to count. She walked mechanically, facing the moon which now appeared at fitful intervals through the storm-racked clouds.

Once she saw in the distance two gleaming lights, red, glowing, and she heard the sharp smack of slobbered jaws and she laughed. The eerie sound sent the grey shape hurtling away through the shadows.

She started talking out loud, yet she had no idea that she was speaking. The sound of her own voice comforted her. "Oh, Adrian, my dear, why are you so cruel? I've done nothing—nothing—now I'm so afraid. Hold my hand, dear—"

She stumbled over a fallen tree and fell to her knees. The soft snow felt warm. As she sank into it she laughed and touched it with mittened fingers. It was like a fur coat, soft, warm, comforting. She was too tired to bother any more. Her weary eyes closed and she fell asleep.

Her dreams were sweet and calming, but even in her sleep she knew that she was on the brink of an abyss—and if she sank into it, it would mean—Death!

"Sylvia—oh, my very dear." The words came, it seemed, from a vast distance, from out of a darkness which was intense. They pushed through her unconsciousness and she half stirred. "Adrian," she whispered.

"I'm here, my dearest. Oh, why did you do this terrible thing?" Adrian had her in his arms now, and was holding her to his heart as he trapped back with her to the hut.

As he carried her into the hut the fire was bright and he laid her tenderly on the rug and with gentle fingers took off her shoes and stockings and started to massage her frost-bitten feet.

"My dearest, wake up. You are safe now." He whispered over and over again in an agony of fear; an agony or remorse!

Sylvia felt her chilled blood warming and opened her eyes. Half delirious from the exposure she did not recognise where she was. She only knew that a miracle had occurred, that the man she loved was holding her in his arms, loving her.

With her husband's kisses on her lips she fell into a deep untroubled sleep.

It was nearly ten hours later when Sylvia woke and moved lazily

on her rug. She woke smiling and the smile lingered on her lips as memory gradually returned.

Suddenly she was conscious of a stirring outside, and she rose to her feet. When Adrian came in, she stood looking at him, shyly waiting.

He spoke quietly. The cruel enmity in his voice had entirely vanished, but a quiet coldness had taken its place. He never even referred to her adventures of the night before.

"I've had news, Sylvia. We are being followed," he broke into her thoughts. "The owner of this hut is a friend of mine and has been watching for me. The signal for danger which we had already arranged is that fire on the hill away to the east. We must get off at once. If we can reach the Junction by eleven, we shall catch the express, but the chances are against us now we only have one pony. I've heated some tea. I am afraid you will have to drink it as you go along."

"What about you?" she asked timidly.

"I've had all I want," he told her. But she knew he lied.

The storm's violence had passed but the temperature had dropped, making the frozen way still more treacherous. The pony was sure-footed and game. Providing he came up against nothing in his path, Adrian knew he would do his best.

For over an hour they travelled, then, suddenly, to their left, Sylvia saw a line of slim telegraph poles. Adrian noticed them almost at the same moment and his voice rose excitedly to a shout. "Look, Sylvia! The signal. It has just dropped—we are in time."

The great train reached the station at the same moment that they did. As if by magic a man appeared, took charge of the sleigh and handed Adrian a pile of tickets.

S

WIFTLY they were shown into a first-class carriage with drawn blinds and Adrian chose the corner seat and drew Sylvia down by his side.

"In an hour and a half we shall be across the frontier," he told her. He did not speak again, but he did not relax his vigilance. There was but one station in the seventy miles they had to travel before they reached the frontier. While they waited, Sylvia could see that he was nervous, afraid that some unforeseen hitch would occur.

But nothing did. The train started off again. Once again it stopped, this time for the Customs. The officer did not

Wife of a Stranger

Continued from Page 61

trouble them, but Sylvia caught the look which he and Adrian exchanged and she knew that the man was being well paid for his help.

Once again the train was moving slowly towards the giant river. "Once across the bridge and we shall be all right," Adrian said through clenched teeth.

Slowly the train, guarded by armed soldiers, moved across the bridge. Beneath it the river was frozen. Here and there the ice was broken and thin trickles of jet black water marred the whiteness of the surface. Then the train stopped again, and as Adrian rose with a sigh of relief he wiped the perspiration from his forehead.

"We're through!" he said triumphantly.

Impulsively, Sylvia put out her hand and touched his. There was tenderness in the gesture, and love.

"My dear," she said. "You will never know how grateful I am to you."

"That's all right," he said evenly. "You have nothing to worry about now. The train goes straight through to Hamburg where we can get a boat for London." He walked to the door. "I'll see the guard and arrange for you to have your meals served in here. I'll find another compartment for myself. There is no need for us to meet again until we board the boat for England."

Sylvia sat miserably in her corner, not moving, barely touching the food brought in to her. She was too utterly miserable and heart-broken to care about anything.

Adrian did not come to her compartment till they reached Hamburg.

"Are you ready?" She nodded, not trusting her voice.

She had no feelings at all during the journey to England. She obeyed Adrian blindly, seeming to have neither will nor wish of her own.

It was misty when they docked at Southampton. The wharves and warehouses were almost blotted out. People on the quay moved about like shadows. The air was raw, a sense of desolation hung over everything.

The boat train was waiting and Adrian put her into a first-class compartment.

"It is reserved," he told her quietly. "I thought you would rather not be worried by having to travel with strangers. I am next door. When we get to Waterloo you can tell me where you want to go, and then, tomorrow, we had better make an appointment to see my solicitor. The sooner we get our divorce fixed up the better."

As Adrian's tall figure disappeared, a newsboy put a head cheekily into her compartment.

"Paper?" he asked hopefully. She bought one because it was easier than refusing.

Mechanically she opened the paper, then as the headlines caught her eye she gave a little cry.

FAMOUS CONCERT MANAGER

COMMITTS SUICIDE.
HUBERT FORRESTER SHOTS HIMSELF WHEN "FARD" MEN COME TO ARREST HIM.

She read the story right through and as the truth was gradually unfolded began to piece things together.

Hubert Forrester's real name was Boris Voloff, Voloff—the same as her own. He must be some sort of relation, then. No wonder he had shown such interest in her when he had heard her name.

Now his whole history had come out. For years he had been plotting with his friends against the Russian Government, but his part in it had been found out at last. An order had come through for him to be sent back to Russia. Rather than face the charge he had taken what, to him, was the easier course.

Hubert Forrester was dead and she knew, without even being told, that he had given her that Russian contract merely to use her as a tool to help his own crazy ends.

The shock of the news broke down that stony calm which had enveloped her since the night of her marriage.

Very slowly, the tears began to trickle down her cheeks.

As the train was moving out of the station, Adrian came in. She lifted her tear-stained face and looked at him helplessly, wondering a little at his expression. He had changed. Moved by some great

emotion his voice was pleading. "Oh, my dear," he said. "I have some bad news for you."

"Yes?" She waited, wondering what more could hurt her.

Adrian sat by her side and put his hand over the two of her. "Something very terrible has happened. Your—your fiancé is—dead."

She stared at him in bewilderment.

"My fiancé!" she repeated stupidly.

"It's in the paper," he told her slowly.

Suddenly she realised what he meant. "Do you mean Hubert Forrester? I was never engaged to him," she said. "I've just seen it all—here," pointing to the paper. "Why, I had never seen him till the night I sang at Kenton Gao. I was under contract to him. That's all."

"You never knew that Boris Voloff was your uncle's son, your cousin?" he asked in amazement.

S

HE shook her head. "I knew little about my own people."

"And you weren't in love with him?"

"Most certainly not. He engaged me as an ordinary singer. I was down and out and grateful for any job. When I went to Russia, he asked me to deliver several letters and led me to believe they contained money for his friends. That's all I knew about them. Oh, please believe me!"

"Oh, my dear!" There was a new note in his voice and her fingers closed hungrily over his.

"Let me explain," he went on. "I'm in the police. For years I have been trying to get hold of Boris Voloff, the ringleader of this Russian plot, but he had kept his secret so well that there was not the slightest suspicion against Hubert Forrester. It was on the night of the concert that a dying convict confided the truth to the Governor who immediately sent for me. He told me about the concert and showed me a programme. Instantly I was struck by your name. I decided to stay and see what you were like. So I took my place among the convicts."

"I saw you," Sylvia confessed, very softly.

"You noticed me?" Adrian asked her, a light in his eyes. As she nodded he went on. "I was afraid for you, Sylvia. I thought you had got mixed up in their terrible plots and I wanted to save you. The time hadn't come to strike, but I made it my business to find out all about you. When you went to Russia I, as a member of the police, had to follow. I meant to save you from yourself, if I could."

"Those outrages I told you of—You were under suspicion then, but I managed to convince the police that you were innocent. I knew you would have some measure of safety in Russia as my wife, but even I could do no more after that other explosion. That's why I got you out of the country as quickly as I could."

Sylvia looked at him, her heart in her eyes.

"Adrian, you wanted to save me," she whispered. "If so, why were you so cruel to me? You didn't behave as if you cared for me?"

"I dared not," he said. "They told me in Russia that you were engaged to Hubert Forrester, that your marriage depended on your success in helping on his plans. I think now that Hubert Forrester must have told them that to give them more confidence in you."

"Go on!" Sylvia urged, and there was a happy expectant note in her voice.

"Well, can't you see for yourself? I loved you, but I dared not admit it. Those hours we spent alone together were torture. You were so near to me and yet I dared not touch you. I dared not show my love. I felt I had wronged you enough in marrying you, yet it seemed to be the only way out for you. But I knew that it must mean the delaying of your marriage to the man you loved."

"The man you thought I loved."

She stared at him a moment, then very tenderly she took his face between her hands and drew him down to her.

"Sylvia, oh, my darling." Then he took her in his arms and Sylvia knew that the unhappiness of the past few weeks was entirely blotted out.

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HARSH LAXATIVES were

turning her into an OLD woman!

MR. HALL
fond of his wife but...

MRS. HALL
married ten years
two children.

OM-ER, PHYL, I'M GOING OUT WITH SOME OF THE CHAPS IN THE OFFICE TO-NIGHT.

(THINKS)
THIS LAXATIVE MUST AFTER NIGHT, HE DOTHN WANT MY COMPANY ANY MORE, HERE DRIFTING APART.

NEXT MORNING

UGH! SALTS AGAIN! BUT I MUST GET RELIEF SOMEHOW.

YES, THAT'S YOUR TROUBLE MRS. HALL. IT'S THIS DAY AFTER DAY USE OF SALTS THAT HAS WEAKENED YOUR SYSTEM... YOUR INTESTINES ARE LIMP, TIRED... AND IT SHOWS IN YOUR FACE, YOUR EYES, YOUR SKIN. MY ADVICE IS, START EATING "ALL-BRAN" EACH MORNING.

TWO MONTHS LATER

WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN UP TO? LATELY, PHYL? YOU'VE CERTAINLY GOT ALL YOUR OLD SPARKLE AND LIFE BACK.

If you are constipated—always taking strong laxatives and purges to make yourself regular—it's ten to one your food is to blame.

You see, our modern foods lack bulk. In fact, they get almost completely absorbed into the system. The residue of waste matter they form is too slight to make the bowels act . . . and so you get constipated . . . No amount of harsh purgatives or strong laxatives can give permanent relief. Moreover, their unrestricted use is harmful. What your system needs is "bulk"—the kind of food that forms a soft, bulky residue that the bowel muscles can easily "take hold of". Kellogg's All-Bran absorbs water and softens like a sponge. This water-softened mass gently, but effectively, aids elimination.

Eat Kellogg's All-Bran every morning. Do this every day, and you'll enjoy perfect daily "regularity". Get a packet of Kellogg's All-Bran from your grocer to-day!

KELLOGG'S**ALL-
BRAN**

THE HOMEMAKER

August 19, 1939

The Australian Women's Weekly

First Page

LOVELY HANDS—say so much

AND people look at them, for hands are on view as much as your face. And like faces they may appear young or old, irrespective of age. Like faces they show character, breeding, occupation, mental capacity, and spiritual grace. They register standards of good grooming.

BY JANETTE



JUST look at the beautiful expressive hands pictured on this page. In each case they show distinctive charm, character, and grace, all of which add glamor to the whole personality.

Hands need care, just as the face does, to make and keep them lovely.

In the first place, the skin of the hands differs from that of the rest of the body. On the backs of the hands there are fewer oil glands; on the palms there are no oil glands but more sweat glands than in the skin of the rest of the body.

The fundamentals of hand care are cleanliness, protection, and condition (by which we mean softening, smoothing, and whitening). Decoration or make-up for nails is also becoming increasingly important.

Proper cleansing

To cleanse, use warm water, a bland oil soap and a nail-brush. Work up a good lather, scrub and rinse thoroughly. For perfect cleansing hard water must be softened by boiling or by the use of water softener. Rinse carefully and dry thoroughly.

If your hands are very soiled, apply cream or oily lotion and let it stay on the hands as long as possible before washing. Follow drying with protective cream or a good hand lotion.

To protect hands from coarsening, roughening, or reddening, avoid hard water and harsh cleansing agents, and be careful to wash and dry the hands properly. And always use a hand lotion after washing. Use a protective covering or gloves for heavy work.

To whiten the hands or remove stains, use a cut lemon or fresh hydrogen peroxide. Pumice stone may remove stubborn stains, but use it cautiously to avoid breaking the skin.

FAIR ETHEREAL beauty is matched here by hands that are soft, white and lovely. Well might they rival the fragile beauty of the lilies they hold so gracefully.



AND BEHIND these expressive hands? Loveliness surely, for such exquisitely poised hands, groomed and slender, could only belong to a glamorous person.

To smooth and soften use a quick drying lotion or hand cream after each washing, and an oily cream at night. Regular massage helps to increase the good effect of creams and lotion and wards off wrinkles.

The manicure is the cornerstone of conditioning as well as the basis for decoration. A manicure once a week should keep your hands looking attractive if they get proper daily care. Polish may have to be renewed between manicures.

Perspiring palms often come from

nervousness, which needs its own treatment. Locally you can use a preparation for perspiration control which you can obtain from a chemist.

If your hands are inclined to redness, avoid chilling and tight gloves. Make-up creams will give the appearance of whiteness.

If your hands are thin, try general fattening up by massaging with cream or cocoa butter, and exercise, such as opening and closing the fist and forcible separation of the fingers.



THERE'S a world of expression in these hands and they play a large part in defining the personality of their possessor.



She, in this day, whose hair betrays a secret carelessness, not only forfeits admiration—but frequently courts unfavourable comment . . .

IF you notice a girl with dry, dull, hard-to-manage, or "dandruffy" hair you may depend she is not particular in avoiding the use of skin soap on her hair . . . for the "burning" chemical action of soap alkali spoils nice hair!

To prove that your hair can be as soft, silky-clean, and lustrous as any . . . try Colinated, new-style, quick-rinsing "cocoanut foam" Shampoo that everyone's talking about! BLONDES—Preserve natural light gold lustre. Prevent "alkali streaks."

BRUNETTES—Discover thrilling new highlights!

For Colinated double-active cocoanut bubbles dissolve every trace of dust, dandruff, oily-film or scalp acid . . . And leave your hair with a magic new sheen you never noticed before!

Make your very next shampoo a real "beauty" wash!

★ A bottle lasts months.
Any Chemist or Store.

Colinated Shampoo

EVELYN KEYES
Paramount Player

Flowers like gay-plumaged birds

The Old Gardener Says . . .

"GROW SOME OF OUR LOVELY BIRD FLOWERS AND BEAUTIFY YOUR GARDEN AND HOME WITH A FEW UNUSUAL SUBJECTS."

NATURE has reproduced in many flowers the form and color of birds, and in our mild and favorable climate a large number of such plants thrive to perfection.

Many of these exquisite bird flowers have the advantage of being good Australians—a fact that should recommend them to all flower-lovers and home gardeners.

Most of them, too, are easy to grow, long lived, and very useful as cut flowers for home decoration.

They prove their worth in the garden, for their fascinating likenesses—indeed, remarkable in many cases—to the feathered tribe are always a source of endless curiosity and interest.

One of the largest and most extraordinary of all the bird flowers is *Strelitzia regina*, or bird's tongue, a peculiar flower often nine or ten inches in length.

From its stiff, hard foliage, three or four feet tall, rise strong stems topped off with beak-like flowers.

These burst and a blue tongue thrusts itself out below a comb or crest of deep orange-yellow.

This plant is a native of South Africa, and is rather slow in acclimatizing itself to new surroundings.

Seedlings take anything from five to six years to flower, but if strong side-shoots are taken from established plants they will usually flower in a couple of years.

For filling a corner that is difficult to decorate, or for a round bed



STRELITZIA regina, or bird's tongue, one of the most unusual of the bird flowers. The blue tongue thrusts itself out from a crest or comb of deep orange-yellow.

in a lawn, *strelitzia* is an ideal subject.

It prefers an open, sunny position where the soil is rich and well drained, and one of its many advantages is that it flowers practically the year round if the spent stems are regularly removed.

Two other varieties may also be obtained, the *Strelitzia farinacea* (purple and yellow) and the small-leaved type, known as *Strelitzia regina parvifolia*.

The best-known bird flower in Australia is that quaint greenish-yellow variety called by botanists *Crotalaria*.

I could never get the flowers to remain long on the shrub or small trees in my garden, for the reason that honey-eating birds would strip them as fast as they opened.

I had to get up with the milk to catch them opening, or by cutting spikes that would open fully in a few days I stole a march on the birds.

Crotalaria laburnifolia, to give its full name, is a small tree that grows about 7ft. tall.

It is an ideal subject for a bed in the lawn, but is a bad mixer because of its hungry habits.

The tree is comparatively shallow rooting, and the roots run out in all directions in search of food and moisture.

Although evergreen it often loses most of its leaves in cool climates, a peculiarity that marks many of our semi-tropical trees when taken out of their natural element.

The flowers themselves resemble birds in a most remarkable way; in fact, I know of no other flower that imitates our feathered friends in such a realistic manner.

The flowers produce small pea-like pods at the end of their season, and these rattle in the wind. For that reason the plant is often known as rattle-pod in some districts.

Apart from rich soil and an open position, its only other requirement is plenty of water. The tree will wilt and die very quickly if allowed to thirst.

Poinciana, or bird of paradise flower, is another shrub or small tree that bears bird-like blossoms.

Yellow flowers

ALTHOUGH popularly supposed to be a native of Australia, it came originally from New Guinea. Like the *crotalaria*, it has made itself at home very readily and grows quickly from seed.

The flowers are yellow, but the long red stamens are extremely beautiful.

It needs regular pruning back, as does the *crotalaria*, to prevent a rather naturally straggly habit from spoiling its appearance.

If allowed to grow more than five or six feet its floriferous habit will largely be spoiled by an open and rather sparse display of flowers.

Many of our native orchids resemble flowers, particularly the spectral and large duck orchids, but I cannot tell gardeners where they can obtain these plants, except that they grow in the bush, and vandalism in that direction is deplored.

Like a red bird

A NATIVE plant that resembles a gorgeous red bird with white wings and a tail is the common *Kennedy* *prostrata*.

This is a trailing plant very common along the N.S.W. coast and in parts of Victoria and Southern Queensland.

It grows readily from seed, and in a few years will cover a fence, if afforded some assistance in the shape of wire-netting, or cover an unsightly wall if sown in a niche filled with soil at the top.

The beautiful native known as Sturt's Desert Pea is sometimes described by botanists as being bird-like, but beyond a wing-like display in the petals I cannot see it myself.

Nevertheless, the plant, which is sold by seedsmen under the name of *clianthus*, is well worth inclusion in a sunny border or against a wall where it will revel in a sandy, well-drained position.

Like most Australian plants it dislikes being transplanted, and detests manure of any kind.

Seed is very hard, and should be soaked in hot water and left all night to soften. The seeds should be planted where the plants are to remain for their full life, as disturbance of the rooting system causes the plant to die in almost every case.

The blood-red blossoms, which hang in masses, are decorated by a black ball-like excrescence, the two colors making a striking contrast.

Soil that contains some wood ash and a little decayed leaf mould suits *clianthus* "right down to the ground."

Gomphocarpus, or swan plant, is another quaint subject rarely seen. It is a native of South Africa, and will grow almost anywhere in the Commonwealth.

Although the flowers do not resemble birds, the large pods that follow the powder-blue flowers are swan-like in their realism.

Erythrina crista galli, or cock's-comb flower, is another lovely shrub that carries bird-like flowers.

The stems die back to the main trunk every year, and for this reason they need hard pruning.

The flowers are deep scarlet and borne on long stems. They are most useful for interior decoration.

Two or three other varieties of *erythrina* that can be recommended are *E. Blakei*, a dwarf variety with crimson blossoms, and *E. Hendersonii*, which has salmon-pink flowers. The latter flowers right through the summer.

What a treat to eat!

CHOCOLATE BISCUIT CAKE

Made in 5 minutes with COPHA—needs no cooking!



Chocolate Biscuit Cake wins more exclamations of delight than any other chocolate confection you can give your family or your guests. It is a boon, too, when you are pressed for time or have people call unexpectedly—you can make it quickly enough even for casual visitors! Ask your grocer for free leaflet containing more recipes for Copha Cookless Dainties. Get some Copha* and make Chocolate Biscuit Cake to-day!

Free

THE NEW COPHA RECIPE BOOK

The old question keeps on cropping up—"What Shall I Cook To-day?" Well, here's the answer and the end of your worries—forty pages crammed full of tempting, exciting, yet easy-to-make recipes. They've all been tested in our own kitchens! Write to THE COPHA COMPANY, Dept. WR, at your nearest address below—

SYDNEY: Box 2625 EE, G.P.O. MELBOURNE: Box 2447 V, G.P.O.
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TOWNSVILLE: Box 301, P.O.

RECIPE FOR COPHA CHOCOLATE BISCUIT CAKE

5 ozs. Pure Copha (melted). Essence of Vanilla to flavour.
1 lb. Icing Sugar. 1 lb. Coffee, Malt or other suitable biscuits. (These should be softened by exposure.)
1 Egg.
1 heaped dessertspoon of Cocoa.

Mix together the sifted sugar, cocoa, egg and vanilla. Then stir in the hot (not boiling) Copha. Line cake tin with grease-proof paper; place alternate layers of the mixture and the biscuits until the tin is filled, beginning and finishing with the mixture. Stand in cold place until set.

COPHA
100% pure white shortening

VITA-BRITS

AND JAM

*for a healthy snack
when they come home
from school*

Vita-Brits provide a simple way to give your youngsters the easily digested nourishment of whole wheat. With butter and jam these Vita-Brits—these flakes of whole wheat pressed and golden-toasted into crisp, crunchy "biscuits"—are tasty and healthy.

AND VITA-BRITS FOR BETTER BREAKFASTS

As a breakfast food Vita-Brits are ideal. They're wonderfully economical and save you minutes every morning because you can serve them straight from the packet. Here, for instance, are just some of the ways in which Vita-Brits are "ready to serve": with hot or cold milk . . . with stewed or fresh fruit . . . spread with butter or honey . . . with cream and jam . . . with golden syrup or maple syrup . . . toasted and buttered.

ALL ROUND THE CLOCK, TOO! All round the clock, for scores of delicious dishes, for morning, noon and night, more and more women are using Vita-Brits. The recipes below are typical examples:



YOU CAN SERVE VITA-BRITS IN A DIFFERENT WAY EVERY DAY



BREAKFAST VITA-BRITS GRILLED CHEESE

2 Vita-Brits—2 ozs. cheese—1 dessertspoon milk—½ oz. butter—salt—cayenne—mustard. Split the Vita-Brits through the centre and toast. Melt the butter and add grated cheese, milk and flavour. Spread Vita-Brits with butter and then the cheese mixture. Place under a hot grill and cook slowly till golden brown. Serves two—increase quantities proportionately for extra servings.



MORNING TEA TOASTED VITA-BRITS

For a delicious morning tea that everyone will really relish, try Toasted Vita-Brits. While they're hot from the toaster spread these crunchy Vita-Brits with butter. Use jam or honey, too, if you desire. It's a grand idea—for Vita-Brits are quicker and easier to handle than bread—and far more nourishing, for they contain ALL the goodness of whole wheat.



LUNCHEON VITA-BRITS SALMON CUTLETS

Mix equal parts of cold flaked salmon and hot mashed potatoes. Season with salt and pepper. Shape in the form of cutlets, dip in flour, egg and fine crushed Vita-Brits. Repeat, using medium crushed Vita-Brits. Fry in deep fat and drain. Garnish with lemon and parsley. One 8 oz. tin salmon to ½ lb. mashed potatoes serves five.



AFTERNOON TEA VITA-BRITS SPECIALS

Split Vita-Brits through the centre and then cut in half across to give four cakes from each Vita-Brit. Spread with jam and whipped flavoured cream. Decorate with preserved fruit or nuts.

To split Vita-Brits: Hold firmly on edge and cut with a saw-edged knife or sharp knife dipped in boiling water.



DINNER MADAME'S VITA-BRITS PUDDING

4 ozs. suet—4 ozs. sugar—1 lb. stewed apples—4 ozs. Vita-Brits—3 ozs. sultanas—2 eggs—½ cup milk—1 teaspoon mixed spice. Strain juice from the apples and puree. Chop suet finely and add apples, sugar, crumbed Vita-Brits, sultanas and spice. Add milk and beaten eggs. Bake in a buttered pie dish for 1½ hours in a moderate oven. Serve with boiled custard or sweet sauce. Serves eight.



SUPPER VITA-BRITS SAVOURIES

Split Vita-Brits through centre and then cut in half to provide four crisp savoury bases from each Vita-Brit. Spread each portion with butter and then finish with any savoury mixture you prefer. For instance—spread with liver sausage, place a slice of pickled walnut and gherkin in the centre and decorate with small pieces of red pepper.

**THE
MORNING, NOON & NIGHT
CEREAL**



Now THESE Rooms are quite different!

IN despair for some new ideas for furnishing? Then study these pictures just received by air mail of modern European interior decoration.

A new kind of furniture, different color schemes and unusual accessories will provide you with a wealth of ideas that could easily be adapted for your rooms.

+ By OUR HOME DECORATOR +



LIVING-ROOM in informal style. The walls are palest rose tinge and curtains are cream. Chairs are striped in rose, brown and cream.

PICTURES have been published in these pages recently showing the types of furnishings now popular in America and in England.

To-day's pictures just received by air mail from Europe show the prevailing trend on the Continent and provide an interesting comparison with styles from London and New York.

As in the case of the American and English interiors, these photographs offer new ideas in decoration and furnishings which should be welcome, if only for the reason that interior decoration in this country is too often stereotyped and uninspired.

The picture at top left shows an informal living-room. Walls are palest rose and curtains are cream. The lounge chairs and couch set between a half-wall and a low cabinet at the other end are upholstered in striped tapestry in tones of rose, brown, and cream. The timber in

the furniture is a pale brown tone. The Chinese carpet has a deep cream ground with design in rose, fawns, and browns.

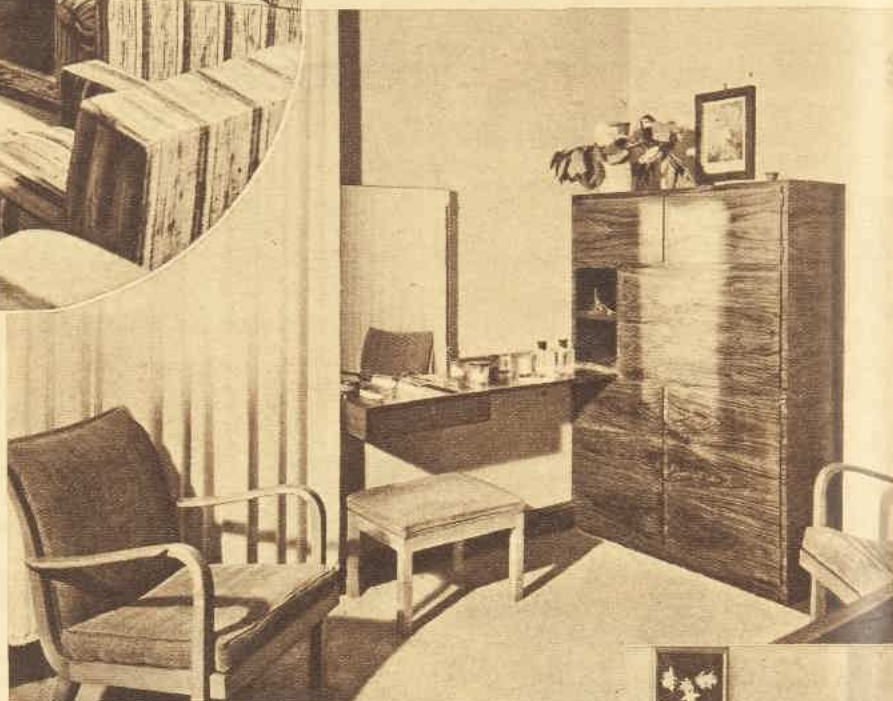
On the wall the Old-World painting is framed in cream lacquered wood, and the antique mirror supports two little candles.

The low coffee-table made in one piece of timber gives an intimate touch.

The centre picture is of a bedroom in a two-tone color scheme. The compact dressing corner should offer an idea suitable for the small flat.

Here the walls are a pale peach and the curtains are off-white silk. The chairs, in natural toned wood like the big dressing cabinet, are upholstered in coral-pink velvet pile; the plaster carpet is a deep off-white.

In the living-room at the foot of the page, also furnished in a style suitable for the small flat, the walls are pale gold. The chairs of light brown wood to match the bookshelves are covered in sage-green velvet pile, while the Persian carpet incorporates rose and rich cream.



COMBINATION DRESSING-TABLE and clothes cabinet—an idea suitable for the small apartment or flat. Walls are peach, curtains off-white, carpet deep off-white and chair-covers bright coral pink.

Notice the unusual features in this room, starting from the main point of interest—the fascinating full-length picture of an ancient Chinese figure. Then the style of the chairs, the circular glass-topped coffee-table with its three slat-like supports, the single bookshelf on one wall holding books and vase of flowers on top, and the lamp-standard in metal with parchment shade.

Notice, too, the mirror doors to the cupboards below the bookshelves

—these give an illusion of space—and the final decoration in the form of a number of ancient Chinese idols set in the bookshelves among volumes bound in natural leather with titles in scarlet.

The small picture shows a modern dining-room. Here the furniture is of brushed oak in a grey-beige finish. The sideboard takes the form of a high cabinet and the chair seats are of leather strips plaited and held in place by big brass studs.



TOP RIGHT: Dining-room setting in oak finished in a grey-beige tone. ABOVE: Living-room in a small flat. Here walls are pale gold, chair-covers sage-green, and carpet cream and rose. The interesting features are the full-length Chinese picture on the wall and the little Chinese idols on the bookshelves.

DYNAMEL THAT BATHROOM!



DYNAMEL everything to smartly match—from the bath-heater, cupboard and stool, to all the woodwork, walls and even the outside of the bath and basin. You can—because Dynamel's high-gloss finish is absolutely heat-resistant—splashproof—can be scrubbed with soap and water. Dynamel is better than enamel. Dries twice as fast. Twice as hard. Always gives a mirror-smooth gloss. Choose from thirty-four lovelier colors on Taubmans Dynamel Color Chart at paint shops everywhere. **ANYBODY CAN DO A GOOD JOB WITH DYNAMEL!**

FREE ADVICE from the famous home decorator—Anne Stewart

Do you want to completely decorate a new home? Or are you just wondering which is the easiest color finish to give the smoothest, quick-drying job on that kitchen chair? Whatever your problem—big or small—Anne Stewart is with us to help you. You're nothing to buy. Nothing to pay for. Just write for advice to Anne Stewart, c/o Taubmans Ltd., Mary St., St. Peters, Sydney, N.S.W.

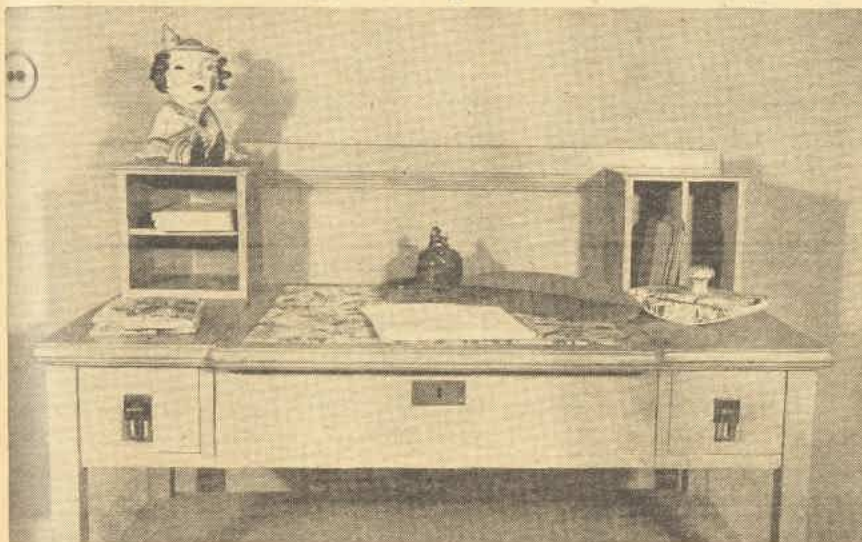
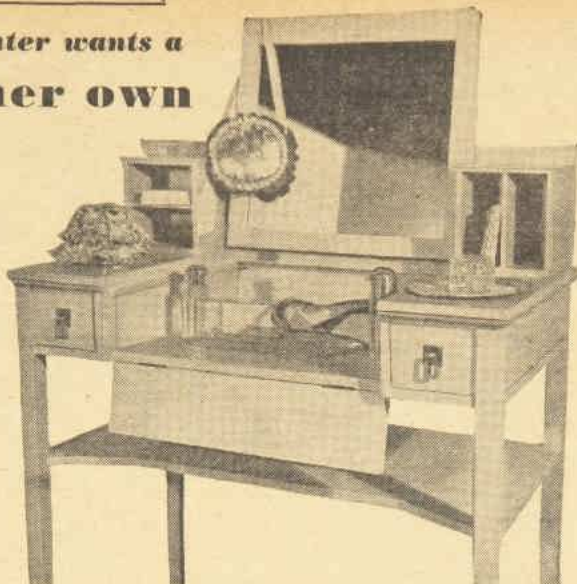
When your daughter wants a Haven of her own

NATURALLY a young sub-deb. wants a room which is more than a bedroom; she wants a place that will give her a sense of rest and individuality by day as well as by night.

By OUR HOME DECORATOR

YOUR daughter is probably beginning to feel the home-making instinct, which once found expression in "playing houses."

She will probably have plenty of ideas of her own about the decoration, but you might suggest that it is wise always to have a fairly plain color foundation, so that she



TWO VIEWS of a combination dressing-table and desk. At the top it is shown as a dressing-table with the top lifted revealing a mirror. The picture below shows the top down, concealing the dressing-table gadgets, and forming a desk surface.

may adapt it as her tastes change. The most intrusive piece of bedroom furniture is the bed. This she will probably like disguised to resemble a couch.

Very little can be done with an ordinary bed with elevated head and foot boards. The simplest and cheapest way to solve the problem is to have four short plain legs

bolted to a simple wire mattress. Then spread a floor-length coverlet over the bed in the daytime.

Pillows may either be stored in the daytime or transformed into divan cushions by means of loose covers.

A curtained alcove also forms a neat way of concealing the bed. If no niche has been provided one can sometimes be contrived by means of a large cupboard projecting into the room.

Beds of the kind used for modern bachelor flats are often very attractive. Some of these are couches with elevated ends into which bookshelves are built, and drawers beneath where the bed-clothes can be stored.

A writing-desk

IT is extremely likely that your daughter will want a writing-desk of some kind—even if her only use for the pen is letter-writing.

If space or funds do not permit a separate piece of furniture, try a combination desk and dressing-table, such as the one you see illustrated on this page.

The top lifts to form a mirror, when in use as a dressing-table; and when the top is down the powder and make-up paraphernalia are concealed in the cavity so formed.

If the young occupant of the room is at the stage when a separate desk is much more important than the dressing-table, the latter can be achieved very cheaply by two bracket shelves, one on either side of a long unframed mirror. A small seat placed in front ensures comfort in making-up.

The furniture of the room, if being newly bought, should be simple, plain and good. Built-in cupboards are, of course, an excellent notion.

If you cannot afford to buy new furniture for the room, let the owner try her hand at painting any shabby pieces. A few tins of lacquer will work wonders with cheap furniture.



BY APPOINTMENT



The table salt which filled this salt-cellar on Queen Victoria's table was Cerebos . . . you, too, who have refinement, will know that unless there is Cerebos Salt your table is not "Correct."

★ In the leading hotels no salt other than Cerebos is ever served.

CEREBOS SALT



GOODBYE..GREY HAIR!



Years drop off your age when the grey hair goes

THE grey in your hair is not wanted—nor is it one of those evils that must be endured—any more! This inexpensive home treatment brings back the NATURAL colour to any hair—blonde, brunette or auburn. If it was auburn—to auburn it returns . . . if it was black—black it becomes and so on. There is NO repulsive off-shade appearance—for this natural home treatment is not a dye, and it is as simple to use as it is effective in treatment.

HERE'S WHAT TO DO

Just get a small box of Orlex Compound from your chemist and mix up with one ounce of Bay Rum, ¼ ounce Glycerine and one half-pint of water. This only costs a little. Comb the liquid through the hair every other day until the mixture

is used up. It is absolutely harmless, free from grease or gum, is not sticky and does not rub off. Itchy dandruff, if you have any, quickly leaves your scalp, and your hair is left beautifully soft and glossy. Just try this if you would look years and years more youthful.

ORLEX COMPOUND

THE CASE OF THOMAS S



NAME: Thomas S. AGE: 15.
OCCUPATION: Schoolboy.

SYMPTOMS: Dull and listless. Fails at examinations. Can't concentrate. Slow at games. Irritable with other children. Bulky with grown-ups. Has headaches and bilious attacks.

DIAGNOSIS: Constipation - resulting in toxins (poisons) being absorbed by the bloodstream - undermining the whole system.

TREATMENT: Restore normal bowel action immediately with Nyal Figsen.

HOW TO BANISH CONSTIPATION

NYAL FIGSEN ends constipation in a NATURAL way because it is a combination of three of Nature's own laxatives—Figs, Senna and Cascara. Figsen is a pleasant-tasting tablet. You chew it up. Restore normal bowel action promptly and gently with Figsen—equally good for adults and children. Sold and recommended by chemists everywhere. 1/3 tin.

NYAL FIGSEN
FOR CONSTIPATION

BR-18



**THE NEAT GIBBS
TIN IS JUST THE
THING FOR KIDDIES
— AND THEY LOVE
Gibbs REFRESHING
FLAVOUR TOO**

Small tins . . . 1/-
Large tins . . . 1/6
Large refills 1/3

At all Chemists and Stores
Gibbs Dentifrice
CHANCE TO GIBBS TO-DAY
87.92.92

TOO FAT FOR COMFORT

Seaweed reducing treatment is by far the safest and most effective for the majority of obese cases, and having only health giving and tonic properties, cannot damage the system like some treatments do. It will not affect the heart and can have no ill-effects, and on getting down to normal weight desired, one does not immediately put on weight again as in the case of reduction by exercise. This is the opinion of Mr. Len, O. Siga, Pharmaceutical Chemist, of Collingwood, who has made a careful study of fat reducing properties over many years. He supplies the Special Reducing Tablets at 4/6 plus 3d. post for 3 weeks' supply. There is nothing secret about these, the formula is printed on each bottle. The Reducing Massage Cream acts by absorption—4/6 jar, post 6d. The Seaweed Stimulating Bath Salts are used as well (for drastic reduction), 2/- each, 10/6 for 6 paks, post 1/6. A diet chart is supplied free for meals day by day. Testimonials from all over Commonwealth. Write him.

WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME

By A DOCTOR

The problem of youth . . . SKIN BLEMISHES

DOCTOR, I wonder if you could do something for my daughter's skin. It has been getting worse for about a year, and, although I suppose she will outgrow it in time, at present it is making her self-conscious and miserable.

That is the worst thing about acne, Mrs. Collins—the psychological aspect. Because of all the unfortunate superstitions about it, young people go through agonies of shame and misery. And the tragedy is that it is all so unnecessary. Not one of those superstitions is founded on fact.

Has that really been proved, doctor?

Beyond doubt, Mrs. Collins. We know for certain now that cleanliness or lack of it has nothing to do with acne.

Little sub-debs and boys at exclusive schools have it as well as the less privileged.

Perhaps it is more common among the poor, but that is only because living conditions are harder and there is even less knowledge of proper treatment.

And the idea that acne is due to bad blood working its way out is just another fallacy.

But, doctor, what about the old idea that acne is caused by some sex disturbance? Is there nothing in that, either?

That is the most outrageous superstition of all, and the one which has done the most harm.

If only we could clean away all these false ideas and the inferiority complexes they cause, what needless unhappiness would be saved!

Yes, indeed, doctor. But if there is nothing in those superstitions, what DOES cause acne?

A slightly unequal development during adolescence, Mrs. Collins.

During the period of growing up, growth is rapid and often uneven, and the various functions of the body don't always keep strict pace with each other.

The tiny glands on the skin of the face, neck, shoulders and chest may put on a spurt and produce oil faster than the skin can get rid of it.

But sometimes the oil thickens and clogs in the pores of the skin, causing stubborn blackheads that can't be got out by ordinary means. They push up in angry points and deep lumps, and the result is acne.

So you see it is nothing to be ashamed of. Because of unequal development what is meant to keep the skin soft and supple temporarily disfigures it. That is all.

I see, doctor. Then I suppose all that one can do is outgrow it?

Not at all. There is no need to wait until the condition rights itself.

Send your daughter along to me, and I'll see what I can do.

Of course, the earlier acne is treated the better are the chances of a cure, and the less the danger of unsightly scars, but even with very serious cases the percentage of cures is high.

ALL YOUNG GIRLS like to look as beautiful as does youthful Arlene Whelan, 20th Century-Fox player. On this page the doctor tells you the truth about acne, which causes so much worry during adolescence.

What sort of treatment do you use, doctor?

Strictly speaking, a combination of four methods, Mrs. Collins. In about half the cases two of them are enough.

First I advise a great deal of face washing, night and morning, and even during the day, using a pure olive oil soap and a complexion brush which will help not only to clean the face but to get rid of the dried-up plugs of excess oil.

Sometimes preliminary steaming of the face over a basin of hot water helps to loosen the dried-up oil. After washing, it is advisable to rinse the face in cold water to close the pores again, and, in the case of any pimples, to finish with a mild antiseptic lotion.

There is need, also, for an improvement in general health and living conditions.

In more stubborn cases it is necessary to employ vaccines and even X-ray treatment. Sometimes injections of gland extracts can be used to control the glandular secretions.

So that is how it's done, doctor. Well, I'll send Peggy in to you at once. She will be overjoyed if you can do anything to help her.

I'll do my best, Mrs. Collins. But she and you will have to help me.

Plenty of outdoor exercise, lots of fresh air and sunlight, and a simple diet based on fresh foods like fruit,

vegetables, and milk instead of sweets, pastries, and rich fried foods is what she needs.

For young wives and mothers

TRUBY KING SYSTEM

ABOUT NURSERY EQUIPMENT

ONE of the cares and responsibilities of the young mother who is expecting her first babe is to provide various articles for equipping the nursery.

The knowledge of what to provide and how to make dainty and attractive necessary pieces of simple furniture and furnishing will solve many problems for her.

The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau has prepared a free leaflet on this subject. Any reader who is interested can obtain this by sending a stamped addressed envelope with the request for it to The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4299YY, G.P.O., Sydney.

Please endorse your envelope "Mothercraft."

Stop those COLD-WEATHER Skin Miseries

86. "I use 'Vaseline' Jelly to keep the corners of my mouth from getting cracked with the cold". 5/- to Mrs. Chamberlain of Kent Street.



88. "I have found 'Vaseline' Jelly very soothing for cold sores in the nostril". 5/- to Mrs. Bennett of Cecil Street.

89. "When I'm getting a cold sore on my lip, I use 'Vaseline' Jelly to take away the burning feeling and prevent blistering". 5/- to Mrs. Pagram of Burwood Road.



87. "In cold weather, behind my ears cracks and bleeds, but 'Vaseline' Jelly quickly soothes and heals them". 5/- to Miss Hayes of Cremwick Road.

90. "During the winter I find that a little 'Vaseline' Jelly rubbed into my children's hands prevents cracking and bleeding from frostbite". 5/- to Mrs. Friend of Horsely Road.



91. "I used to suffer with chapped ankles in cold weather, but a little 'Vaseline' Jelly applied regularly soon softened and healed them". 5/- to Miss Lucas of Marshall Mount.



We will pay 5/- to anyone sending in uses for "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly which we are able to accept and publish. Just post your suggestion to Chesebrough, Dept. (A23) Box 1131 J., G.P.O., Melbourne.

Remember when you buy, to look for the trademark VASELINE. This trademark identifies the original Petroleum Jelly, especially refined and purified for medical and toilet uses. Do not accept substitutes.

Look for this
name on the jar

Vaseline
PETROLEUM JELLY



NERVOUSNESS

is often due to indigestion caused by improper elimination. If not corrected it may become a chronic condition. Califig (California Syrup of Figs) is an ideal pure fruit laxative. Doctors recommend it for children and adults. Its gentle action will not upset even the most delicate system.



CALIFIG
CALIFORNIA SYRUP OF FIGS

NATURE'S OWN
LAXATIVE

She's here to help . . . Little Miss Precious Minutes

SUCH a wise little soul is Miss Precious Minutes. She knows that good things are worth caring for, and this week she tells you quick, economical ways to lengthen the life of things round the home.

TIME so spent, says Miss Precious Minutes, is time saved in the long run, and money, too.

For instance, if the borer or furniture beetle has made his home in your furniture, don't despair.

Little Miss Precious Minutes knows how to cut his life short.

SHE says: Take a small paint-brush, a soft duster, an old-fashioned fountain-pen filler or pressure oil-can, and a small basin or cup to hold the destroying liquid—strong turpentine is excellent.

INTO all of the holes made by the beetle while it was in the grub stage inject a generous quantity of the liquid with the fountain-pen filler or oil-can. This liquid will run out of other holes, as they are all connected up through tunnelling of this destructive pest.

AFTER dealing with the holes individually, take the paint-brush, dipped in turpentine, and go over the whole of the wooden surface, particularly underneath the seats of chairs and round the bases of the legs.

THIS treatment not only kills the grubs in the wood, but prevents the beetles from laying eggs. Do the job in the garden if you can—away from furniture not affected by the pest.

EXAMINE the pieces treated regularly. If after twelve months from the first treatment no new holes and no sign of powder appear, then your furniture is cured and need only be inspected at three-month or six-month intervals.

SOON you will be storing your blankets for the summer months and, of course, you will launder them beforehand. Wash one blanket at a time, using mild soap and soft lukewarm water.

The A.B.C. of cookery

- Saccharine:** An extremely sweet substance obtained from coal tar.
- Saccharometer:** An instrument for estimating the percentage of sugar in a solution.
- Saddle:** The joint (mutton or lamb), including both loins, that is, the backbone with the ribs on each side of it.
- Safflower:** A deep orange coloring used in cooking.
- Salpicon:** Filling for patty cases, frittatas, timbales, etc., made of minced chicken, ham, mushrooms, etc.
- Salsify:** A vegetable like sea-kale, which is usually boiled.

satins, apply the soap with a soft brush, rubbing gently. If very soiled give them a second wash in fresh soapwater. Rinse them three times in lukewarm water.

If you use a wringer, loosen the tension and fold the blankets straight before inserting them. Dry in the shade, hung over the line without pegs. Of course, a brisk breeze is the ideal drying medium.

Keep your handbags fresh and smart

SUEDE handbags can be given a new lease of life by rubbing them with a fine emery paper; this is especially good if they are rain-spotted. A small rubber or wire brush is handy as a daily freshener for suede.

Silver or gold thread evening bags can be prevented from tarnishing by wrapping them in blue or black tissue paper. Velvet evening bags that have become creased will come up smiling if you hold them in front of a steaming kettle spout—and brush them the way of the pile. Diamante trimmings can be easily and quickly cleaned with an application of eau-de-Cologne or refined spirit.

IF two glasses become stuck together, the safest way to separate them is to fill the inside glass with cold water and place them both in warm water.

TAKE care of your brooms. Never leave them standing on their bristles. Keep them on a broom rack or screw a hook into their handles and hang them up.

BEFORE using a new broom, soak it in warm water for several hours, shake it and hang to dry. This will make the bristles more pliable and lengthen its life.

WHEN buying a broom make sure the bristles are bound and not merely stuck in—this type of broom soon moulds.

ABOUT your electric iron—don't drop it. Keep handle bolts and nuts tight and the sole plate slick and clean. Disconnect at the wall, don't keep pulling plug out of iron. This wears the cord.

ABOUT your vacuum-cleaner. Empty the dust out at least once a week.

Keep brushes free of threads and hair. Oil only according to the in-

LITTLE Miss Precious Minutes uses every moment of her time to the best advantage. She looks after her furniture and clothes so that they are always in good order. Here you see her waging war on the furniture-borer.

structions which are stamped on to most machines. Too much oil can be as harmful as not enough, and some machines are oiled by the makers for long service.

AND about your washing machine.

Always observe the right water-level.

Do not overload the machine, as this places dangerous strain on the motor.

Keep strainer of drain outlet in place. Buttons may get into the pump and cause costly damage.

Oil the motor and mechanism according to maker's instructions.

ALWAYS clean your golf clubs after a game. Never put them away with a coating of mud and grass stains. Wipe them clean with a slightly damp cloth, and apply a thin coating of vaseline or some greasy application which can be quickly and easily wiped off before you use them again.

STOCKINGS, blouses, and neckwear, all so important to your daily freshness, can be washed overnight and dried on a drier made from two coat-hangers and three pieces of wooden dowelling about half an inch or an inch thick, and say, one yard long.



INTO the hangers drill three holes to take the dowelling rods. The hangers form the ends and can be hung up by their hooks.

Quite a number of small articles can be hung up on this airer, and if there has been a fire in the room all evening you will find them dry next morning.

OLD pillow-cases make excellent dress-covers in a crowded wardrobe where clothes are handled frequently. Into the closed end of the pillow-case cut a hole large enough to admit the hook of a hanger.

This is a good idea for clothes that are to be put away until the next season—the pillow-case covers the complete top half of the garment.

THE top drawers of the dressing-table always seem to be the most difficult to keep tidy. Gloves, handkerchiefs, artificial flowers and what not often get more shabby from being pushed around the drawers than they do from actual wear.

IF the drawers are fitted with little compartments made of three-ply to accommodate the various accessories it will save time and certainly keep the "bloom" on your possessions much longer.

NOW that pointed finger-nails are coming back into fashion, a tiny piece of cotton-wool pressed into the finger-tips and thumbs of your suede and kid gloves will save a lot of wear and minimise soil marks.

FREE...a new, easier way to better starching

Reckitt's have just published an interesting little booklet telling you how easy and economical starching can be. You ought to have it. Send for your free copy now.

COUPON

RECKITT'S (OVER SEA) LIMITED
Dept. A 145 Bourke St., Redfern, Sydney
Please send me a free copy of "A Little Bird Told Me."

Name _____
Address _____

ROBIN Starch
GIVES WINGS TO YOUR IRON

Stop ACHES, PAINS, Stiff AND Swollen Joints
End Rheumatism, Back Weakness, Kidney Trouble, etc.

Drive out kidney-acid pain and risk this modern way. No need to suffer the tortures of Rheumatism; Stiff, swollen joints; Cramp; Sore, Aching Muscles; Neuritis; Lumbago; Sciatica or Backache. Harrison's Pills give quick relief, ending the trouble the surest way. This remedy of a London doctor effectively and safely cures the system of uric acid, acids, poisons—that cause your suffering. Why go on day after day, risking being crippled when taking relief is to be had? Harrison's Pills strengthen the over-burdened kidneys, act antispasmodically and eliminate the uric acid and urates interfering with the proper action of the joints and muscles. Promptly you will find Harrison's Pills improve your whole health—buffness under the eyes; puny, tired, "worn out" feeling stopped; that weary sense of active life being over for you replaced by vigorous fitness. Take Harrison's Pills and regain YOUR youth without further delay. At all good chemists—2/-, 3/-, or 5/-—Benefit from the first bottle or money back guaranteed.

HARRISON'S PILLS

H.P. 108-932.

THEY THOUGHT MY JOHNNY WAS SPOILED



SIX WEEKS LATER
YOU SEE MRS. PETERS, CHILDREN GROW DURING SLEEP. THIS USES UP ENERGY, HEARTBEATS AND BREATHING ALSO USE ENERGY. IF THIS ENERGY IS NOT REPLACED, CHILDREN GET NERVOUS AND FINICKY. IT'S NIGHT-STARVATION, SO GIVE HIM HORLICKS
CAN I CARRY SOME OF YOUR PARCELS MUM?
JOHNNY'S A DIFFERENT BOY NOW!
WHEN your child starts to get cranky and nervous . . . loses weight . . . and just picks at his food, then start him on Horlicks. Horlicks soon brings the appetite back, changes paleness and listlessness into radiant good-tempered vitality. Children love the flavour of Horlicks—especially when it's made with the Horlicks Mixer. Horlicks is priced from 1/6d. Economy size, 2/9. Special Pack, with Mixer, 2/4.

HORLICKS
at bedtime guards children against "Night-Starvation".

BRONCHIAL ASTHMA

JUST A FEW SIPS AND — LIKE A FLASH — RELIEF!
Sleep Sound All Night.

Spend 2/3 to-day at any chemist or store for a bottle of Buckley's CANADIOL Mixture (syrupy acting) — by far the largest-selling cough medicine in all of blizzard cold Canada—takes a couple of doses and sleep sound all night long. One little sip and the ordinary cough is "on its way"—continue for 2 or 3 days and you'll hear no more from that tough old hang-on cough that nothing seems to help.

Buckley's CANADIOL MIXTURE
As supplied to Canadian Government—and to the Canadian Mounted Police.
A Single Sip Proves It

YOUR RECIPE *might win* one of our CASH PRIZES

ARE you an enterprising cook, always experimenting in the kitchen and producing new dishes to please your family? If so, you should send one of those recipes in to our weekly competition. It might win a cash prize.

EVERY week a prize of £1 is given for the best recipe, and a consolation prize of 2/6 is given for every other recipe published.

This week the first prize goes to an unusual recipe for stuffing a leg of lamb. It is so easy to slip into monotonous ways of cooking joints, and such a pity, when a novel stuffing will make all the difference.

You know how disheartening that murmur of "Oh, lamb again!" can be to the hard-working cook, so try this prize-winning suggestion for a change. It is flavoured with pineapple, a very useful fruit in ringing the changes on meat.

LAMB WITH PINEAPPLE SEASONING

Boned leg of lamb, and for stuffing: Two tablespoons minced onion, 2 tablespoons melted butter, 2 cups soft breadcrumbs, 1½ teaspoons salt, pepper, 1 tablespoon minced parsley, 1 cup crushed drained pineapple, juice from the pineapple, 1 teaspoon ground ginger, 1 tablespoon lemon juice.

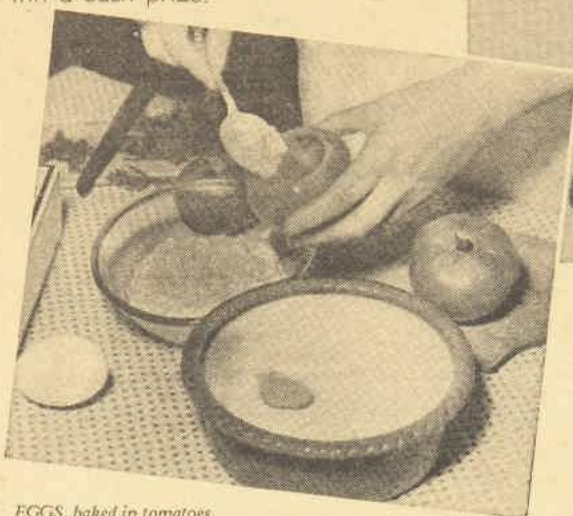
Saute onions in melted butter until tender, add breadcrumbs, and brown. Remove from stove, add 1 teaspoon salt, pepper, parsley, and drained pineapple. Stuff and skewer lamb and rub over with a mixture of 1 teaspoon salt, the pepper, ground ginger and some softened butter. Bake 1 hour in very hot oven. Pour pineapple and lemon juice, mixed together, over lamb. Reduce oven heat and finish baking, allowing 20 minutes to each pound. Remove lamb and make brown gravy.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. E. Bakkelo, 29 Herbert St., South Plympton, S.A.

BAKED FIG SPONGE PUDDING

Three-quarter pound dried figs, 2 eggs, 4oz. butter, 4oz. flour, 4oz. sugar, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 2 strips lemon rind or peel.

After soaking figs overnight, stew them until tender in the soaking water, adding 2 tablespoons sugar and the lemon rind. Beat butter and sugar to a cream. Add the



EGGS, baked in tomatoes, are an excellent breakfast dish. (See recipe on this page). Use a pointed spoon or sharp knife for scooping out the tomatoes.

beaten eggs. Sprinkle in the flour and baking powder and mix all together. Grease in pie-dish with butter. Place figs in bottom. Cover with batter and bake 35 to 40 minutes. Sprinkle a little castor sugar over the top. If liked serve with chocolate custard sauce.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. D. Mann, 143 Gaffney Lane, Broken Hill, N.S.W.

STRAWBERRY CREAM BISCUITS

Half cup butter, 1 cup sugar, 2 cups plain flour, 1 teaspoon cream of tartar, 1 teaspoon carb. soda, 2 eggs.

Cream butter and sugar. Rub in sifted flour, cream of tartar and soda. Drop in two eggs unbeaten. Mix well. Roll out mixture 1 inch thick. Cut into rounds. Bake in brisk oven. When cold place following mixture on top:

One ounce gelatine, 1lb. sugar, 2

cups water, 1 teaspoon vanilla, pinch of salt.

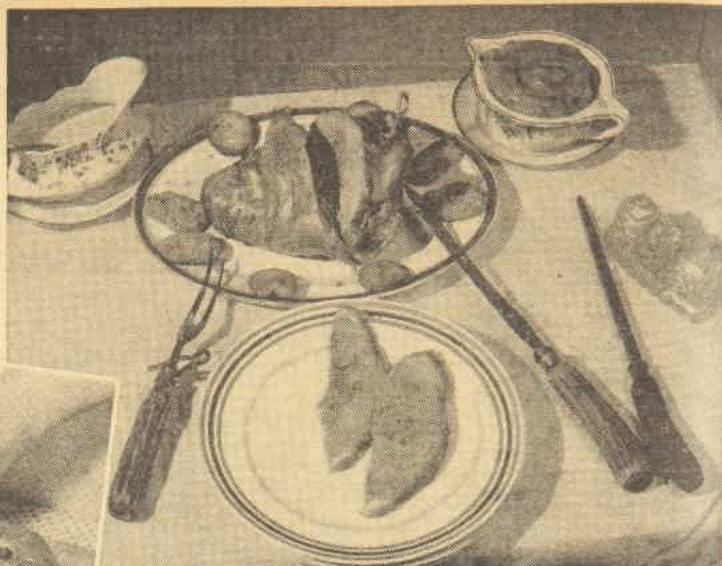
Put gelatine in one cup of water and stand 10 minutes. Add remainder of water and melt on stove. Add sugar, salt and vanilla. Boil gently 1 hour. Cool in basin. Beat until mixture looks like a snowball. Cover the tops of biscuits with mixture and dip top in white or pink coconut.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. Bridge, 75 North Rd., Ryde, N.S.W.

EGGS BAKED IN TOMATO

Eggs, tomatoes, cooked bacon or ham, buttered toast, parsley.

Remove centre of tomato, being careful not to break the sides (use a teaspoon and a pointed knife). Cut up about 1 teaspoon of cooked bacon or ham and put into tomato. Then break a fresh egg into it. Stand on a greased plate. Sprinkle salt and stand in moderate oven till egg sets. Serve on a round of buttered



LAMB, with pineapple stuffing, wins the first prize in this week's competition. See recipe on this page and try it yourself.

toast. Wash a thick stalk of parsley and put over the top for the handle, and put 2 little sprigs on either side just where the handle enters the tomato.

The centre of the tomato may be put into a saucepan and mashed finely with a fork. Add a pinch of sugar, salt and pepper and 1 teaspoon butter. Break 1 egg into it and beat well. Stir over the fire like scrambled egg and serve on hot buttered toast. Watch carefully that it does not curdle.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Mildred Gray, Club House, Isa Mines, Mt. Isa, Qld.

CREAM SWANS

Two ounces butter, 1 pint water, 4oz. plain flour, pinch salt, 3 eggs, 1 pint cream, 1 tablespoon sugar, essence of vanilla.

Boil water and butter in saucepan. Remove from heat. Add sifted flour. Beat until smooth and return to heat, stirring until mixture leaves the saucepan sides. Allow to cool. Stir gradually the well-beaten eggs and salt. Put on a buttered tray in small oval shapes to represent swans. On a separate tin through a bag fitted with small plain pipe force long shapes of mixture to represent swans' necks and heads.

Do not open oven door until they have been in 10 minutes. When cold fill with whipped cream, sweetened with sugar and vanilla. Spread a little on each side of swan, and place a neck in each to resemble a swan.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. R. Carlidge, Private Bag, Smithton, Tas.

BAKED STEAK WITH PRUNE STUFFING

Two pounds thick-cut topside steak, 1 cup breadcrumbs, 1 steamed or parboiled onion, little powdered thyme and marjoram, grated lemon rind, salt and pepper, 1 tablespoon butter, 1lb. prunes, 3 or 4 bacon rashers, 1 tablespoon flour, about 1 cup beef dripping.

Wash prunes and soak if necessary to soften. Drain and remove stones. Mix breadcrumbs and seasonings, and add finely-chopped onion and melted butter. Make a pocket in the steak, and in it arrange alternate layers of prepared seasoning and prunes. Sew up the opening with needle and white thread. Rub seasoned flour into steak surface, and wrap bacon rashers round. Cover with buttered paper and place on a trivet or meat stand in a baking dish with heated dripping. Bake in a hot oven for 15 minutes, then reduce the heat and bake slowly for 1 to 1½ hours, basting frequently. Remove from baking pan and make gravy to serve with the meat.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss M. Oram, 40 Campbell St., Bowen Hills Nl, Brisbane.

RABBIT BEEHIVE

Two small rabbits, 1lb. spaghetti, 1 dessertspoon gelatine, 2 hard-cooked eggs, salt and pepper.

Wash and joint rabbits and cook in slightly salted water until tender. In another saucepan cook spaghetti in salted water. Have ready a basin mould. Rinse with cold water, line with the cooked spaghetti round the basin in beehive fashion. Cut meat from rabbit bones and lay in basin with hard-cooked eggs cut into slices. Dissolve gelatine in a little water and add to the stock in which

rabbit was cooked, adding seasoning to taste. Pour this over rabbit, etc., in basin mould, being careful to keep spaghetti in position. Allow to set, and to unmould lay a hot cloth over basin for a few minutes before turning beehive out on to a dish surrounded by shredded lettuce and sliced tomatoes.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. H. Rogers, Huntley's Pt. Rd., Huntley's Pt., N.S.W.

ORANGE FLOWERS

Four large sweet navel oranges, 1½ cups milk, 1lb. swiss roll, 3 dessertspoons sugar, 1 pint cream, 1 dessertspoon castor sugar, 2 small eggs, crystallised cherries, desiccated coconut.

Make a custard with milk, eggs and 3 dessertspoons sugar. Allow it to become cold, then strain. Cut the swiss roll in slices. Peel oranges, removing all the pith possible. Cut oranges in slices across through segment. Reserve 4 or 5 of the best slices for the top of the sweet. Put a layer of orange in a deep bowl. Over this sprinkle a little coconut and add a layer of swiss roll. Cover this with custard. Continue in this way with custard for the final layer. Whip cream with the castor sugar and pile on top. Decorate with the reserved orange, placing half a crystallised cherry in the centre of each slice.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. D. Thomas, 39 Merriwa St., Nedlands, W.A.

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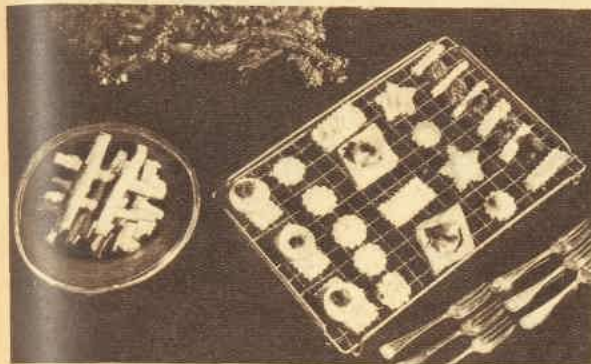
Ever try your hand at MAKING BISCUITS?

IT'S really not difficult. And it's a great comfort to have a stock of biscuits on hand—sweet and savory—for those unexpected suppers and teas that eventuate at odd moments.

The recipes given below are quite simple, and if you follow the directions carefully you can prove yourself quite an adept at biscuit-making.

By MARY FORBES

Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly



CHEESE BISCUITS and cheese straws—savory tidbits that are always welcome for supper, teas and at cocktail parties. Recipe for making given below.

HERE are a few points to remember when making biscuits. Here they are:

1. The mixtures should be dry and stiff, or the biscuits will spread and lose their shape in the cooking.
2. Prick small flat biscuits before cooking. This prevents them rising unevenly.
3. Very rich mixtures should be placed in the ice-chest or refrigerator to be chilled first, to obviate adding extra flour. The less flour used the richer and shorter the biscuit when cooked.
4. Biscuits, as a general rule, are cooked slowly in moderate heat, 225 degrees F. to 375 degrees F. The richer the mixture, the hotter the oven for cooking. This sets the biscuit and prevents spreading.

GINGER CRESCENTS

Two ounces butter, 4oz. flour, 1

egg-yolk, 1 1/2oz. brown sugar, 1/2 teaspoon baking powder, 1/2 teaspoon ground ginger.

Ginger Icing: 1/2 cup condensed milk, 1 cup icing sugar, 1/2 teaspoon ground ginger, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 1/2 cup chopped preserved ginger (sugar removed).

Cream butter and sugar, add egg-yolk; add gradually the sifted flour, baking powder and ginger. Mix into a stiff dough. Roll out thinly and cut out with a small crescent cutter, prick, glaze with egg-white and cook in moderate oven, 350 degrees F., for 12-15 minutes until crisp. Allow to cool and ice with the ginger icing.

To Make Ginger Icing: Add icing sugar to the condensed milk, then add lemon juice, ground ginger. Beat well until creamy, then add finely-cut preserved ginger. Use at once.

CHILDREN love these almond fingers and almond cookies. They are decorated with a little icing and crystallised cherries.

CARAMEL BUTTER BISCUITS

Half pound butter, 6oz. brown sugar, 1 egg, 8oz. plain flour, 1/2 teaspoon mixed spice, 1/2 teaspoon cinnamon, 1oz. blanched almonds.

Cream butter and sugar, add egg and beat well. Sift flour, spice and cinnamon, and add gradually to creamed butter and sugar. Mix into a very stiff dough, using more flour if necessary. With lightly-floured hands make into small balls and place on buttered tin. Press half an almond into each. Bake in moderate oven, 375 degrees F., until crisp.

BUTTERSCOTCH BISCUITS

One and a half cups sifted flour, 1 1/2 teaspoons baking powder, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1/2 cup butter, 1/2 cup firmly-packed brown sugar, 1/2 teaspoon vanilla, a few drops essence of lemon, 1 egg.

Sift flour, baking powder and salt. Cream butter and sugar well together, add egg well-beaten with vanilla and essence of lemon. Add flour and mix to a stiff dough. Make into rolls about 2 inches in diameter, wrap each in waxed paper and place in ice-chest or refrigerator until thoroughly chilled. Cut roll into 1/8th inch slices, place on buttered swiss roll tin, prick well, and bake in moderately hot oven, 375 degrees F., about 8-10 minutes.

ALMOND COOKIES

Four ounces ground almonds, 1 egg, 7oz. icing sugar, little lemon juice, 1 teaspoon flour, 1oz. crystallised cherries.

Sift 5oz. icing sugar and flour into a basin. Add ground almonds and 1 teaspoon lemon juice and bind to a stiff paste with beaten egg. Flour a baking-sheet and place mixture on this in small round strips, or pipe through a forcing bag with large rose pipe. Bake in a moderate oven (325 deg. F.) for 20 minutes. When the biscuits are cool, decorate with 1/2 teaspoon of warm water icing mixed with a little lemon juice. Drop in the centre and decorate with a piece of crystallised cherry.

CHEESE BISCUITS AND CHEESE STRAWS

Three ounces grated cheese, 3oz. plain flour, 2oz. butter, 1/2 teaspoon baking powder, 1/2 teaspoon salt, paprika to taste, or cayenne.

Mix dry ingredients together, rub in the butter, and moisten with sufficient milk to make a stiff dough. Roll out thinly and cut out with fancy cutters of different shapes. Prick well, glaze with a little milk, sprinkle with grated cheese and a little paprika. Cook in hot oven (400 deg. F.) for about 10 minutes until golden.

Straws may also be made from this mixture by cutting the dough into strips 1-inch wide and 5 inches long. Cook at same temperature as biscuits.

Cheese biscuits may be used as the foundation for savorys.



ALMOND FINGERS

Four ounces butter, 8oz. flour, 2oz. castor sugar, 1 yolk of egg, 1 table-spoon icing sugar, a little beaten white of egg, 1oz. chopped almond, almond essence to flavor.

Rub butter into flour, add castor sugar, mix into a stiff dough with yolk of egg and almond essence. A very little milk may be required if

too dry. Roll out into a long, narrow strip and cut into fingers. Partly bake for 8 minutes in slow oven (325 deg. F.). Remove from oven and brush over with icing sugar moistened with a little beaten white of egg, using a pastry brush. Sprinkle with chopped almonds and return to oven to cook for a further 10 minutes at the same oven temperature.

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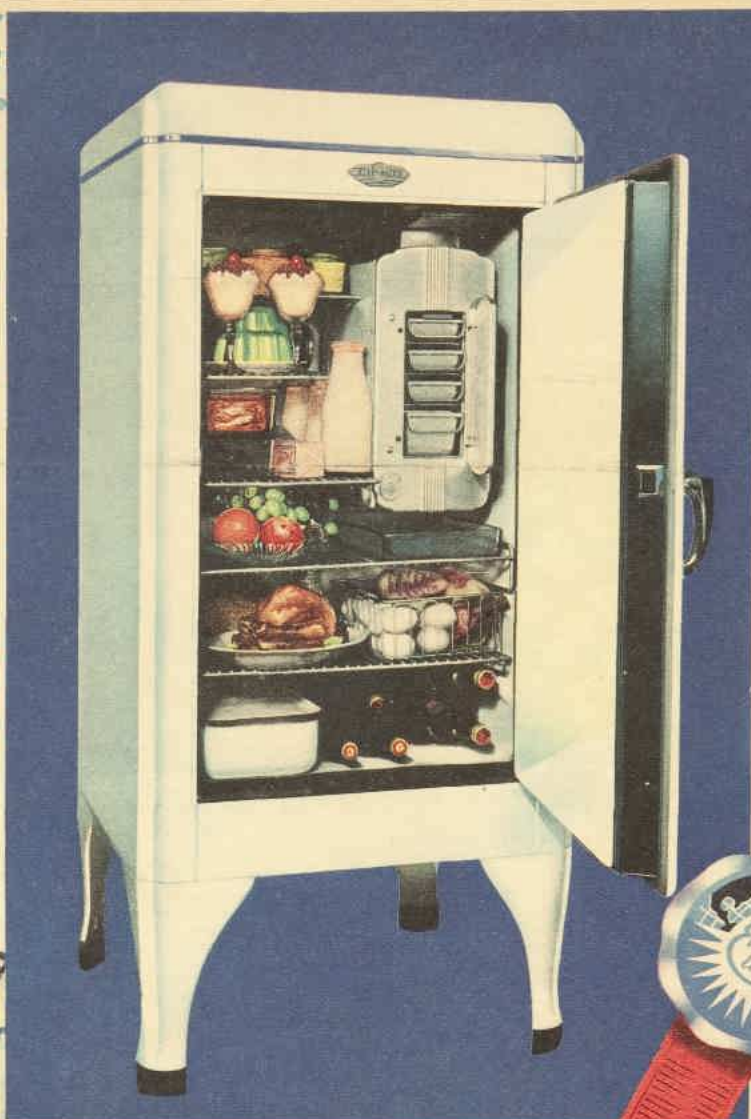


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PAUL TEMPLE

— and —

THE FRONT PAGE MEN

By
*Francis
Durbridge*



Australian Women's Weekly
NOVEL, August 19, 1939



SUPPLEMENT—MUST NOT
BE SOLD SEPARATELY



PAUL TEMPLE

— and —

THE FRONT PAGE MEN

By FRANCIS DURBRIDGE



INSPECTOR HUNTER stood before Chief Inspector Charles Mackenzie Reed in the latter's little private office.

"The Chief says you're to come in with us on this Blakeley case," began Mac in dubious tones. He had heard that Hunter was brilliant, but erratic.

"Why, I'll be glad to, Mac. I've always wanted to study your methods," Hunter assured him fervently.

"It's a most peculiar case," continued Mac, disregarding the flattery, "and you'll have to be patient, I warn ye. I've got Marshall, Rigby and Nelson checking up every clue, but so far—"

"Perhaps you'd give me the history of the case, Mac," put in Hunter. Reed's face hardened a trifle. He resented young Hunter addressing him with this familiarity. These college cubs were no sooner inside the Yard than they were running the show, he reflected. However, Mac selected a small batch of cards from a file on his desk and motioned Hunter to a chair.

"Early in January, Mitchell and Bell published a novel called 'The Front Page Men'—"

"Jolly good yarn, too," broke in Hunter. "You've read it, of course?"

"I have no time for reading detective novels. Nelson and Rigby went through it and made a report."

"Oh—" Hunter subsided. "I see."

"As you're a literary sort of feller, maybe you already know that the book sold very well indeed, both here and in America," continued Reed, with a hint of sarcasm in his voice.

"Eighty thousand copies to date. It was in the paper this morning," Hunter informed him cheerfully.

"That's beside the point at the moment," said Mac, who did not relish these constant interruptions. "The thing that interests us is a raid at the Margate Central Bank, and the murder of the head cashier—a young fellow called Sydney Debenham."

"Yes, nasty business that," agreed Hunter. "Seems to have been hushed up lately. Weren't you looking after the case?"

"I am still looking after it," retorted Mac in no uncertain manner. "But I don't propose to broadcast it in the news bulletins!"

"Sorry," murmured Hunter.

"By the side of Debenham's body," continued Mac, "we found this card."

He handed over a piece of white card-board, a little smaller than an ordinary playing-card, and Hunter regarded it with a puzzled frown.

"The Front Page Men.' So this was the card, eh? I read about it, of course. You've investigated the writing?"

Reed nodded indifferently. What did this youngster take him for?

"Of course this business would boost the sales of the novel," concluded Hunter at length.

"Are ye interested in the novel, or the case?" demanded Mac acidly.

"Surely they have a bearing on each other?"

"If ye'll let me finish," went on Mac impatiently. "Well, about a fortnight after the Margate affair, there was a smash-and-grab in Bond Street. Larcenous, the big jewellers. Inside the windows of the jewellers we found another card."

He passed it over, and Hunter put the two cards together. "Exactly the same," was his verdict.

"Humph!" grunted Mac, who had examined the card under a microscope, and submitted it to the handwriting and fingerprint experts with no better success.

"What about the author of this novel?" asked Hunter, passing the cards back.

"Wasn't it written by a woman?"

"It was published under the name of Andrea Fortune."

"Can't say I've heard of her before. Was it a first novel?"

"Apparently."

"Then who is this Andrea Fortune?"

"That," replied Mac, "is one of the many things the dear Chief Commissioner expects you to find out!"

"What about the publishers?"

Reed shook his head. "They say the manuscript came from a back-alley agency in Fleet Street. We've been on to the agency, but they tell more or less the same story as the publishers. The novel was sent to them with instructions that all royalties should be handed over to the General Hospital in Gerard Street."

"Any use my seeing the publishers again?"

"I don't want to discourage ye," answered Mac, "but I saw young Gerald Mitchell—he's the boss—only this morning. He swore he'd never set eyes on Andrea Fortune. I think he's telling the truth. In fact, he seems pretty scared about the whole business. But now," he announced solemnly, "we come to the Blakeley affair."

Hunter smiled. "The papers have certainly been full of the Blakeley affair," he said.

Mac frowned. "I canna understand how it leaked out," he murmured irritably. "The Chief has even had the Home Office on the phone five times."

"Well, the Front Page Men have certainly 'made' the front page this time. Is the Chief doing anything about it?"

"Now, hasn't he put you on the case?" demanded Reed, unable to conceal the sarcasm in his voice. "Apart from that, he seems to be laboring under the impression that this business might have some connection with the Granville kidnapping."

"But surely that was ages before we'd heard of the Front Page Men?"

"We may not have heard of them, but they could have been there just the same," said Mac, who believed in covering all contingencies.

"It was a sad affair about Lester Granville. Apparently the child was the only thing he had left in the world after his wife died."

"Granville completely went to pieces over that business," said Mac. "Gave up the stage and everything. The Chief was upset, too. But that's no reason for jumping to conclusions that it's anything to do with the Blakeley affair."

"I wonder," murmured Hunter, thoughtfully wrinkling his forehead.

"Now, look here . . ." began Mac peevishly.

Hunter laughed. "All right, Mac, let's have the rest of the Blakeley story."

"I expect you've read all there is to tell. Last Friday Sir Norman Blakeley's only son disappeared under rather mysterious circumstances and—"

"By the way," put in Hunter, "who exactly is Sir Norman Blakeley?"

Before Reed could reply there was a sharp knock at the door and a burly sergeant entered.

"Sorry to trouble you, sir, but there's a man outside causing a lot of bother. Says he wants to see the Chief, but he refuses to fill up the form."

Chief Inspector Reed's sandy eyebrows went up in disapproval. There were too many people walking in and out of Scotland Yard these days, and it was time they put a stop to it. But before he could give instructions the unruly visitor was standing behind the sergeant.

He was a man of about fifty, obviously in a highly nervous condition.

"When am I to be allowed to see the Chief Commissioner?" he began in high-pitched, petulant tones, and Inspector Reed, who had risen to administer a stern reproof, as only he knew how, straightened up smartly.

"At once, Sir Norman," he answered politely.

Once inside the unpretentious office that has been described as the nerve-centre of Scotland Yard, Sir Norman's overbearing manner fell from him, and he began to tremble in patent distress.

Sir Graham Forbes looked up from his desk, and at once appreciated the situa-

tion. He took his visitor's arm and led him to a comfortable chair, then went across to a cupboard and poured out a glass of whisky. "Drink this first," he ordered, and made a pretence of carrying on with some work while Sir Norman gulped down the mellow liquid.

"Now," said Sir Graham, carefully blotting his signature to a letter, "any news?"

"Yes," answered Blakeley in a voice that had sunk almost to a whisper. "I heard this morning. At about a quarter past ten, the telephone rang. A girl's voice said: 'We want nine thousand pounds. We want it in twenties. The notes must not be numbered consecutively. Put the money in a brown leather suitcase and leave it in the telephone-booth at the corner of Eastwood Avenue, Mayfair. The money must be there by four o'clock to-morrow afternoon.'"

"Is that all?" asked Forbes, who had been making rapid notes on a scribbling-pad.

"Not quite. After that, she said, 'Don't worry. The child is safe.' Then she rang off." The visitor leaned forward in great agitation.

"Sir Graham, do you think he is safe? Because if anything's happened to him, I'll . . ."

The Chief Commissioner leaned back in his chair.

"You can rest assured, Sir Norman, that we shall do everything in our power."

"Your men were at the house yesterday," pursued Sir Norman. "Did they discover anything?"

The Chief Commissioner consulted a sheaf of papers.

"Inspector Nelson inclines to the opinion that the boy was snatched out of his bed at four in the morning. All the same, it's difficult to see how they got him out of the house."

"It is, indeed. I have the room next door, and I'm a very light sleeper."

"Who was the first to discover that the boy was missing?"

"I did. I went to his room about half-past seven. The little chap is usually awake by then, and pretty frisky."

"And on this particular morning?"

"The room was very untidy—bedclothes all over the place."

"Was it shortly after that you received the message warning you not to communicate with the police?"

Sir Norman nodded.

The Chief Commissioner was lost in thought for a while; once he made a move to telephone, then changed his mind, and decided to continue with the questioning. He picked up a typewritten list, and looked across at Sir Norman.

"You gave Inspector Nelson full details of all the visitors to your home during the war. Now this list looks surprisingly short to me. Are you quite sure there's no one you've overlooked?"

"Absolutely certain," said Blakeley with a trace of his City aggressiveness.

"On Tuesday, for instance," pursued Sir Graham, "apart from the usual tradespeople, a Mr. Andrew Brightman called, and also a Mr. J. P. Goldie."

"For a moment Blakeley was nonplussed. 'Goldie? I don't remember saying anything about a Mr. Goldie?'"

"I understand that he came to tune the piano."

"Oh yes, of course! The piano-tuner! I never knew his name."

"Is Mr. Andrew Brightman a friend of yours?"

"Hardly a friend. I've known him about two years. We met at a City banquet, and I gave him a lift back to Hampstead. After

that we became quite friendly—we're both interested in old china—but we don't see a great deal of each other."

"Then why did he come round on that particular evening?"

"He'd brought a piece of china he'd had repaired for me by a relative of his. Suddenly, in a fit of desperation, I poured out the whole story to him. As you can imagine, I was very cut up, and to console me, I suppose, he started to tell me about his daughter."

"His daughter? What about her?"

Sir Norman Blakeley hesitated.

"She was kidnapped, too—by the Front Page Men."

For a moment the Chief Commissioner seemed too astounded to speak. Then he recovered abruptly. "Are you sure of this? What happened to the girl?"

"He got her back."

"The devil he did! How? He never informed us—"

"No. It cost him eight thousand pounds, Sir Graham."

The Chief Commissioner was obviously staggered.

"Eight thousand! How soon can I get hold of Andrew Brightman?" he asked.

"He's outside in a taxi," said Sir Norman. "I thought you would probably want to interview him, so I persuaded him to come along."

"I'm very grateful to you," acknowledged Sir Graham, pressing a button at the side of his desk. As if by magic, the door opened, and Sergeant Leopold stood waiting for instructions.

"There's a gentleman in a taxi outside—a Mr. Brightman. Ask him to come up, Sergeant."

When the door had closed, Sir Graham turned to Blakeley again.

"To-morrow morning take a taxi and go straight to your bank. Arrange for the nine thousand pounds exactly as the girl instructed you. To-morrow afternoon, take the money yourself and deposit it in the telephone-box at the corner of Eastwood Avenue. As soon as you've deposited the money, leave the telephone-booth and return home. Is that clear?"

"Then you want me to give in to these swine?" stammered Sir Norman.

"I want you to do as I tell you and leave the rest to us," answered the Chief Commissioner. "Now I'd like to see Mr. Brightman alone, if you don't mind waiting."

"Yes, yes, I'll wait," agreed Sir Norman.

Sir Graham ushered out his guest, and returned to telephone for a map of the Mayfair district. He had just replaced the receiver when Mr. Andrew Brightman was shown in.

The Chief Commissioner surveyed him shrewdly. "Please sit down, Mr. Brightman," he murmured politely, and his visitor complied. He was a fairly stout individual in the middle fifties. A man who was obviously the life and soul of the party. He reeked with self-assurance.

"I have just been having a chat with Sir Norman Blakeley," began the Commissioner. "He tells me that your daughter disappeared under rather mysterious circumstances, and that you paid a certain sum of money for her return."

"That is so," assented Brightman.

For a second or two Sir Graham appeared to be puzzled. "When did this happen?"

"March of this year. The eighth, to be precise."

"Why didn't you consult us about this matter, Mr. Brightman?" suddenly demanded the Commissioner with a hint of anger in his tone.

But his visitor was not in the least perturbed. "To be perfectly honest, Sir

Graham, because I didn't wish to take any risk."

"Is your daughter in town at the moment?"

"No, she's at school in France. A small place near St. Raphael. She's been there six months. I thought it was advisable to send her away after that business."

Sir Graham gave a nod of understanding. "Now, Mr. Brightman, when you handed over this money did you retain the numbers of the notes?"

Brightman shook his head. "I was told to deliver it in twenties—I remember that rather surprised me. However, I cashed a cheque at Floyds, in Manchester Street, my private bankers. I daresay they could tell you the numbers."

Sir Graham waved aside the suggestion. "How did you receive your instructions about delivering the money?" he asked.

"By telephone. It was the Monday after Margaret had disappeared. I didn't feel like going to the office in case something should turn up, and I was wandering round the library when the phone rang."

Sir Graham seemed incredulous. "Do you mean to tell me you waited two days without making any move?"

Mr. Andrew Brightman was still very sure of himself, however. "I had a reason for waiting," he answered quietly. "When Margaret vanished naturally my first thought was to get in touch with the police. I was actually on the point of doing so when my butler brought me a small card. There was nothing unusual about it, except that it had no address and had obviously been delivered by hand. Morgan, my butler, thinks it must have been left in the letter-box while we were all rushing over the house looking for Margaret."

"Hm—very interesting. Now tell me, who was the first person to discover your daughter was missing?"

"The maid. She used to take Margaret a glass of milk at about eight o'clock every morning. On this particular day she was surprised to find Margaret was not in her room, and that apparently the bed had not been slept in. Naturally, the poor girl was quite bewildered, so she called Morgan."

"And you were about to phone the police when Morgan brought you this card?"

Brightman nodded. "Yes. By the way, I thought perhaps you'd be interested to see the card."

He handed over a slip of pasteboard, which Sir Graham examined carefully through a small but powerful magnifying-glass. It bore the simple message:

"Don't call the police. Wait 48 hours. The child is safe. The Front Page Men."

"Thank you," said Sir Graham at length. "I should like to keep this for the time being, if I may."

"Of course, sir," agreed Brightman. "I needn't tell you what that week-end was like, Sir Graham. Every minute seemed like eternity. Then another note was delivered."

He handed over a second card, which read:

"Be near the telephone to-morrow morning. The child is safe. The Front Page Men."

Forbes examined it carefully, but it appeared to offer no clue.

"How long have Morgan and the maid been in your employment?"

"Oh, quite a while—long before my wife and I parted. Morgan was with my father for some years. They both worship Margaret, if that's what you're thinking, Sir Graham."

"What time did you receive the phone call?"

"At about 10.15. Naturally I answered the phone myself. A woman was at the other end. She sounded young and quite pleasant. 'We want eight thousand pounds,' she said;

"We want it in twenties. The notes must not be numbered consecutively. Put the money in a brown leather suitcase and deposit it in the cloakroom of the Regal Palace Hotel. The case must be there by 12.30 to-morrow morning."

Sir Graham snatched up his pencil and made several notes. Then he nodded to his visitor to continue.

"The next morning I turned up at the Regal Palace Hotel complete with suitcase and money. At the cloakroom they gave me a ticket for the suitcase, which rather worried me. I couldn't quite see how anybody could get the suitcase out without the ticket—and so far, at any rate, I'd received no instructions about sending the ticket on anywhere. I was still thinking about this when I arrived home."

He paused, took out a handkerchief, and rather nervously wiped his lips.

"I opened the front door, and the first thing I heard was Margaret's voice. She had arrived just after I left the house with the money."

If this mystified Sir Graham, he did not betray the fact. He inquired if the child was in good health.

"Perfectly normal, except for one thing," replied Brightman. "She couldn't remember anything that had happened. I talked to her for hours, trying to bring back her memory, but it was no use at all. That week-end had just been erased from her consciousness."

Sir Graham re-read his notes with a worried frown before asking Brightman if there had been any callers at the house on the day his daughter disappeared. Brightman thought for a while, appeared to be about to reply in the negative, then recalled that the only visitor was a piano-tuner.

Sir Graham looked up quickly.

"A piano-tuner?"

"Yes."

"Do you know his name?"

"I'm afraid I don't," confessed Brightman.

"Morgan did mention it, but—"

"Was it Goldie—J. P. Goldie?" broke in the Chief Commissioner.

"Why, yes. I believe it was," replied Brightman in surprise.

A pause was suddenly interrupted by Sergeant Leopold, who entered with a large map, which he placed on the Chief Commissioner's desk.

"I think you've told me pretty well everything," said the Commissioner, "and if you'll excuse me . . ."

"Why, certainly, Sir Graham. And if I can be of further service, don't hesitate to telephone."

"Thank you. Sergeant Leopold will show you the way out."

As soon as Brightman had gone Sir Graham rang for Inspector Nelson, a dark, alert young man, and ordered him to telephone Floyds Bank in Manchester Street and find out whether their customer, Andrew Brightman, had cashed a cheque for eight thousand pounds on March the eighth.

"And tell Reed and Hunter I want them," he added as an afterthought.

"Well, Mac, did you check up on Brightman?" Forbes demanded, as the stocky figure appeared in the doorway closely followed by Hunter.

"I did that. He's a stockbroker—lives in Hampstead. Divorced his wife in 1928, and has the custody of the child."

"He, that seems to tally," agreed Sir Graham.

"What else?"

"Brightman and the piano-tuner were the only people who visited Sir Norman Blakeley on the day the boy disappeared."

"What about the piano-tuner?"

"I checked up on him, sir. He used to be with Clapham and Thompson's in Regent Street. Started on his own about six years ago. Lives at Northstream Cottages, Streatham."

"That sounds fair enough."

Sir Graham briefly outlined his interview with Sir Norman Blakeley, then pulled the map towards him, and they all bent over it. They traced the position of the telephone-booth, where Sir Norman was to leave his money, and the Commissioner began to formulate a plan.

"Mac, I shall want six of your men here on the corner of Lenton Park Road," he said; "that will give you a clear view in both directions. And, Hunter, you'll be on the other corner, opposite the booth. I want everybody there by three o'clock at the latest. Now, this block of flats has a perfect view of the telephone-booth if this map's accurate. See if you can arrange for me to be in the first-floor flat. Ring the janitor, Hunter, and find out whom it belongs to. The address is Eastwood Mansions."

Hunter went out to make the call, passing Nelson in the doorway. He had returned to inform Sir Graham that Floyds Bank had turned up Brightman's cheque, which corresponded in every detail with the Commissioner's description.

"Well, Mac, it looks as if things are moving," mused Sir Graham. "By the way, here are two more cards for your collection. They were sent to Brightman."

Before Mac could ask any further questions, Hunter returned, a rather peculiar smile on his mobile features.

"The flat belongs to Mr. and Mrs. Paul Temple, sir," he said.

The morning after Sir Norman Blakeley visited Scotland Yard a taxi drew up at the main entrance of the Northern Bank in the Haymarket, and Sir Norman emerged, carrying a small leather suitcase.

"Wait for me; I shan't be long," Sir Norman ordered, as he stepped out rather heavily, and the driver touched his cap respectfully in acknowledgment. With a bit of luck, this distinguished-looking passenger might demand to be taken to one of the outer suburbs like Richmond—it would be a nice run through the park this morning.

"All the same, I'd sooner it was Croydon," mumbled the driver to himself. "It'd be nice to get 'ome for a bit o' dinner."

He was cogitating upon this point when another well-dressed man came on the scene, opened the taxi-door without warning, and declared briskly: "Take me to Euston—quick as you can—I've a train in twenty minutes . . ."

"Sorry, guv'nor. The cab's taken—I've got a fare in the bank 'ere. There's a rank just up the road—"

The stranger immediately took a pound note from his pocket and unceremoniously pushed it under the driver's nose. "I must get the 11.15 from Euston," he snapped. "And if you do it, there's a pound for you."

With a puzzled frown, the driver looked inquiringly into the bank entrance. There was no sign of his former passenger. Then he looked at his meter, which registered three and sixpence.

"Get in, sir," he invited, slammed the door after his new fare, clicked the flag down as he sprang into his seat, and briskly started the engine.

Inside the bank, a series of routine details delayed Sir Norman until he was fuming with impatience.

When at length he emerged he was both

irritated and annoyed to find that the taxi was nowhere to be seen.

Sir Norman glanced down the practically deserted thoroughfare. There was no sign of a taxi. Just as he was turning away from the bank, however, a powerful American limousine swung out of a side-street and came sleekly to a standstill level with the kerb. Sir Norman was delighted to find that he at once recognised the man sitting in the back of the car.

"Jump in, Sir Norman," called Andrew Brightman smilingly as he swung open the door of the car. Sir Norman sank into the heavily sprung seat with a sigh of relief.

"I had a taxi waiting for me, but the fool disappeared," he explained, for Brightman's benefit. Brightman smiled again, and produced his cigarette-case. "Lucky I was passing," he commented. "Where can I drop you?"

"Well, I'm really on my way home," Sir Norman informed him, "if that isn't taking you too far out of your way."

Brightman shook his head. "As a matter of fact, I was going home myself to pick up some documents, so it's only a question of a couple of minutes." He produced a gold petrol-lighter and lit Sir Norman's cigarette.

Sir Norman puffed contentedly, and felt more at ease than he had done all day. "By the way, Brightman, how did you get on at the Yard yesterday?" he asked at length, exhaling a cloud of smoke.

"They were very polite, but rather vague. I suppose one expects that of a Government department."

Sir Norman nodded. "It was very decent of you to go along there and tell them all you knew," he murmured drowsily, flicking the ash off his cigarette. "Very decent indeed . . ." This was a very comfortable car, he reflected, though a trifle overheated. Sir Norman leaned forward in an attempt to open the window. To his surprise he found that his head swam alarmingly the moment he moved his body. He remembered that he had had no food that morning . . . yes, that would be the trouble. . . .

He raised his hand to his forehead, and the cigarette fell through his fingers on to the expensive upholstery. Brightman picked it up and held it out to Sir Norman. For the first time Blakeley noticed that the smoke was a peculiar bluish-green color.

Brightman was looking at him intently. There was something strange about that smile of his. In spite of the fact that his head was swimming, and his vision was more than a little blurred, Sir Norman made a mental note that Andrew Brightman was not to be trusted. For some unknown reason he reminded him of Briggs, the bank manager . . . and he had never liked Briggs . . . had . . . never . . . liked . . . Briggs . . . Had never liked . . .

Andrew Brightman opened the window of the car about two inches and tossed the cigarette into the road. At precisely that moment Sir Norman fell from the seat across the brown leather suitcase.

So far, Paul Temple had only one complaint against married life—he was so immersed in the novelty of his routine after his bachelor existence that he found little time, and not a great deal of inclination, to concentrate upon his latest novel.

When Gerald Mitchell, his publisher, brought his wife, Ann, to see the Temple's new flat one day, Temple was only too well aware that the visit had a dual purpose. Gerald Mitchell was anxious to discover if the new book was likely to be completed by schedule.

It was not long before the conversation veered round to the subject of "The Front

Page Men" and Mitchell was obviously more than a little troubled about the mystery surrounding this, his most successful publishing venture. Temple did his utmost to reassure him, but Mitchell was feeling the strain of the police inquiries and constant cross-questioning.

"So you honestly don't think there's any need for me to worry about this business?" Mitchell was saying.

"Of course not, Gerald. If you hadn't published 'The Front Page Men,' somebody else would have done so."

"That's exactly what I've been telling him all along," put in Ann. "Isn't it, darling?"

"Yes, I know. But these detectives get me rattled. After all, my story does sound a bit thin, doesn't it? When a woman writes a best-seller like 'The Front Page Men,' she doesn't usually go out of her way to keep her identity a secret. Not from her publisher, at any rate."

"My dear, darling husband, don't be silly," scoffed Ann Mitchell, screwing her head a little, to get a better view of herself in the full-length mirror that stood at one end of the drawing-room. "It's as obvious as daylight. If she revealed herself, the police would be down on her right away. They'd immediately jump to the conclusion that she was the master mind behind these robberies."

This idea seemed to intrigue Temple. "I don't think the police are as stupid as all that," he smiled. "I have a feeling that Miss Andrea Fortune has a better reason than that for keeping her identity a secret. Still, there's nothing for you to worry about, Gerald."

"Of course not. Come along, darling, we really must be going," decided Ann.

Temple saw his visitors to the door, and had just closed it when the phone rang. It was Sir Graham Forbes. Rather to the novelist's surprise, Sir Graham declared himself greatly interested in the new flat, and wondered if he could come round. Temple was inclined to feel a trifle dubious of this sudden enthusiasm, but his invitation was convincing enough.

As he replaced the receiver, there was a sound of someone lightly kicking the outer door. He opened it, and there stood his wife, Steve, almost obscured by a huge pile of parcels which seemed to hang from every part of her person.

"I couldn't ring or knock," she informed him, her dark blue eyes twinkling with glee.

"Just in time," observed Temple. "Sir Graham was on the phone a moment ago, invited himself to tea, in fact. He should be here at any minute."

Steve looked surprised. "Sir Graham? What does he want?"

"Presumably, a cup of tea," grinned Temple.

Then, happening to glance out the window, he whistled.

"Pshaw! Talking of detectives—"

"What is it?" asked Steve, following his gaze.

"Look! See those two men at the corner of the avenue?"

"Yes," said Steve, peeping over his shoulder at the stalwart individuals who stood on the sidewalk. "They were there when I came in. I've seen them before somewhere, haven't I?"

"They're from the Yard," Temple told her. He went right up to the window and looked out in all directions.

"Good Lord, there's Hunter—and Reed over the other side! Now what the devil are they up to?"

Pryce, the Temples' elderly manservant, suddenly announced Sir Graham Forbes, and the Chief Commissioner entered briskly.

"I do hope I'm not butting in, Temple," he began.

"Of course not," his host assured him. "You know my wife, I believe?"

"Rather," said Sir Graham. "How are you, Mrs. Temple? Married life seems to suit you."

Sir Graham strolled across to the window in casual fashion.

"Nice place you've got here, Temple," he commented. "Pretty handy for most things."

"Very handy indeed," suavely agreed the novelist. "And such a delightful view. On a clear day we can see practically the whole of Scotland Yard."

Sir Graham was momentarily disconcerted. "So you've noticed them?" he grunted.

Temple nodded lightly. "Is that why you came here, Sir Graham?"

"Yes. I wanted to be able to keep an eye on everything, and picked on this flat as the most likely spot. I got something of a shock when I discovered it was yours."

"Why are they watching that telephone-booth?" asked Temple, unable to restrain his curiosity any longer.

Once again Sir Graham was rather taken aback.

"Is it so obvious?" he asked.

"No, I don't think so. Not to the casual observer, at any rate. But I recognised Reed."

Sir Graham looked at his watch. It was just turned twenty minutes to four. Time enough to give his host a brief outline of the case. He might be able to make some suggestion. Temple was certainly never lacking in ideas, reflected the Chief Commissioner.

He had just finished his story, when Pryce entered.

"Chief Inspector Reed has called to see Sir Graham," he announced, and Reed himself was right on the servant's heels, somewhat out of breath and more than a little excited.

"Sorry to burst in like this, Sir Graham, but..." he paused to shoot a dubious glance at Temple before imparting his news. "It's Blakeley."

Sir Graham was on his feet at once. "What about Blakeley?"

"He's dead."

"Dead!" gasped Forbes incredulously. "He's in the telephone-booth downstairs. We've been watching it for two hours, and the poor devil was on the floor all the time."

"But you can't tell me that nobody used the box for two hours in a district like this," insisted the Chief Commissioner.

Reed shook his head dismally.

"There was a large board against the booth which said 'Out of Order.' It was there when we arrived. If it hadn't been for that, we should have seen the body."

"Then what made you go to the box?"

"The bell started ringing, sir. Hunter answered it."

"Anyone there?"

"No, sir."

"Was the suitcase there?"

"No. But there was this card on the ledge, sir... near the telephone."

Forbes took the card and read: "Unlike Mr. Andrew Brightman—he talked. The Front Page Men." He passed the card to Temple, who examined it, and returned it to Reed.

"Come along, Mac—I want to see the body," ordered Sir Graham. "I'll be in touch with you again, Temple."

"Always at your service, Sir Graham," murmured Temple politely as they walked to the lift.

When he returned, he found Steve deep in thought.

"Paul," she demanded earnestly, "you're not going to have anything to do with this, are you?"

"Me? Good Lord, no! What makes you think I have time to play around with the Scotland Yard boys? My dear Steve, I'm a hard-working novelist with an expensive wife to keep, and a novel as good as promised for—"

He stopped, and seemed to be listening intently. Steve, too, was suddenly alert.

"What is it, Paul?" she asked.

"Listen!"

As from a distance, came the sound of a piano being played; rather slowly, and with a soothing, delicate touch. Heard like this, there was almost a weird charm about the performance.

"There's... there's someone in the drawing-room," whispered Steve rather jerkily.

"Yes," murmured Temple. "Ring for Pryce."

She crossed the room, and almost before she had returned to her seat the door opened, and the sound of the piano became clearer and more purposeful.

"Is that someone in the drawing-room, Pryce?" asked Steve.

"Yes, madam. It's the piano-tuner. He called while you were with Sir Graham. I—I didn't wish to disturb you."

"The piano-tuner...?" said Paul Temple softly.

"Yes, sir. A Mr. Goldie... Mr. J. F. Goldie."

Temple looked at Steve and hesitated. Then he said: "All right, Pryce, thank you."

"Shall I bring the tea now, madam?"

"As soon as it's ready," Steve replied. Pryce departed, noiselessly closing the door behind him.

"Wait here—I'll go and see if I can find out anything."

Steve was obviously uneasy, but made no effort to restrain him. Temple went to the drawing-room, pausing for a moment outside, while the playing continued. Softly, he turned the door-handle and entered.

Though his back was to the door, and Temple imagined he had made no sound, the piano-tuner turned swiftly.

"Good afternoon, sir. I trust I did not disturb you."

He spoke in a mellow, quiet voice, with every evidence of culture. Temple regarded the piano-tuner curiously. He was apparently a little below average height, for he looked tiny, seated at the piano. His clothes were inclined to be shabby, his hair rather too long, and he wore a bow tie.

"You didn't disturb us at all," said Temple in reply to his question. "You play very well."

"Thank you, sir. I could not resist the temptation—it's such a beautiful instrument."

"Is this the first time you've been here?"

"Oh no, sir," murmured Goldie, taking a large and somewhat soiled handkerchief from his pocket and carefully wiping his hands. "I came in March and November of last year. I attend at most of the flats in this building, and I must say I rather look forward to it. They have some lovely instruments..."

"I don't think we can have met before," put in Temple.

"No, sir," said the little man, whose memory appeared to be quite methodical. "On the last two occasions you have been away. If I remember correctly, and the janitor had the key."

"Oh, I see," smiled Temple rather lamely. Mr. Goldie's manner was so completely disarming that he felt very like an intruder. "By the way, your name's Goldie, isn't it?"

"That's right, sir," answered the little man, turning a fraction in Temple's direction, and blinking mildly at him.

"Weren't you with Clapham and Thompson's for a number of years?"

"Yes, sir, almost fifteen."

"That's a long time!" commented Temple.

"Yes, sir, but it passed quickly. I liked the work."

"Do you ever see Mr. Paramore now?" Temple went on, adopting a conversational tone, and doing his best to avoid any suspicion of cross-questioning in his manner. But something in Mr. Goldie's expression changed immediately, and he was obviously on his guard.

"Mr. Paramore?" he repeated rather coldly.

"Yes, surely you remember Mr. Paramore. He used to be their general manager."

There was a pause. Temple could almost feel the tension.

"No, sir," said Mr. Goldie, finally, and there was almost a hint of reproach in his voice. "I'm afraid I do not remember a Mr. Paramore."

Paul Temple returned thoughtfully to the lounge.

Any self-respecting stranger to Rotherhithe would have thought twice before entering the Glass Bowl for a drink, unless, of course, he was particularly hardened to the drab appearance of riverside taverns.

On this particular evening the bar parlor was rather quieter than usual, and Mrs. Taylor, the hostess, had taken the opportunity to embark upon a long account of some grievance for the benefit of one of her customers.

"So 'elp me!' I said to 'er," she ended her story, "to 'ear you talk anybody would think your ole man were a blessed admiral instead of a mate on a perishin' tramp steamer."

This seemed to tickle Jimmy Mills, a shifty young man of about thirty, who was rather too well-dressed for his surroundings.

"It took the wind out of 'er sails, I don't mind telling you," added Mrs. Taylor. "Can I get you anything else, love?"

"Yes," ruminated Mills, "I'd like another dry ginger, but this time you can put in a drop of—"

Suddenly his jaw dropped, as he caught sight of Paul Temple standing in the passage outside.

"Who is it?" asked Mrs. Taylor nervously.

"A fellow called Temple," Mills told her.

"Sh—he's coming in here. Now, the name's Smith—remember that!"

Temple came up to them and leaned against the bar.

"Good evening, sir. What can I get you?" primly demanded Mrs. Taylor in her politest manner.

Temple ran a speculative eye over the bottles at the back of the counter.

"Well now—I think I'll have a ginger ale," he decided.

"Yes, sir, very good, sir," answered the obsequious Mrs. Taylor, and busied herself with bottle and opener. Meanwhile, Temple moved over to her late companion.

"Well, well! Look who's here! Is it n't Jimmy Mills?" he ejaculated.

"The name's Smith," retorted Mills shortly.

Paul Temple laughed. "Still the same old Jimmy. Tell me, what happened to that Canadian gold mine of yours? Don't say there wasn't any gold. Dear me, what did the shareholders have to say at the general meeting? Or perhaps there wasn't any general meeting, Jimmy?"

Apparently the shot went home.

"Look 'ere, Temple," snorted Mills. "There's no need for any of this funny business."

"Jimmy, I'm disappointed in you," pronounced Temple, appearing to be hurt.

"You're dropping your aitches again. It's a bad sign, Jimmy. It's a bad sign!"

"Ah, you are a one, Mr. Temple!" laughed Jimmy, but his laugh was somewhat reluctant and rather hollow.

"I'm glad to see you again, Mr. Temple," he went on. "Looking pretty fit, too. I heard you was married. Is that right?"

"That's right, Jimmy," nodded Temple.

"I thought of settling down myself," pursued the other. "But, well, things ain't too good in my line just now, and—"

"What exactly is your line nowadays, Jimmy? You're so versatile, I never know quite—"

"I'm a commercial man now, Mr. Temple."

"What sort of commerce?"

"Oh—buyin' and sellin' things you know," said Jimmy vaguely. "All aboard and legitimate," he hastened to add. "I've got a cosy little office in the West End."

"Really?" smiled Temple.

Mrs. Taylor placed a badly chipped glass of ginger ale in front of the novelist, and noticing Mills' empty glass he invited him to have another drink.

"I don't mind if I do, Mr. Temple. Ginger ale, please, Mrs. Taylor."

Mrs. Taylor brought the drink, and would obviously have had no objections to joining in the conversation, but neither of the men encouraged her, and she eventually returned to the taproom.

"It's always hard for a bloke like me to convince people what knew 'im in the old days that he's running straight," observed Mills, but Paul Temple was paying little attention. A newcomer had entered the bar parlor.

Dressed in sober black, the stranger had a thin face and ascetic appearance. He wore a clerical collar, but no hat. For a second he stood in the doorway; then Jimmy Mills hailed him heartily.

"Mr. Hargreaves! Come over here and vouch for me to this gentleman."

"Certainly I will!" agreed the newcomer, joining them.

"This is the Reverend Hargreaves—Mr. Temple," Mills introduced them, and the parson shook hands warmly. "He's in charge of the Seamen's Hostel just round the corner," explained Mills for Temple's benefit.

"Knew me before I took to the straight and narrow."

Hargreaves managed to get in a word at last.

"Not—Paul Temple, by any chance?" and there was a note of astonishment in his voice.

"Yes, that's right, Reverend," corroborated Jimmy Mills.

"Well, indeed, this is a pleasure," enthused Hargreaves. "I've read so many of your books, Mr. Temple, that I feel as if—well, as if I've known you for years."

"That's very kind of you," replied Temple, who did not know quite what to make of this unusual clerical.

He was just a shade too effusive, and Temple did not like the way he constantly looked out of the corner of his eyes at the other occupants of the room.

Mrs. Taylor intruded once more.

"Anything I can get you, Parson?"

"No," smiled Hargreaves, as though deliberating the point. "No, thank you very much, my dear. But I wonder if you would be so kind as to place these bills in a prominent position for me. I'm holding a special concert on Sunday afternoon, and I do hope the attendance will be a record."

"I'll see what I can do, Mr. Hargreaves," said Mrs. Taylor, taking the bills. "I can't promise nothin', mind you."

"Thank you, my dear. I know I can rely on you."

"Well, I must be toddlin'," said Jimmy Mills at length, draining his glass. "Good-night, Mr. Temple."

"Good-night, Jimmy."

"Good-night, my son," said Hargreaves, shaking Jimmy's hand.

"Cheerio, Lucy," called Mills, with a significant wink and backward nod as he passed the taproom.

"I have great faith in Jimmy Mills, Mr. Temple," said Hargreaves earnestly. "He's changed a great deal in the last two years."

"I hope you're right, sir. He used to be one of the cleverest confidence men in the country."

"Yes, yes, I know, Mr. Temple. How dreadful, how very dreadful!" deplored Hargreaves, a shade too piously.

"Do you spend much time here, sir—I mean in this part of the world?" demanded Temple, abruptly changing the subject.

"Oh, a great deal, Mr. Temple. I'm more or less in charge of the Seamen's Hostel, you know. It's uphill work, but I'm always doing my best to persuade those unfortunate fellows to regard our hostel as a sort of 'home from home.'"

He added with a sigh, "My task isn't an easy one, Mr. Temple, by any means."

"I'm sure it isn't," said Temple sympathetically. "Mr. Hargreaves, do you know a man called Wilson—Chubby Wilson?"

"Why, yes, I know him quite well," admitted Hargreaves with some slight hesitation. "A delightful fellow, but—well, I hate to say this—thoroughly untrustworthy."

He seemed reluctant to pursue the subject, and continued hastily: "Let's talk about yourself, Mr. Temple. I'm really quite thrilled at meeting you like this. I've often wondered how you get those charming little eccentricities into your characterisation—but of course I see now. You come to places like this and study your types at first hand."

Temple absent-mindedly picked up his glass, set it down again, and lit a cigarette.

"Well, this is a coincidence," said Hargreaves suddenly, in a surprised voice. "Here's the gentleman you were asking about."

"Chubby Wilson? Where?" demanded Temple.

"In that far corner, Mr. Temple. I only just caught a glimpse of him."

"Then would you excuse me?" said Temple rather abruptly.

"Why, yes, yes, of course. But I hope we may meet again on some future occasion."

"Yes, I hope so, too," hastily agreed Temple, as he quickly shook hands, and moved over to the corner of the bar which Hargreaves had indicated.

As he approached, he could hear Chubby Wilson's voice rising above the hubbub of general conversation.

"Hallo, Chubby, still on the soap-box?" Temple greeted him. Chubby Wilson seemed surprised, but quickly recovered.

"Why, hallo, Mr. Temple!" Then he turned to his former listener. "Op it, Larry!" he ordered.

Temple spoke authoritatively: "Chubby, I'm a very busy man, and I want to talk to you. Where can we go?"

"Well now, let me think," mused Wilson. Then a solution suggested itself. "Follow me, guv'nor."

He led the way outside and along the passage to a tiny sitting-room, meekly furnished and shabby to a degree. Chubby closed the door after them very carefully.

"How's this?" he asked.

13

"It's not the Ritz, Chubby, but it will do," decreed Temple, choosing a particularly uninviting bentwood chair, and sitting down. "Still in the dope racket?"

"Mr. Temple!" Chubby gave a very good imitation of shocked innocence, and Temple laughed.

"All right, Chubby—let's skip the part about going straight. I've just had one dose of that from Jimmy Mills. Tell me instead, what do you know about the Front Page Men?"

At last Wilson appeared to be genuinely frightened.

"Nothin'—nothin' at all," he gasped.

"What do you know about the Front Page Men?" repeated Temple deliberately.

"I've told you—nothin'. Why should I know anythin' about 'em?" cried Chubby hysterically.

Temple took a wallet from his inside pocket.

"I want information, Chubby, and I'm willing to pay for it."

"How much?" demanded Chubby, licking his lips.

Temple pocketed the wallet again.

"That's better," he approved. "Now we're getting somewhere." And again he asked, "Who are the Front Page Men?"

Wilson hesitated. "I don't know, Mr. Temple. Nobody knows," he declared.

"But you've had dealings with them," pursued Temple.

Chubby seemed to be struggling to make up his mind before replying.

"Mr. Temple, have you heard of 'Amashyer'?" he said softly.

"'Amashyer'?" repeated Temple, rather puzzled.

"Can't say I have. What is it?"

"It's a drug—a very strange and very rare drug," explained Chubby mysteriously.

"What effect does it have?"

"It makes people forget. Forget every blessed thing that's happened to them in the last forty-eight hours. In Holland it's called the 'Time' drug. Nobody seems to know where it comes from in the first place—

—all I ever found out was that it's difficult to get 'old of, and worth its weight in gold."

"All this is news to me," confessed Temple.

"Tell me how you came to handle this drug."

"I was in the Seamen's Hostel one night—

—it'd be about two or three months ago now—avin' a game o' cards with a feller,

when up comes the parson chap and gives me a note which says: 'Be at Redhouse Wharf to-night at nine.'

"Just a minute, Chubby. Which parson are you referring to?"

"Why 'im as calls 'imself the Reverend Hargreaves—bloke what runs the place."

Temple whistled expressively, and nodded to Chubby to continue.

"Well, I never did like to miss a good thing, Mr. Temple, so to cut a long story short, I turned up at the wharf. There was a bloke waiting for me—a little feller

with a high, falsetto voice. He said he could do with as much of this 'Amashyer' as I could get 'old of. I told 'im peddlin'

dope was a risky game, but all 'e did was to put 'is 'and in 'is pocket and take out a wad of notes. I counted 'em when I got

back—they were hundreds, and the total was four thousand quid!"

"How?"

"So I didn't lose any time, I can tell yer," continued Chubby with a wink. "I got in

touch with a feller called 'Cokey' Williams, and he got me all the 'Amashyer' stuff 'e could lay his 'ands on.

"This chap with the falsetto voice

arranged to meet me at a warehouse up the river. They had a boat waiting for me at the wharf, and off we went. The little feller seemed very pleased when I gave 'im the stuff, and once I'd 'anded it over I was politely dismissed, and taken back to Redhouse Wharf."

"Did you recognise anyone at the warehouse?"

"Not a soul . . . at least . . ." Chubby seemed to hesitate.

"Well?" demanded Temple.

"I couldn't swear to it, but just before I stepped into the boat I had an idea I saw

Hargreaves—the Reverend Hargreaves, I mean."

"H'm," mused Temple. "Of course, we really have no proof that all this has anything to do with the Front Page Men."

"Oh yes it has!" insisted Chubby.

"What makes you so sure?"

"Because when I left the warehouse the little feller gives me a funny sort of look. Then he says: 'If you feel like talking,

Chubby, remember Sydney Debenham.'"

"Sydney Debenham?"

"Yes, it was the week after that murder—you remember—he was the head cashier at the Margate Bank—"

"I remember," said Temple quietly. Apparently the Front Page Men left nothing to chance.

"Where is this warehouse, Chubby?" questioned Temple presently.

"Don't ask me, guv'nor. I've got no bump of locality, as they calls it. As far as I could make out, it seemed to be about a mile up river from Redhouse Wharf."

Temple weighed up this information carefully. "Thanks, Chubby." He handed over a small bundle of notes. "How can I get out of here without going through the

bar?"

"That's easy," Chubby assured him. "Follow me, Mr. Temple."

He opened the door, and they stood for a moment just inside. Temple suddenly became conscious of a piano being played in one of the rooms upstairs.

It was the melody that Mr. J. F. Goldie had played in the drawing-room of Paul Temple's flat.

Paul Temple caught a bus going to Charing Cross, climbed the stairs, and thoughtfully lit a cigarette, preparatory to reviewing the situation.

He was inclined to reproach himself for not making certain whether it really was Goldie in that upstairs room. Anyway, it certainly looked suspicious. How often did one hear Liszt played in a low riverside tavern? All the same, there was a chance that if he had gone upstairs he would have bumped into the Reverend Hargreaves.

Temple was frankly puzzled about Hargreaves. According to Chubby Wilson, the cleric was implicated to some extent with the Front Page Men. How else could one construe his delivery of the note? Was the Seamen's Hostel a cloak for these nefarious pursuits?

He reached home to find the butler delivering in the letter-box.

"Hello, Pryce," Temple greeted him cheerfully. "Is Mrs. Temple upstairs?"

"No, sir, she's out. She left about twenty minutes ago to meet Miss Forbes."

"To meet Miss Forbes?" queried Temple in some surprise.

"Yes, sir. Madam received a telephone message from Miss Forbes shortly after you left. Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell arrived about five minutes ago, sir."

The manservant returned to his kitchen, and Temple made for the drawing-room.

"So here you are at last, you old reprobate," Gerald greeted him excitedly.

"Hello, Gerald! Hello, Ann! What's all the fuss about?"

"You've been holding out on me, you old sinner," said Gerald reproachfully.

"Don't tell me you've discovered that I am Andrea Fortune," replied Temple solemnly.

They all laughed.

"It isn't you at all," explained Ann.

Gerald's just heard that Steve is writing a novel, and he wants to get her signature on the dotted line before any of the other publishers."

"Well, you haven't lost much time," laughed Temple. "I wish Steve made such rapid progress. Why, she's been working on it for at least six months, and she hasn't even finished the prologue yet."

"I told you there was no hurry," laughed Ann, amused at her husband's bewilderment.

"How on earth did you hear about it, anyhow?" asked Temple.

"The editor of the 'Daily Courier' told me about it two days ago, and I happened to mention it at dinner to-night," said Ann.

Gerald nearly passed out with excitement."

"Then what about fifty pounds in advance on royalties?" laughed Temple. "Remember Steve has a husband to maintain . . ."

At that moment Pryce entered carrying a silver salver on which lay a card. It was rather smaller than a playing-card.

"This was in the letter-box, sir, I thought perhaps it might be important."

"It certainly wasn't there when I came in," murmured Temple, turning to take it.

"No, sir."

The Mitchells watched him examine it carefully, and saw his jaw drop as its significance dawned upon him.

"Paul—what is it?" exclaimed Mitchell in alarm.

"It's—it's the Front Page Men," said Paul Temple. "They've got Steve."

Mr. Andrew Brightman was inclined to be irritable. He had been summoned peremptorily to Scotland Yard, where Sir Graham Forbes was putting him through what might have been described as a refined version of the "third degree."

And Mr. Brightman was showing some signs of feeling the strain.

"My dear Sir Graham, why on earth you brought me here to ask me the questions I have already answered half a dozen times is completely beyond my comprehension," he was protesting in his oily, assured tones.

Forbes ignored this outburst.

"Mr. Brightman, I am anxious to get to the bottom of this business," he persisted quietly. "And there is just one more point. You say you deposited the suitcase in the cloak-room of the Regal Palace Hotel?"

"Yes, yes!" snapped Brightman, his patience almost exhausted.

"And the cloak-room attendant gave you a ticket for the case?"

"Yes."

"You're quite sure of that?"

"Of course I'm sure," said Brightman wearily, as if he were dealing with an inquisitive child.

"Thank you," said Sir Graham, pressing a button on his desk. A few moments after Brightman's departure, Paul Temple was shown in.

"Sir Graham, I'm sorry to burst in like this—but—it's Steve," said Temple, chokingly. "They've got her . . . The Front Page Men!"

Controlling himself with an

obvious effort, he related what had occurred. He ended with Chubby Wilson's details of the warehouse up the river.

Sir Graham leapt to his feet, pushing his chair back with a bang.

"Mac, get the Thames police," he thundered. "I want a launch at the North Pier—tell Brooks and Donovan."

Again he snatched up the telephone.

"Hunter? Meet me at the North Pier in twenty minutes." He paused to give some brief instructions to Reed, then snatched up his hat and followed Temple, who was already half-way downstairs.

Outside, Gerald Mitchell was waiting for them.

"Ann took the car home," he explained. "I thought perhaps I might be able to help in some way."

"Sir Graham, this is Gerald Mitchell, a friend of mine. Would you mind if he came along?" asked Temple.

Sir Graham sized up Mitchell with a rapid glance. "All right," he consented gruffly, "as long as he understands he isn't coming to a picnic."

They all entered a fast police car, and were whirled through a succession of back streets which the driver used to avoid the heavy traffic.

Temple's face was white and set beneath the glare of the street lamps that shone in on them in monotonous succession. Nobody talked much, and Mitchell was patently nervous, though none the less determined.

Hunter was already seated in the launch with the two sergeants, Brooks and Donovan, lean, weather-beaten river police, whose eyes appeared to be perpetually focused on some distant object. Sir Graham's party settled themselves in the launch, and Donovan started the engine.

They slipped out into the river, and Temple noticed for the first time that there was a considerable amount of fog over the water. Sir Graham murmured some instructions to Sergeant Donovan at the wheel, and soon they were travelling at a fair pace in the direction of Redhouse Wharf.

They had progressed the better part of two miles when Hunter asked:

"What's that place over there?" He indicated a large building that had loomed up at a bend in the river.

"Fisher and Watkins, sir. They're the coal people," Brooks informed him.

"Then that couldn't be it."

"No, sir. That place is pretty well known. There isn't a tug on the river that doesn't call there at some time or other."

"Listen!" interrupted Mitchell, gripping Temple's arm.

"What is it?"

"I thought I heard something," said Mitchell nervously. "It sounded rather like a revolver-shot."

"A revolver-shot?" queried Sir Graham sharply.

Brooks seemed sceptical. "This old river's full of strange noises, sir—until you get used to 'em. You might imagine almost anything."

"I don't think that light is imagination, Sergeant," interposed Paul Temple.

"Light, sir? Where?"

"To the left, George. Look!" called out Sergeant Donovan, before Temple could reply.

"H'm that's a light, true enough," admitted Brooks. "A pretty powerful one, too. Why, it must be—"

"Listen!" hissed Donovan.

From the distance, somewhat muffled by the fog, came the familiar "chug-chug" of a motor-launch, like a quickened heartbeat. Its light swept the river inquiringly, but so far had not picked up the police launch.

"That must have been the boat I heard before," observed Mitchell.

"It's a pretty powerful light they've got," said Temple, peering across the water.

"They're getting closer," announced Donovan from the wheel.

"Give 'em a hail," ordered Sir Graham. Brooks stood up, cupped his hands and shouted:

"Ahoy there! Ahoy!"

There was no reply, but the oncoming launch appeared to change her course slightly.

"Turn the light on, Harry," ordered Brooks.

There was a click, and a thin, powerful beam pencilled its way across the river towards the light in the other boat, which was immediately switched off.

"They've gone right over to the other side," declared Temple, who was watching closely. "They're trying to dodge us . . ."

Bring the light over to the right, Sergeant. A bit more . . . now back to your left a shade . . ."

The sound of a shot echoed clearly over the water, and everybody ducked instinctively as there was a sudden crash of splintered glass. The lamp on the police-launch was out, leaving them in a darkness that seemed more intense than ever.

"Get the reserve lamp, Harry, and look sharp," snapped Brooks.

Donovan began to fumble in a locker with his free hand, and Brooks went to help him. Then another shot was heard and a bullet whined away to their left. This was followed by a rapid fusillade.

"Keep down! Keep down, Sir Graham!" shrieked Brooks, and they all crouched as low as they could in the well of the launch. Again came the staccato racket that obviously emanated from a machine-gun.

"Keep down, Donovan," called out Forbes. But the man at the wheel had straightened to a sitting position.

"We must turn her round and get after them," he answered, and was about to add something further when there was another spurt of machine-gun fire, this time much nearer and more prolonged.

Temple saw Donovan clutch his shoulder and sink slowly into his cockpit. Brooks went over to him at once.

"Are you all right, Harry?" he asked.

"Yes—yes—" gasped Donovan weakly, and with a queer strangled sigh relapsed into unconsciousness. He had switched off the engine, and the boat was drifting aimlessly with the tide.

"Get him in the corner if you can," suggested Mitchell.

Suddenly the light from the other launch blazed on them, and Brooks ducked quickly. To all outward appearance there was no sign of life on the police launch. For the better part of a minute the relentless glare swept the boat, then snapped out. Apparently the strangers were not tempted to investigate further.

Temple made for Donovan and hastily examined his injury. "He's in a pretty bad way," he announced.

As he spoke they heard the steady beat of the engine of the other boat amplified to a roar which gradually faded into the night.

"The swine have gone!" said Mitchell.

"Donovan is getting worse. We'll have to turn back," declared Brooks.

"Yes—better wait a couple of minutes till they are clear," advised Sir Graham.

"Paul—you don't think that Carol and your wife are in that boat?" blurted out Mitchell.

Temple shook his head helplessly.

Brooks was struggling to restart the engine.

"All right, Sergeant, I'll take the wheel," offered Mitchell. "You look after Donovan."

"Think you can manage it all right, sir?"

"Perfectly. I've got a boat of my own up at Maldenhead."

He lowered himself into the cockpit and gingerly felt for the starter.

"Perhaps it would be as well if we made for the bank and telephoned the nearest hospital," Brooks was suggesting, when there was a sudden exclamation from Forbes.

"Temple! There's something in the water!"

Temple leaned over the side and peered in the direction Sir Graham indicated.

"It's a man!"

"Good Lord, he's right!" confirmed Brooks.

"Over to the left, Gerald—cut out the engine—that's it . . ." instructed Temple.

The engine spluttered to a standstill. Brooks produced a long boathook and dragged in the black object that bobbed gently up and down on the dark waters.

"Have you got him, Temple?"

"Yes," gasped Temple. Forbes and Hunter went to his assistance, and eventually they succeeded in heaving this strange, inert mass over the side.

It was a man, quite heavily built, and his face was swathed in yards of bandages.

"He looks a 'goner,'" announced Mitchell, kneeling on the driving-seat to get a better view.

"Yes, I'm afraid he is," agreed Temple. He carefully pulled a sodden card away from the man's sleeve, and passed it on to Sir Graham without comment. The Chief Commissioner ignited his cigarette-lighter and looked at the card, though he knew what to expect before he did so. Hunter leaned over.

"The Front Page Men," he murmured.

"Haden't we better untie this bandage stuff round his face, sir, and then we'll be able to see who—"

"I'll do it," said Forbes. He produced a penknife and cut away some of the soaked outer wrappings. "That's done it," he announced at last.

"Great heaven!" breathed Paul Temple, as the bandage fell away.

He was looking at the face of Chubby Wilson.

"Chubby Wilson?" echoed Forbes, letting fall the dripping pile of bandages.

"Yes—the man who told me about the warehouse," nodded Temple.

"So that's why they put him out," said Brooks.

Temple pondered upon the tragedy as the launch steadily chugged its way homewards. As far as he knew, only the Reverend Charles Hargreaves had any idea that he and Chubby had talked together.

At last, amidst the swirling mist, the lights of the pier were faintly visible, and Mitchell, who had by now mastered the little idiosyncrasies of the launch, steered her towards the lights.

"There's someone waiting for us," said Forbes.

"It's Reed," said Hunter. "Give me the painter, Sergeant."

He sorted out the rope, then turned to help Brooks with Donovan.

"Hello—is that you, Mac?" called Sir Graham.

"Ay, I've got a message for ye," answered Reed, running down the steps of the landing-stage.

"Catch hold of the rope, Mac," called Hunter, and the Scotsman deftly obeyed.

Then, "Holy Moses!" he ejaculated in astonishment, when he came close up to the rather dejected party. "Where the devil have ye been? An' what's the matter with yon laddie?"

"Bullet through his shoulder. He's pretty badly hurt, and I'm afraid of chill," snapped Sir Graham, a little impatient at this questioning. "Phone the station, Brooks, and get them to send a hand-ambulance right away."

Brooks leapt ashore. Reed was peering intently at the body in the well of the launch.

"I say, what's wrong with the other chap?" he asked.

"Dead," replied Temple laconically.

"Dead! Phew!" whistled Reed. "It's been a pleasant little picnic you've been on, by the look of things. His—"

He broke off abruptly.

"Good heavens, Sir Graham, I was forgetting all about the message!" he exclaimed. "It's from Mrs. Temple and Miss Forbes, sir. They're waitin' for ye at the flat."

With a hand that trembled slightly, Temple sorted out his latchkey, and opened the door of his flat. Then, with a muttered excuse to Sir Graham and Reed, he went on into the lounge, which he had noticed was occupied.

As soon as he opened the door, Steve jumped up and came to meet him. Her eyes were shining and just a little moist.

"Darling!" she cried softly, clasping him lightly for a moment, and finding a response as he clutched her shoulders and held her to him.

Then they simultaneously realised that Carol was sitting in an armchair, and that Sir Graham and Reed were standing rather awkwardly in the doorway.

"Come in, Sir Graham, and you, too, Reed," said Temple hastily. "Whisky for both of you?" He went to get the decanter; and everybody started talking at once.

"We've had a deuce of a game," Sir Graham was saying when his host brought the drinks.

"Tell me about this mysterious telephone call, Steve," urged Temple.

"It came through just after you had left. There was a girl at the other end, and I hadn't the slightest doubt that it was Carol. The voice was exactly the same, and besides, she said it was Carol speaking."

"Naturally, you wouldn't question it," agreed Sir Graham. "Please go on, Mrs. Temple."

"Well, she asked me to meet her at the corner of Half Moon Street shortly before nine. That struck me as rather queer, because Carol usually calls for me, but I thought she might have been seeing someone in that district and hadn't time to come on here. So I changed into a costume and left about twenty to nine." She paused.

"Now this is the strange part. Before I got to the end of Park Lane a taxi called past, and who should be sitting inside, gazing blissfully out of the window, but Carol."

"I was on my way to the Fosters," that young lady lazily explained.

"Naturally, seeing Carol like this rather surprised me," continued Steve. "Apart from the taxi going in the opposite direction to Half Moon Street, I noticed that Carol was wearing evening dress. This certainly didn't look as if she was on her way to keep our appointment. So I waved my arms frantically, and Carol stopped the taxi."

"Lucky I saw you," commented Carol.

lighting the cigarette she had inserted in a holder.

"What then?" asked Temple.

"There's really nothing more to tell," said Steve.

"And yet you were sure it was Carol who spoke on the telephone?"

"I was certain at the time," declared Steve emphatically.

"Excuse me," interrupted Chief Inspector Reed, who had been silent up till now.

"About what time would it be when ye received the telephone call, Mrs. Temple?"

"Oh, I should say . . . shortly after eight," replied Steve.

"We might trace the call, Sir Graham," suggested Reed.

"That's an idea, Mac," conceded his superior. "May I use the phone, Temple?"

"Certainly, Sir Graham."

The Chief Commissioner went out into the hall, where they could hear him dialling vigorously.

"Apparently the call came from the Medusa Club in Piccadilly," he announced on his return. "They've got four or five call-boxes there."

"The Medusa Club?" echoed Temple dubiously.

"Ay, that'll be Tony Rivoli's new place," supplied Reed. "It's so swanky, we daren't even raid it."

This seemed to amuse Carol, who had visited the club in question on several occasions.

"I think I've heard of it," said her father.

"Who is this Tony Rivoli?" asked Temple.

"You've heard of him, Mr. Temple. He was the fellow mixed up with the big Holborn forgery case about four years ago. Nothing very much against him."

"Oh, yes, I remember," recalled Temple thoughtfully.

"Tony's doing well for himself," declared Forbes. "He owns the Rivoli Restaurant in Bruton Street, the High Spot on the bypass at Waring. And now this new place in Piccadilly."

"Is he going straight?"

"As far as I know," conceded Mac. "He gambles rather heavily, but I don't think there's any real harm in him."

Sir Graham dismissed this point for the time being, and returned to their first topic.

"I wonder why the Front Page Men wanted to get hold of your wife, Temple," he mused.

"Ransom, of course," Carol informed him in the tolerating tone of an indulgent parent.

"They intended to hold Steve until . . ."

But Sir Graham would have none of this theory.

"No, I don't think that was the reason. In fact, I'm sure it wasn't," he asserted confidently.

"They've got a hunch that Temple is working on this case, and they want a means of keeping his mouth shut," was Chief Inspector Reed's opinion.

"Yes," said Forbes after a pause. "I think you're right there, Mac."

"I can't see any other reason," admitted Temple.

"Well," concluded Sir Graham, draining his glass. "I don't think there's anything else we can do at the moment. Are you ready, Carol?"

They took their leave, and after hearing the last echo of their voices and the clash of the lift-gates, Temple returned to find Steve gazing pensively into the fire.

"Paul, did you see that man at the Glass Bowl?"

"Chubby Wilson? Yes, I saw him." He paused, then tried to continue in a level voice. "We dragged him out of the river about two hours ago."

Steve recoiled.

"You mean he was murdered? Oh, how horrible! Who did it?"

"The Front Page Men."

Steve shuddered. "If I'd gone to Half Moon Street . . ."

"Well, you didn't," said her husband.

The lavishly furnished showrooms of Claphaw and Thompson's rarely failed to attract the footsteps of the lingering Regent Street shopper.

Walking down Regent Street, carrying his hat in one hand, Paul Temple was enjoying the early spring sunshine to the full when the latest Remstein model caught his eye, just as Claphaw and Thompson's had intended it should.

Temple stood silently surveying the new Remstein for some minutes, lost in thought, and oblivious to the traffic that roared behind him. Then he appeared to make up his mind quite suddenly and pushed his way through the swing-doors.

"Good-morning, sir. A very fine morning," a salesman greeted him, with the merest touch of deference in his tone. "Can I help you at all?"

"I'm rather interested in the new Remsteins," Temple informed him a little diffidently.

"Ah, yes, the Remsteins. They are becoming quite the rage, sir. We are continually replenishing our stock."

The salesman sat down and ran his fingers lightly over the keys. "You will notice, sir, that it has a very light touch—the keys are very responsive. It is very suitable to the sensitive performer." He began to play a Chopin waltz with a mechanical precision and utter lack of inspiration.

"Very nice," said Temple, when he had finished.

"Perhaps you would like to try the instrument, sir," suggested the salesman, relinquishing his seat.

"I play very little, really," confessed Temple, sitting down nevertheless and striking a series of chords. "How much is this model?"

"Six hundred and fifty guineas, sir. And a remarkable bargain."

"It's a lot of money," murmured Temple reflectively. "The price of quite an attractive car."

"If it's a question of suitable terms, sir, then I am sure Mr. Thompson . . ." The salesman waved an expressive hand.

"Then there is a Mr. Thompson," said Temple with reawakened interest. "And a Mr. Claphaw?"

The salesman shook his head. "Mr. Claphaw retired from the business some years ago—during the last depression, in fact."

"I see. You mean Mr. Thompson bought him out?"

The salesman shrugged his shoulders. He was a little puzzled by this charming customer, whose face was vaguely familiar, and whose curiosity was so disconcerting to high-pressure salesmanship.

"Perhaps you would like to see Mr. Thompson, sir. I'll see if I can get him—"

"Please don't trouble," smiled Temple disarmingly. "I would like to see some of the smaller models. There is hardly room for a really large piano in the modern flat."

The salesman nodded understandingly, and led the way along an aisle between dozens of new pianos of all descriptions. They came to a neat baby grand piano in a far corner.

"This is the Remstein Junior, sir. It has all the salient features of the larger model."

and makes a most attractive proposition. I forgot to mention, sir, that a rather remarkable feature of the Remstein is that it requires very little tuning. You see, it incorporates a new device which keeps it well up to pitch and—

This was the point in the conversation for which Temple had been waiting.

"But surely," he said, "that's rather hard on the piano-tuner, who has to earn a living the same as the rest of us. I suppose you employ several?"

The assistant shook his head. "Only one now, sir."

"It wouldn't be by any chance," murmured Temple slowly, "be a Mr. Goldie?"

The salesman looked up quickly. "Why, no, sir. We did have a Mr. Goldie, but he retired some years ago. Do you know him?"

Temple smiled. "He tuned a piano for some friends of mine. The old boy seemed quite a character."

"You're right there, sir. And lately I'm beginning to wonder just what sort of a character."

Temple swung round on the piano-stool, obviously very much intrigued.

"But surely the old man is quite harmless," he expostulated.

The salesman shook his head mysteriously.

"I wouldn't be so sure about that, sir. Of course, while he was here I understand that his work gave every satisfaction. So much so that several of his favorite clients persuaded him to continue tuning their pianos after he left us. I believe he still has quite a connection."

"Surely there's no harm in that," said Temple.

"Of course not, sir. But . . ." The salesman looked round cautiously. "There's been some queer folks making inquiries about Mr. Goldie this last week or two. An inspector from Scotland Yard only last Wednesday."

"You surprise me. You don't think Mr. Goldie's done anything desperate, do you? He seemed such a harmless little man. I shouldn't have thought he would have hurt a fly."

"You never can tell, sir. I said to Mr. Thompson, sir, I said: 'If Mr. Goldie hasn't been up to anything, then what do Scotland Yard want with him?'"

"Exactly," nodded Temple solemnly. "Could you tell the Scotland Yard man anything?"

"Well, I didn't know Mr. Goldie very well, sir, and his work used to take him outside most of the time. I must say I always found the old chap very inoffensive, but I always say you can never tell what a man will get up to in his spare time. And with all these people asking about him, he must have been up to something."

"You mean other people have been inquiring?"

"Well . . . there's yourself, sir. You might be a private detective for all I know." He smoothed his grey hair a trifle nervously. "In fact, your face is very familiar, if you will permit me to say so. I must have seen your photo somewhere."

Temple took out his wallet and slowly extracted a card, which he handed to the assistant.

"Why, Mr. Temple! How stupid of me not to recognise you before, sir."

"Now," said Temple, "as far as I know, there's nothing against Mr. Goldie, but I'm interested to find out one or two little things about him. First of all, have you had any other inquiries besides the Scotland Yard man and myself?"

"There was one less than an hour ago, Mr. Temple."

He noted the novelist's start of surprise with obvious satisfaction.

"Could you describe him to me?"

The assistant looked rather shamefaced.

"As a matter of fact, sir," he had to confess, "the gentleman was a parson."

"A clergyman?"

"Yes. He said that Mr. Goldie had once been a parishioner of his, and he was rather anxious to get in touch with him again. He seemed quite genuine, sir, but you never can tell, can you?"

"No," smiled Temple, "you never can tell. This clergyman," he continued, "could you describe him at all?"

The assistant obliged to the best of his ability. There was little doubt in Temple's mind that the gentleman in question had been the Reverend Charles Hargreaves. Temple idly played a scale or two, then asked:

"I suppose we are both talking about the same Mr. Goldie?"

"Of course, sir. A little man with rimless glasses and a bow tie. I never knew him very well myself, sir, but I've heard tell he was a brilliant pianist. Seemed quite kind-hearted too. Often used to bring us a bunch of lilies from his garden."

"Lilies?" repeated Temple, with a lift of the eyebrows.

"Yes, sir. The old boy was an expert on lilies. And I must say he grew some beauties. They gave the showroom quite an air. I've missed 'em more than once since he left."

"Rather an unusual hobby," commented Temple.

"Yes, he wasn't what you'd call an ordinary sort of man, although he was only a piano-tuner. He was a character, sir, no doubt about that."

Temple nodded thoughtfully. Somehow he couldn't forget the lilies. The assistant brought him back to realities with a start.

"About this Remstein, sir . . . were you really thinking of buying one?"

Temple frowned in deep deliberation. "I think perhaps I'd better consult Mr. Goldie about that," he announced at last, as he picked up his hat and made his way to the door.

The assistant accompanied him to the door and politely held it open for him. But before Temple could leave, a well-built man in morning coat, striped trousers and spats, swung brusquely through the door and into the shop, where Temple heard him loudly demand the presence of the manager.

It was none other than Mr. Andrew Brightman.

The time-honored Services Clubs in Piccadilly were inclined to look down their nose when the latest newcomer opened its chromium-plated doors and illuminated a violent green-and-purple neon sign to tell the world that the Medusa Club had sprung into existence.

Retired colonels, commented from the depths of their saddle-bagged armchairs: "These bally places spring up in the night like mushrooms. Give it six months. Now I remember when I was in Delhi . . ."

But, under the judicious management of Mr. Tony Rivoli, the Medusa's growth threatened to outpace even that of the despised mushroom.

Tony was determined to preserve the prestige of the Medusa Club if it cost him his life. It was his favorite enterprise, dear to him as his overspilt son.

And now Tony was just a little uneasy

about a party that had been meeting a good deal during the past few months in Room Number Seven. Two of them, Lucky Gibson and Jimmy Mills, he knew had been mixed up with racecourse gangs some years ago, when he himself had gambled a fair amount on the Turf. And he didn't like the looks of that Mr. Brightman, who arranged about the room.

Standing in the foyer one cool spring evening, Tony saw Lucky Gibson airily pushing his way through the swing doors.

"Hello, Tony!" called the little Cockney quite perkily, pushing back a shabby opera hat which completely negated any sartorial achievement of his expensive suit.

Tony nodded rather coldly in response to the greeting.

"Number Seven, Mr. Gibson," he murmured hastily, moving away to the dining-hall to welcome a group of guests who had just arrived.

Having progressed leisurely up a heavily-carpeted staircase, Lucky poked his head cautiously round the door of Number Seven. The only other person he could see was Jimmy Mills, who was reclining in a luxurious armchair and toasting his feet at the electric fire.

"Hello, Lucky," said Jimmy casually, lighting a fresh cigarette from the end of its predecessor.

"Isn't Brightman here?" demanded Lucky in some surprise.

"No," answered Mills calmly, leaning over to pour himself another drink from a decanter which stood on a tray beside him.

"Mix me a drink," said Lucky, nervously licking his lips. He seemed far less self-assured now.

"You sound sweet, I must say," commented Mills. "Anything wrong?"

"I've had the jitters since last night," confessed Lucky.

"Cool! What was the matter with last night?" demanded Jimmy in some surprise. "We 'ad 'em on the run proper."

"That police launch was too darn near for my liking," admitted his confederate.

"You're losing your nerve," sneered Mills.

"Here, drink this." He passed over a large tumbler, which Lucky grasped eagerly.

"What's the lay-out for to-night?" he asked presently, when the drink had begun to take effect.

"The Chief's got something up his sleeve," growled Mills.

Lucky paused with the glass half-way to his lips.

"The Chief?"

"I mean Brightman."

"Brightman isn't the big noise behind this outfit. Don't run away with that idea," advised Lucky.

"Well, he is as far as I'm concerned," retorted Mills, nonchalantly flicking the ash off his cigarette.

Lucky eyed him shrewdly. "You know, Jimmy, I've been thinking—" he began. "Yes, I know," nodded Mills. "And it isn't always a wise policy. What you want to do, Lucky, is to make hay while the sun shines."

"Listen," pursued Lucky hoarsely. "There ain't a 'tee in London that wouldn't give four years of 'is life, and 'is blinkin' pension thrown in, to know who the Front Page Men are."

"So what?" snapped Mills.

"Well . . ." Lucky paused meaningfully, "suppose they found out. Supposin' they got to know that the Front Page Men are Brightman, Swan Williams, Jed Ware, Lina Froanay and their old friends Jimmy Mills and Lucky Gibson. What do you think would happen?"

"Why it'd be the end of the Front Page Men," pronounced Mills. "That's common sense, ain't it?"

"Would it be the end of the Front Page Men?" reflected Lucky. "I wonder..."

"What d'yer mean?"

"There's another man behind this racket," declared Lucky emphatically. "A man with brains and initiative. Front Page Man Number One!"

Mills shrugged his shoulders.

"Who is he?" cried Lucky in desperation.

"Would you sleep any better if you knew?" demanded Mills sarcastically.

"Yes, I would, and I don't mind admittin' it," retorted Lucky, not to be denied. "Why should we take all the risk? Don't you see, this bloke—whatever he is—has only got to tip off the Yard about one of us and—"

"Well, if you want my honest opinion," said Mills, shifting his feet from one chair to another, "the feller behind the gang is Brightman—and nobody else."

"Then why should Brightman go out of his way to prove that there is someone else? At every meeting he tells us that he has received fresh orders from the Chief or—"

"Sh!" hissed Mills suddenly, as a step sounded outside. "Here's Brightman."

It was very much the Brightman of old; brisk, self-assured, and a little too suave.

"Hello! Where's Jed and Lina?" was his first inquiry.

"They haven't arrived yet," said Mills, who was now on his feet.

"We haven't seen Swan either," supplied Lucky.

"Swan is downstairs. He'll be up in a minute," said Brightman, crossing to the fire.

"Any news about Donovan?" queried Mills tentatively.

"Donovan? Oh, the police-sergeant. Yes, he died this morning," announced Brightman in the same tone one would imagine he adopted in reading a balance-sheet.

"D—dead?" stuttered Lucky.

"Yes. You pumped a fair amount of lead into him, Lucky, with that machine-gun of yours."

Lucky was about to make some retort, but the door opened to admit Swan Williams, a dapper little man with a mincing gait, who was strikingly dressed in a suit of electric-blue material.

"Sorry I'm late, boys," he apologised in a peculiar falsetto voice. "Where's Lina?"

"She isn't here yet," Brightman told him. Williams went and helped himself to a drink and settled down in one of the more luxurious chairs.

"Jimmy, I want you to contact Mullins. To-night, if possible," ordered Brightman, who was obviously anxious to proceed with the evening's business.

"Mullins? You mean the 'fence'?"

"Yes."

"What do we want Mullins for? We aren't got any stuff on our 'anda," put in Lucky curiously.

"No, but we soon shall have," significantly retorted Brightman.

Jimmy Mills was interested at once.

"What is it?" asked Lucky Gibson suspiciously.

"The Falkirk Diamond," smiled Brightman, rubbing his hands gently.

"I thought it was out of Town," said Mills, who was usually well up in these matters.

"It is," Brightman told him. "It's at a small jeweller's in Nottingham."

Swan Williams sat down his glass. "The Falkirk Diamond has rather an interesting story," he informed them. "It was brought from America in nineteen-thirty-four, and then..."

Brightman waved an impatient hand.

"The Falkirk Diamond is worth a quarter of a million. That's all the history that interests us," he declared.

The door was suddenly flung open to admit a striking young woman of twenty-five. Slightly above average height, the pallor of her regular features contrasted effectively with the sleek black hair, parted exactly in the centre. Most men looked twice at Lina Frenay.

Behind her was the burly figure of Jed Ware, agile as a cat for all his fourteen stone.

"Evening everyone! Sorry we're late," smiled Lina. She settled herself comfortably, took a case from her bag, selected a small cigarette, accepted a light from Swan Williams, and puffed contentedly.

"Well, Lina—what do you think?" demanded Brightman impatiently.

"The Chief's right. It can be done," she announced. "They're keeping the stone down at Nottingham till Monday. If Lord Cresset doesn't buy Simpson is bringing the stone back to Town on the eight-ten."

"Simpson? Who's Simpson?" asked Brightman.

"He's the insurance representative. Believe me, that stone is pretty well looked after. Our only chance is—"

"They mustn't get the diamond back to London," declared Brightman. "In that case we're done for."

"They won't do that," came the thick, coarse voice of Jed Ware. "It's a perfect set-up."

"Good!" applauded Brightman. "Now Jimmy, listen..."

Paul Temple always spent as much time as possible at Bramley Lodge, his house near Evesham, in the spring; and after the attempt to kidnap Steve, he insisted on bringing her to the lodge, where, he assured her, the country air would build up her health and the placid tempo of rural life would soon restore any nervous deficiencies.

There followed five days of complete, peaceful serenity. Temple forbade Steve even to read the papers. But he read them himself.

He read the account of an amazingly daring robbery at a small jeweller's in Nottingham. So he was not surprised to see Sir Graham Forbes' huge roadster sweep round the curve of the drive later in the morning. Steve heard it, too, and was waiting in the hall when the Chief Commissioner was shown in.

Sir Graham looked very haggard.

"I expect this business at Nottingham gave you a nasty jolt," sympathised Temple.

"That's putting it mildly. Have you seen the papers?"

"Yes," said Steve promptly, smiling sweetly in reply to her husband's frown. "I can't quite see why the Front Page Men should trouble themselves over a small jeweller's in Nottingham."

"This particular jeweller," quietly interposed Forbes, "had the Falkirk Diamond."

"Pshaw!" whistled Temple.

"The Falkirk Diamond?" repeated Steve, somewhat puzzled.

"Yes," said Forbes. "So far, we've kept it out of the papers, but the story is bound to break sooner or later."

"Did you come down from Town?" asked Temple.

"No. I've been in Nottingham all night. I motored down there with Mac and Hunter."

He paused, then growled, "We're in a jam, Temple. Something must be done about the Front Page Men, and done quickly."

"Have you made any further attempts to find that warehouse?" asked Temple.

"My dear fellow, the river police have been literally combing the Thames-side."

"No luck?"

Forbes shook his head.

"What about these men who committed the robbery at Nottingham?" asked Steve eagerly.

"The only information I seem to be able to extract is that they wore masks. We haven't got a decent description of any of them with the exception of one or two navvies, who were probably toughs just got up for that particular hold-up."

Forbes filled his pipe with nervous fingers and thoughtfully puffed smoke-rings in the direction of the fireplace.

"Temple, you remember that man Andrew Brightman?" he began reflectively.

"Perfectly," said Temple.

"I'm just a shade doubtful about that gentleman. Never liked the looks of him from the start."

"I could mention a few hundred people who are something of an eyesore to me," grinned Temple, "but that would hardly constitute evidence that they have any connection with the Front Page Men. Or even that they are criminals."

Sir Graham nodded glumly.

"All the same," he went on, "you remember Brightman told us that, acting on instructions received from the Front Page Men, he deposited a suitcase containing eight thousand pounds in the cloakroom of the Regal Palace Hotel."

"Well?" queried Temple.

"He cashed a cheque for eight thousand all right, but he didn't deposit the suitcase in the cloakroom. They won't let you deposit a suitcase in the cloakroom of the hotel. They have a luggage depot in Villier Street."

"Smart work," commented Temple.

"Hunter happened to find that out," conceded Sir Graham a little reluctantly.

Steve was quite excited now.

"You think that this man Brightman might be the leader of the Front Page Men?" she demanded.

Forbes frowned.

"I wouldn't go so far as to say that, Mrs. Temple."

"But there must be a leader," argued Steve.

"Yes, there's a Front Page Man Number One all right," agreed Sir Graham, "but somehow I don't think it's Brightman."

"No," said Temple evenly, "neither do I." But he did not offer to give his reasons, and they sat in silence for some time, each debating the point in his mind.

"I can't help thinking that, whoever he is, Front Page Man Number One must be a sort of genius," announced Sir Graham at length. "Yes, a genius," he repeated emphatically, "with a strange, fantastic type of mind."

"Why do you say that?" asked Steve.

"Well, take the name of the gang, or organisation. It's also the title of a very successful thriller, written apparently by a woman called Andrea Fortune—whom nobody knows anything at all about."

"Perhaps she's Front Page Man Number One," suggested Temple diffidently.

"Yes, that's possible," conceded Sir Graham, but he was prevented from enlarging upon the theory by the telephone's shrill ring. Temple answered it, and with barely a word handed over the receiver to his guest.

"That was Inspector Nelson," Sir Graham told them, as he replaced the receiver. "I don't think I told you he's been trailing Goldie. Apparently, Mr. J. P. Goldie spent the afternoon in Nottingham on the day of the hold-up."

"That's interesting," smiled Temple.

"Were there any customers in the shop when the robbery occurred?"

"Yes, but they can't tell us a great deal, unfortunately."

"Goldie wasn't there by any chance?"

"No."

"By the way," put in Steve, "have you had any news of Sir Norman Blakeley's child?"

Once again Sir Graham had to admit defeat. This seemed to irritate him so much that he suddenly announced that he must return to London at once. He refused the Temple's pressing invitation to lunch, declaring he had no time to lose. They saw him to his car, and the eight cylinders roared in unison as the huge car shot down the drive.

"I wonder if they'll get away with the Falkirk Diamond," Steve speculated, as they went inside again.

"I don't know," said Temple. "Anyhow, the Nottingham robbery seems to show they don't intend restricting their activities to abduction and murder."

"This Mr. Goldie," Steve broke in. "Do you think he is . . ."

There was a sound of screeching brakes outside, a car-door slammed abruptly, and Steve ran to the window.

"Why, it's Gerald!" she announced, greatly surprised, and went to open the door.

Gerald Mitchell seemed very excited. He crushed the brim of his felt hat nervously in his hands as he came into the room, and occasionally his face twitched oddly, distorting his features.

"Paul, I'm frightfully sorry bursting in on you like this," he apologised, "but I simply had to see you."

"Yes, yes, of course," said Temple soothingly.

"Do sit down, Gerald," invited Steve. Mitchell shifted nervously from one foot to the other.

"No, I'd rather stand, thanks, Steve." He put his hat on a side table, then picked it up again, and began fidgeting it.

"Have a drink, Gerald," suggested Steve, but he shook his head.

"Paul, I'm worried—hellishly worried," he said. "I've just heard something, and—oh Lord—I don't know what to think."

Temple and Steve regarded each other in some perplexity. Suddenly Mitchell took out his handkerchief and mopped his brow.

"I saw Reed yesterday afternoon," he said. "And he told me about what happened that night Steve disappeared. He told me that Steve received a telephone message from Carol Forbes."

"No," interposed Steve. "It turned out that the call wasn't from Carol."

"But—but you thought it was Carol speaking on the phone, didn't you?"

Steve nodded. "The voice was Carol's. I'm sure of it."

"No, no, it wasn't! It wasn't!" cried Mitchell.

Temple took his arm. "Gerald, what is it?" he demanded firmly.

"I'm sorry," stammered Mitchell, "but I'm so worried about Ann."

"Ann?" repeated Steve, taken aback.

"What's Ann got to do with all this?"

"Oh, nothing!" hedged Mitchell, a note of alarm in his voice. "Nothing—only—before we were married Ann was on the stage, you know . . ."

"Well?"

"She did impersonations," Mitchell seemed to get more and more distressed. "Don't you see? She can copy almost anyone's voice perfectly—quite perfectly."

Sir Graham Forbes sat at his desk listlessly stirring a cup of very black coffee. He had had comparatively little sleep during the past week, and there was a network of tiny wrinkles around his tired, grey eyes.

His nerves, too, were suffering, and when the door was suddenly opened he started perceptibly. Hunter was the visitor, his face betraying the fact that he brought news.

"Sir Graham, that youngster of Blakeley's . . ." he began excitedly.

"Yes?" queried the Chief Commissioner, a little wearily.

"He's been returned!"

"Yes—yes, I know."

Hunter was astounded.

"You know?"

"I had the information last night."

"But—he was only brought back this morning."

Sir Graham managed to raise a smile. Then his face became serious once more.

"Hunter, I want you and Mac to pick up a fellow called Lucky Gibson. You'll find his record in the files. I've a feeling he had something to do with the Nottingham affair."

"Yes, sir," assented Hunter, and at that moment the door opened, and Paul Temple was shown in.

"I've got some news for you, Sir Graham," said Temple briskly, after they had interchanged greetings. "Whether it's important or not, I don't know."

"Yes, and I have some news for you, too, Blakeley's boy has been returned."

"Is he all right?" demanded Temple, obviously rather startled.

"Yes, he's all right—but somehow, he can't remember things."

Temple looked up quickly.

"Amashyer?"

Forbes nodded. "Looks like it. They must have given the poor kid a tidy dose of it."

"How did you find him?"

"Oh—one of our men found him," answered Forbes, with rather studied indifference, which did not deceive Temple. He seemed to be waiting for further information, so eventually Sir Graham continued:

"Temple, I'm going to take you into my confidence. Wrenson's working on this case."

"Wrenson? I thought he retired about four years ago."

"So he did. But this 'Front Page Men' business intrigued him so much that he asked me to take him back. And, quite candidly, I was rather glad he offered. He was always inclined to be a bit theatrical, but, by Jove, he gets results!"

Temple nodded thoughtfully. He remembered Wrenson quite well.

"Do the others know about this—Reed and Hunter, and . . .?"

"No," said Sir Graham. "I've kept it a pretty close secret. Wrenson always plays a lone hand better if he receives no official recognition. Seems to act as a sort of spur. Already he's begun to get results."

"Very glad to hear it," murmured Temple.

"Now let's hear your news," went on Sir Graham, who seemed to have recovered some of his vitality by now.

Temple shortly told him about Gerald Mitchell's visit.

"Ann Mitchell? H'm—that's interesting," Sir Graham commented. "Have you known her long?"

"Oh and on for about two years—since Mitchell started publishing my stuff."

"They were married when you first knew him?"

"Yes. Unlike most actresses, she never discusses her past successes."

"What about her husband? Has he always been in the publishing business?"

"No. He used to be a reporter on the 'Morning Express'."

Forbes' eyebrows were raised a trifle. "I wonder," he went on thoughtfully, "whether Gerald Mitchell is really Andrea Fortune, author of 'The Front Page Men.' After all, he published the book."

The rather abrupt entry of Chief Inspector Reed prevented any further speculation.

"I'm sorry to be interrupting you, Sir Graham, but Mr. Rivoli's called to see you. He says it's ver' important."

"Rivoli?" repeated Forbes. "All right, show him in, Mac."

Reed turned briskly on his heel, and presently returned with the little Italian.

Tony was by no means ill at ease in these surroundings; in fact, his manner retained all that charm so appreciated by his wealthy lady clients.

"I hope I do not intrude, Sir Graham?" he began with a deprecating gesture. "I think you know all there is to know about me. In the past I've been a little foolish, perhaps—and maybe a little naughty."

"Ay!" confirmed Reed with some emphasis.

"But now," smiled Tony, "I have a pretty swell business. The Medium Club in Piccadilly; the High Spot at Waring; my restaurant in Bruton Street."

"Mr. Rivoli, what is it you wanted to see me about?" demanded Forbes.

Quite undismayed, Tony nodded his head vigorously, and proceeded:

"Sir Graham, I am a little confused. On Tuesday I read in the paper about that business at Nottingham. Oh, ver' bad news. And every night since I lie in bed and think . . . and I say to myself: 'Tony, it is ver' ver' strange.' Then last night I wake up and say: 'Tony, put two and two together—and go to Scotland Yard, and tell them . . .'"

"Yes—er—quite so," rumbled Forbes.

"Well, I lie in bed, and I think that the night before this robbery at Nottingham some men come to my club and take a private room for talk and dinner. Now this is ver' strange, because I remember that they come before—several times. And after one of them there is a big bank robbery at Margate . . ."

The Chief Commissioner looked up curiously. "So these men have patronised your club before?"

"Yes, yes, that is what I say. An' always after they meet there is something in the paper about the Front Page Men. One time it is the Margate bank, one time Sir Norman Blakeley's child is kidnapped, and last week it was . . ."

"What are these men like?" snapped Forbes, now very intent upon his visitor's story.

"One is tall and—ow you say?—plump?"

"Dark or fair?"

"Dark."

"That," ruminated Forbes, "might be Brighton."

"It might," murmured Temple, "be any of a million men in London."

"He call 'imself Mr. Blake," put in Tony, trying to be helpful.

"What are the others like?" asked Forbes.

"One is ver' ugly. He 'as a scar across 'is face."

"How many of these men are there?"

"Usually five. And of course the girl."

Sir Graham leaned forward intently.

"On, there's a girl. What's she like?"

"Ver' nice indeed," smiled Tony pleasantly.

"She 'as ver' beautiful legs." He made an expressive gesture.

Forbes made a sign to Mac and addressed Tony once more. "I want you to go down—"

stairs with Chief Inspector Reed. He'll show you a lot of photographs, and if you see a picture of one of these people, tell the Inspector."

"Oh yes, sir, I do that," agreed Tony eagerly. "An—you will not close my beautiful club—no?"

"No, no, of course not," said Forbes gruffly.

Tony followed Reed, highly delighted.

"What do you make of that?" demanded Forbes, after the door had closed behind them.

"I have a feeling he was telling the truth," said Temple simply.

"Well, supposing the Front Page Men do meet there . . ." Forbes stopped and shook his head. "No, it's much too obvious, Temple."

But the novelist did not appear to hear him.

"What's worrying you, Temple?"

Temple came to life and smiled. "Nothing, Sir Graham—nothing at all. In fact, I was just thinking that a little night life might do me a world of good."

For an air of discreet opulence, the Medusa Club's dining-room was probably unsurpassed in the West End. Its furnishing was the last word in lavishness, the lighting was softly effective, calculated to take at least ten years off any woman's age.

Steve and Temple were sitting at a table about half-way down the room, on the edge of the dance-floor, which was now packed so tightly that they had given up the idea of dancing for the time being.

"No wonder Tony believes in going straight," commented the novelist. "He must be making a small fortune out of this place."

The band concluded a popular dance number, and amidst the applauding dancers Temple espied Tony Rivoli threading his way towards their table.

"Ah, Mr. Temple!" cried Tony extravagantly, when he was still some distance away. "Welcome to the Medusa Club!" Several couples stared curiously. Rather embarrassed and somewhat annoyed at this unwelcome publicity, Temple rose to shake hands with Tony.

"Steve—this is Mr. Rivoli—my wife."

"How do you do? This is most charming," cried Tony. "Now, Mr. Temple, you tell me what you think of the Medusa. Everything is perfect—yes?"

"Absolutely," smiled Temple; then he asked quietly: "Tony, did you recognise any of the pictures they showed you?"

"Ah yes, yes!" cried Tony excitedly. "I recognise one man, and I tell the inspector. He said his name was . . ."

Tony broke off abruptly, as the sound of loud voices penetrated across the room, almost drowning the band, which struggled into silence. A group of men were pushing their way across the floor.

"What is the matter? Who are these men?" shouted Tony, leaping to his feet. "Paul, they're police," whispered Steve urgently.

A broad-shouldered, authoritative man stood in the middle of the floor. "Kindly keep your seats, please," he shouted. "We won't detain you any longer than is necessary."

"Mr. Temple, what is this? What is the reason for raiding my club?" cried Tony, wringing his hands, and looking the picture of abject misery.

Temple could only shake his head helplessly.

"Is your name Rivoli—Tony Rivoli?" asked the man in charge, coming up to them.

Tony nodded and began to protest in voluble Italian.

"I have a warrant for your arrest."

"For my—arrest?" gabbled Tony, incoherently.

"Look here, officer," began Temple, but the newcomer interrupted him.

"Are you Mr. Temple?"

"Yes."

"My name is Low—Inspector Low. Sir Graham Forbes asked me to deliver this note to you."

"Thank you," said Temple, rather nonplussed. He read the scrap of paper, and turned to his wife. "We'd better go, Steve. Sir Graham is waiting for us at the flat."

"At the flat?" echoed Steve in some surprise.

"I'm sorry I can't give you a lift there, sir," said Inspector Low respectfully, "but we have orders to search this place from top to bottom."

"No! No!" protested Rivoli energetically, but he was rushed away while the Temples stood watching helplessly.

"I'm afraid it hasn't been a very successful evening from a social point of view," said Paul, as they sat in the taxi on their way home.

"I can't think what made Forbes have the place raided. Something pretty drastic must have happened."

Steve considered this for some moments. "It isn't like Sir Graham to break his word," she decided. "Though this business has got him pretty well worked up lately."

"Even so . . ." began her husband, but just then the taxi slid to a standstill, and he broke off to delve in his pockets for some loose silver. "Got your key, darling?" he asked, when the taxi had driven off and they stood in the entrance hall of the flats.

"Yes, of course. But if Sir Graham's up there, Pryce must have let him in."

For some unaccountable reason, Steve shivered as they stood in the lift, and neither spoke until it stopped at their landing.

"Funny, there isn't a light in the drawing-room," mused Temple, peering through the glass panel of the outer door as he fitted the key.

Having heard them enter, Pryce came to inquire if he should prepare sandwiches and coffee.

"But where's Sir Graham?" demanded Temple.

"Sir Graham, sir?" repeated Pryce in some confusion. "He hasn't called, sir."

"I see," said Temple quietly. He crossed over to the telephone and rapidly dialled the Chief Commissioner's private number.

"Hallo—Sir Graham? This is Temple. Sir Graham, did you send any of your men to the Medusa Club?"

Steve noted with alarm Temple's change of expression.

"Well, look here," went on Temple, "meet me at the Medusa Club in twenty minutes . . . better get Reed if possible. No—I can't explain now."

He slammed down the receiver and turned to Steve.

"Paul—what is it?"

"I must go back to the Club right away," he told her. "That was a faked raid. I've got an awful feeling that something's happened. . . ."

"I'll come with you," offered Steve.

"I hardly like to take you in case . . ."

"With half Scotland Yard there—and me an ex-reporter?" she laughed.

"All right—then come on, darling. Don't wait up, Pryce."

"Very good, sir," murmured Pryce, holding the outer door open for them.

They ran across the landing to the lift.

"It's at the bottom," announced Steve. "Somebody must have used it since we arrived."

"Confound them!" growled Temple, vigorously pressing the button, with no result. "They must have left the gate open. It won't work!"

"What a waste of time!" groaned Steve. "Come on, we'll have to walk down. . . ."

Temple suddenly clutched her arm.

"Listen!"

Up the lift-well came the echo of the sharp snap of closing gates. "H'm, they've thought better of it," commented Temple, pressing the button once more.

The lift came whining towards them. But before it jerked to a stop Steve screamed in horror.

A squat form in evening dress lay huddled in the bottom of the lift.

"It's Tony Rivoli!" cried Temple.

A slim-looking knife had been plunged into the little Italian's back, and a dark stain was already spreading slowly over his tall-coat.

Steve turned away as Temple opened the gates.

"There's something written on his shirt-front," he said. Entering the lift, he bent over the inert form, and read the crudely scrawled message:

"He interfered, Mr. Temple! The Front Page Men."

Inspector Hunter was beginning to wonder whether his knowledge of London's underworld was quite as comprehensive as he had imagined. He had boasted at one time that he could put his hand on any man whose record was held by the Yard within twenty-four hours. But Lucky Gibson had eluded him for over a week.

It was hardly encouraging to have to return to the Yard every morning, encounter Sir Graham's keen look of inquiry, and report that there was nothing doing. It depressed Hunter more than a little. Moreover, he was suffering from splitting headaches, which left him in the throes of depression.

He could feel one of these headaches hovering over him one night after a particularly exhausting day in the less savory parlours of Limehouse. He had walked back, thinking the fresh air might drive away the headache, and on reaching his favorite coffee-stall on the Embankment he decided that a cup of coffee might also help in this battle with migraine.

The proprietor, Bert Styler, was quite a friend of Hunter's, since the latter had been able to help him on a small problem concerning his "pitch," and had been of some assistance in smoothing out the matter with the authorities.

Bert grinned cheekily at the detective.

"Hallo, guv'nor! You look a bit down in the dumps. What's up now? Somebody pinched the 'Ouses of Parliament?"

Hunter leaned against the garishly lighted stall and felt rather better. He was the only customer.

"I'm looking for a man named Lucky Gibson," he announced rather wearily. "I don't suppose you've seen him by any chance?"

"Never even 'eard of the cove," replied Bert, anticipating Hunter's order, and pushing a cup of coffee towards him. "I don't get many crooks 'ere, you know."

Hunter stirred his coffee reflectively. "Supposing you wanted to get away from the police, Bert," he murmured, "where would you hide yourself?"

"South America," replied Bert without a moment's hesitation.

Hunter laughed for the first time that day.

"But supposing it wasn't possible for you to go abroad, Bert—what then?"

"Then," replied Bert, thoughtfully, polishing his copper urn, "the game would be U-P. The blinkin' police are everywhere these days. There'll soon be more police than soldiers. What with these courtesy cops and—"

But Hunter interrupted him. He had enjoyed the doubtful pleasure of listening to Bert's harangues on the subject of courtesy cops on many other occasions.

"You're very quiet here to-night," he said.

Bert flung a handful of spoons into a drawer. "It's these 'ere milk bars that's gone and done us in," he announced fiercely. "Sprung up like blinkin' mushrooms they 'ave, wiv all these blokes in the City backin' 'em. O' course they don't get what you might call the 'class,' but who does? If they comes 'ere, all they wants is a cup o' coffee. Strewh! You got to sell a lot o' cups o' coffee before you can save enough to retire on."

"Oh, so you are thinking of retiring?" asked Hunter.

Bert placed his elbows on the counter and gazed dreamily across the river. "As soon as I've made a few hundred quid," he murmured, "I'm givin' this old wagon of mine a real good-night kiss."

"And then what?" Hunter teased him. "I expect you'll blue it all on some second-rate rag in the two-twenty."

Bert shook his head firmly.

"Oh no, guv'nor. Not me. I'm off the 'orses good and proper. Me and the missus 'ave got our eye on a nice little pub out Rotherhithe way."

"Rotherhithe!" repeated Hunter under his breath. Rotherhithe. . . . The Glass Bowl. . . . Why hadn't he thought of it before? That was where Temple had met that poor devil Chubby Wilson, and Lucky Gibson, too, for that matter. Hunter pulled his felt hat forward and signalled vigorously to a passing taxi. He was a hundred yards away before he remembered that he had not paid for his roll and coffee.

Bert wagged his head sorrowfully as he gazed at the disappearing vehicle. "E'll be joinin' the courtesy cops next," he cogitated gloomily.

Hunter dismissed the taxi nearly a quarter of a mile from his objective and threaded his way down the narrow streets leading to the river, which seemed particularly dismal and uninviting.

The doleful creak of the signboard announced that he had reached the Glass Bowl. The electric lights shone yellow through the dirty windows, and gusts of music came from the bar.

The florid Mrs. Taylor gave him a suspicious glare as he came in. She had never seen him before, and, in view of her past experiences, immediately concluded that he was connected with the police.

The detective sauntered over to the bar and ordered a small whisky-and-soda. Mrs. Taylor grimly poured out the minimum quantity of whisky, pushed it across to him, and did not offer to help him to soda.

"Is that clock right?" asked Hunter at length.

"Ten minutes past," she replied, never taking her eyes off him.

"I wonder where he could have got to," murmured Hunter, adopting the attitude of a man who is obviously irritated by the turn of events. This was too much for Mrs. Taylor's curiosity.

"Expecting somebody?" she asked, wiping

the counter with a wet cloth, but eyeing him carefully as she did so.

"Yes. I arranged to meet a pal of mine here. Maybe he's looked in and didn't care to wait."

"Would I know him?" demanded Mrs. Taylor cautiously. "Is he one of our regular customers?"

"Yes, I believe so. A little fellow—name of Gibson—Lucky Gibson."

Hunter thought he saw Mrs. Taylor's mouth tighten the merest fraction. But her voice was quite unperturbed.

"Never 'eard the name," she replied casually. "We got a feller who comes in 'ere named Bridson. But he ain't exactly lucky. Perhaps you'd better ask the Reverend over yonder—he might know the man," she added. Without further ado, she beckoned to a man in clerical dress, who had just come in.

"Mr. 'Argreaves, there's a gent 'ere lookin' for somebody named Gibson," she called out in a voice that could be heard all over the bar. Several men looked up suspiciously, and one or two slunk out at the first opportunity, when they thought their exit would go unnoticed. The Reverend Hargreaves came forward with some reluctance.

"Gibson did you say, Mrs. Taylor?" He shook his head in deep deliberation.

"Yes, sir. I thought as 'ow 'e might be one of your flock, in a manner o' speaking." Again Hargreaves shook his head. "No, I'm sorry, sir—I'm afraid I cannot help you. And if you will excuse me, Mrs. Taylor, I must run along now. My evening service starts in just five minutes. Good-night, everyone."

Hunter drank his whisky and ordered another.

Then he turned to question Mrs. Taylor again, but she was gone, and a very forbidding-looking barman stood behind the counter. In vain he tried to get into conversation with other habitués of the bar-room. He even strolled into the tap-room, to see if Mrs. Taylor was there, but this place was deserted. Eventually he had to give it up as a bad job, and soon after half-past eight he left and caught a bus back to the West End. Once more he was feeling depressed.

He jumped off the bus in the Strand, and was making for his flat near the Adelphi when a small sports car suddenly drew in to the kerb beside him. He only had a back view of the driver until he came level with the car. Then he recognised her.

"Why, Sue! This is a surprise!" he cried in delighted tones.

The girl at the wheel looked up at him and grinned. A multi-colored silk scarf could not hide entirely her attractive chestnut curls.

Hunter's acquaintance with Sue Marlow dated back to his Varsity days, when he had often joined in the triumphant procession accorded the principals of a leading theatrical company back to their hotel after the show. Sue had been a small-part player in the company, but her parts grew less and less insignificant, and Hunter occasionally visited her in London, when she was appearing in the West End.

"I've been trying to get you on the phone all day long," she told him. "Are you busy or something?"

"Out on a job," explained Hunter briefly, climbing into the tiny car, which rather cramped his longish legs. "I thought you were on tour somewhere."

"I'm always on tour somewhere just lately," Sue sighed.

"You look pretty stunning, I must say," commented Hunter in admiration, as he noticed she wore an attractive evening dress under her light coat. "Why all this gala atmosphere?"

"I got so depressed hanging around doing nothing. This is the first free day I've had since I started filming. So I decided to get myself up fit to kill, and you are going to do the same. How long will it take you to slip into a dinner-jacket?"

"How do you know I've got one?"

"Don't you need one when you raid clubs?" she demanded innocently.

"You don't seem to realise," and Hunter frowned severely as he spoke, "that I have just finished a very hard and thankless day's work."

"Then you most certainly need a change."

"You seem to overlook the fact that a policeman's salary hardly encourages him to entertain film stars."

"Don't let that worry you," she smiled, as the car drew up outside Hunter's flat. "We'll go to a new roadhouse that's just been opened by a friend of mine. It'll cost practically nothing—and I'm rolling in money anyway."

"That," said Hunter, fumbling for his latchkey, "rather alters the complexion of things."

While he changed into evening dress she perched on a chair near the bedroom door and plied him with questions.

"What have you been doing all day?"

"I thought I told you. Looking for a man named Lucky Gibson. I suppose you didn't come across him in Hanley by any chance?" Sue considered this.

"No, I don't think so," she decided at last.

"Is he nice?"

"Dreadful piece of work."

"Then why look for him?"

"He's wanted—by the police."

"Then he can't be so very lucky after all," declared Sue in the tone of one who has made a discovery.

"The luck's been with him to-day all right," replied Hunter grimly.

"I once knew someone named Lucky Lorrimer," said Sue rather irrelevantly. "But that was a girl, and they called her Lucky because she was just the opposite."

"You stage people do the quaintest things," commented Hunter, coming out of the bedroom. Sue stood back and surveyed him.

"You really do look rather sweet when you're dressed up," she announced. "Nobody would ever take you for a policeman." He bowed gravely. "Much obliged, I'm sure."

She picked up her bag. "We'd better go if you are ready. It's quite a way out of town." They clattered down the stairs.

"Where and what is this place?" asked Hunter, after they had settled themselves in the car.

"It's just off the Great West Road—a place called The First Circle."

In due course the red-and-blue neon and cleverly contrived floodlighting of The First Circle came into view.

As might be expected from its name, the roadhouse was designed in the form of a circle, and the idea was also maintained in the interior planning.

Over dinner, Hunter and Sue continued the flippant conversation which was proving such a pleasant relief to him after days of tight-lipped interchanges.

"Sue, after all these years I do believe I'm falling in love with you!"

"Don't be silly, darling!"

"Oh, I'm not being silly," said Hunter.

"Oh dear no! I know the symptoms all right."

"You sound to me disgustingly experienced," said Sue.

Hunter laughed. "I have only one regret to make to that remark, young lady: You are about to dance with a policeman!"

On their way to the dance floor they decided they might as well take a look at some of the other rooms. Hand in hand, they walked leisurely along heavily-carpeted corridors, pushed open doors, looked round and walked out again. Until they came to a door which led into a tiny room shaped like the segment of a circle, and intended for a very modern equivalent of the old-fashioned "snug." Four men sat there playing cards. Glasses of various shapes and sizes littered the small tables around them. Three of the men Hunter did not recognise. But there could be no mistake about the fourth, who sat facing him, Hunter gripped Sue's hand tightly.

"The luck has changed," he breathed. For the fourth man who was busily dealing the cards was none other than Lucky Gibson.

The Chief Commissioner had sat up with Temple and Reed until the small hours, trying to reconstruct the murder of Tony Rivoli. Temple had given them a minute description of the man who called himself Inspector Low, but this had proved to be of little assistance so far, as there was no trace of this individual in the Yard's comprehensive files.

Next morning, Temple was sitting by Sir Graham's desk listlessly looking through a batch of photographs which Reed had passed on to him as likely suspects.

"Come to think of it," suggested Temple for Sir Graham's benefit, "there was nothing to prevent the Front Page Men engaging a bunch of out-of-work actors to stage this raid—telling them it was just a lark—and then taking Rivoli off their hands when he was supposed to be under arrest."

Sir Graham nodded gloomily. "They never seem to be lacking in ideas," he acknowledged.

"Maybe the note will tell us something," said Temple hopefully.

"I've got Nelson working on it now."

There was a knock at the door, and Sergeant Leopold entered with Inspector Nelson's report, which he placed before Sir Graham.

Silence fell upon the room while Forbes frowned over the document, and Temple flicked aside another half-dozen pictures rather restlessly.

"Well?" he demanded at length.

"I'm afraid this doesn't tell us a great deal," Sir Graham informed him reluctantly. "According to Nelson, the note was definitely written by a man, but apparently we haven't any record of the actual handwriting."

Temple shrugged impatiently.

"What about fingerprints?"

"From what I gather, they're somewhat blurred. For once in a way, Nelson seems reluctant to commit himself." He tossed the report over to Temple, who glanced at it casually.

"We seem to strike a dead end in every direction," he declared irritably. "What about Brightman; have you been in touch with him lately?"

"No," answered Forbes. "But I've got a very good man on his tail. I've some pretty strong suspicions about Brightman, and I'm just hanging on until something more definite comes along."

"And then there's Wrenson—you told me the other day that he was working in his own mysterious way. Has he had any luck so far?" pursued Temple.

"Wrenson's always pretty vague when he's busy on a job," said Sir Graham, "but he did advise me to pick up Lucky Gibson and Jimmy Mills."

Temple looked up inquiringly as the last name was mentioned.

"Our old friend Jimmy, eh? Does Wrenson suggest they are 'Front Page Men'?"

"He seemed fairly sure of it."

The telephone, which had been constantly interrupting them throughout the morning, rang again.

This time it was Steve.

"Really, darling," Temple protested with a humorous grimace at Sir Graham, "you exporters have no respect for Scotland Yard conferences. And besides, I told you to stay in bed..."

"Paul, do be serious," she interrupted.

"Mr. Goldie's here."

Temple's expression changed at once.

"Where is he?"

"In the flat below."

Temple thought for a moment.

"Get hold of the porter, Steve," he instructed, "and tell him to keep Goldie in the building... yes... anything that occurs to you..."

He rang off and turned to Forbes. "Sorry, I'll have to be off, Sir Graham. Mr. J. P. Goldie is in Eastwood Mansions. And I particularly want to see him."

"Oh—why?" asked Forbes, obviously more than a little interested.

Temple picked up his hat and smiled.

"I had some thought of changing my piano," he declared cryptically. He had almost reached the door when it was opened by Sergeant Leopold.

"Inspector Hunter is here, sir, with Gibson."

"At last," said Forbes. "Better hang on, Temple, and see what he has to say."

Temple hesitated.

"No," he decided. "I'll give you a ring later, Sir Graham." He nodded briefly to Hunter, who stood in the doorway, and wished Sir Graham good morning.

Forbes beckoned to Hunter to enter.

"Bring in Gibson now," he ordered. But Hunter closed the door after him.

"Sir Graham, I rather wanted to have a word with you first," he began seriously.

Forbes looked up interrogatively. "Oh—anything wrong?"

Hunter seemed worried.

"I picked up Lucky Gibson last night at a roadhouse called The First Circle," he reported. "He seemed all right when I first spoke to him, but on the way here in the taxi he was—well—peculiar, to say the least."

"What do you mean?"

"It's rather difficult to explain," replied Hunter. "When I first spoke to him, he answered my questions sensibly. Now he seems in a sort of daze—as if he can't remember things. Then without the slightest warning he suddenly becomes hysterical."

"Hm," grunted Forbes; "did you leave him on his own at all?"

"Why, no... at least..." Hunter hesitated. "He did go into one of the other rooms at the station this morning," he admitted. "Said he'd left his raincoat there."

"Did you go with him?"

"No, I knew he couldn't escape that way, because the sergeant told me there was only one door and..."

"That isn't the point, Hunter. You should have stayed with him. While he was in

there, if I'm not mistaken, he gave himself a pretty good injection of this 'Amashyer' drug."

"Then that accounts for what Mac said!" cried Hunter, suddenly enlightened. "When I brought Gibson in just now, Mac said he had the same look about the eyes as the Blakeley child when he was returned."

"Tell the Sergeant to bring him in," Forbes ordered.

Hunter went to the door and gave the necessary instructions. There was a pause, then a gentle shuffling was heard outside, Lucky appeared in the doorway, blinking in the strong light from the window behind the Chief Commissioner's desk. Hunter took him by the arm and dismissed the sergeant.

"Sit down, Gibson," said Hunter, leading him to a chair and pushing him gently into it.

Nobody spoke for a moment. Lucky Gibson was obviously quite bewildered and far from his normal self.

Forbes went across to him and spoke distinctly.

"Lucky, when you did the Nottingham job, who went with you?"

"Went with you where?" whispered Lucky hoarsely.

Patience, Forbes repeated the question.

"Went with me?" intoned Lucky mechanically. "I—I—can't remember—can't remember..."

His distress was obviously not assumed. Suddenly two large tears rolled slowly down his cheeks, and he began to sob hysterically. Forbes waited a while, then took him by the shoulder and shook him sharply.

"Lucky! Pull yourself together. I want you to tell me about Brightman."

The mention of this name seemed to strike a responsive chord, and Lucky's hysteria temporarily ceased.

"Brightman!" he ejaculated in a strangled voice. "He's all right, Brightman is. Why, only the other day he said..."

Lucky broke off, and the queer, lifeless expression was again visible in his eyes. "Somehow—there's a mist—it's blotting things out..." His head sagged.

"Take him to the hospital, Hunter," said Sir Graham. "We'll never get anything out of him while he's in this state."

With a considerable effort Hunter pulled Gibson to his feet and managed to get him out of the room. Then, with the help of Sergeant Leopold, he managed to get his charge downstairs.

"Where's Morris with the police-car?" he asked.

"Out on a job," replied the sergeant. "I'd better get you a taxi."

Suddenly a fairly ancient vehicle seemed to appear from nowhere, and the sergeant signalled to it vigorously.

"Queen's Hospital," called out Hunter, when he had Gibson stowed safely inside.

Lucky relaxed limply into one corner of the cab, and Hunter eyed him curiously.

"That's all right, Lucky," he murmured encouragingly. "Just sit back and take things easy."

"I feel—so—weak..." whispered Lucky in that queer, lifeless voice. "If only this veil would lift—can't remember—seen him before..."

"Seen who before?" asked Hunter, suddenly alert.

However, when it became obvious that Lucky was referring to the taxi-driver, Hunter paid no further attention.

"It's this drug," muttered Lucky. "Wish I hadn't taken it."

"They'll soon fix you up at the hospital," Hunter reassured him.

"Oh! Oh! The hospital!" moaned Lucky. "My head's like—like—like . . ."

He appeared to be in some danger of relapsing into hysterics again, and Hunter watched him anxiously, wishing their journey were over.

Then, to Hunter's surprise, the taxi-engine spluttered to a standstill. He pushed back the glass partition which communicated with the driver.

"What's the trouble?" he snapped. "Sorry, gov'nor—it's them there plugs. There's a garage on the corner. I'll get a couple o' new uns in a jiffy," said the driver, jumping out and slamming the door.

"If you're not back in five minutes," said Hunter irritably, "we shall get another taxi."

"Leave it to me, sir," the driver reassured him. He made off in the direction of the garage he had indicated.

"If only I could remember who he is," rambled Lucky. "It's like—like a part of a dream before—before . . ."

Hunter suddenly grabbed him and flung open the taxi-door.

"Come on! We're getting out of this!" More bewildered than ever, Lucky Gibson almost fell as he got out of the taxi. One or two pedestrians eyed the strange couple curiously.

"Hurry!" urged Hunter, leading his prisoner in the direction of the garage. They were still twenty yards away from their objective when there was a shattering explosion behind them.

Fragments of glass and metal showered around them. People were running towards the wreck of the taxi. One or two women were screaming.

"A time-bomb in the taxi!" muttered Hunter. "Phew! That was a near thing." In a grimy back alley, Jed Ware tossed his chauffeur's hat into a dustbin, substituted a large cap, felt the vibration of the explosion, and chuckled . . . chuckled to himself.

Paul Temple stopped his taxi at three florists' on the way back to the flat before he was able to buy what he wanted.

He came into the drawing-room carrying rather self-consciously a huge bunch of particularly fine lilies, the scent from which was already giving him a slight headache. His vision was somewhat obscured by the flowers he held before him, and for a moment he did not see Ann Mitchell sitting on a corner of the settee.

"Do take these flowers, darling," he begged, handing them over to Steve.

"Good gracious, Paul, whatever made you buy lilies?"

"There's a sinister motive," he laughed.

"Why, hallo, Ann! How are you?"

"I'm—I'm all right, thanks," smiled Ann nervously.

"She's worried, Paul," Steve told him.

"Oh—what's the trouble?"

Ann hesitated.

"Everywhere I go," she said at last, "there's always someone following me. It's . . . awful . . ."

"Ann, you must be mistaken," said Temple.

"No . . . no, honestly I'm not. It's getting on my nerves."

"But who can it be? Does the man do anything . . . or say anything?"

"No . . . he's just there . . . always looking at me . . ."

"But surely, Ann . . ."

"I tell you it's getting on my nerves," she blurted out desperately.

"Have you told Gerald?"

"No. The poor darling has too many worries as it is. I was wondering if . . ."

She paused with a look of fear in her eyes.

"If what?" prompted Temple.

"It couldn't be—the police?"

There was silence for a moment.

Then Temple asked quietly:

"Why should the police follow you?"

"They might think that because Gerald

published 'The Front Page Men,' that I . . .

I . . . wrote it."

"Did you?" asked Temple calmly.

"Why, of course not," she replied hastily.

"Then why worry?" he smiled. "You're

probably imagining things, Ann." He was

about to add further reassurances when

Pryce announced: "Mr. Mitchell has called,

sir."

Gerald followed him in almost immediate

ly.

"Sorry to barge in, but I saw Ann's car

outside," he explained.

"I was just leaving," Ann told him, and

Steve thought she detected the merest trace

of coldness in her voice.

"I wonder if you'd run me out to Croy-

don, dear," he asked. "One of my readers

has just phoned to say he's spotted a real

winner."

"Then let's hope it turns out another 'The

Front Page Men,'" smiled the novelist.

"If it is, you can rest assured that I

shan't publish it," declared Mitchell emphatically.

"Off we go again!" laughed Temple.

"Yes, and talking of going . . ."

Mitchell drew on his gloves.

"I'm ready, dear," said Ann.

"Don't worry, Ann," Temple murmured

to her, as Steve and Gerald went out ahead

of them. Steve stood talking until they

were in the lift, then returned to find her

husband rather quizzically regarding the

lilies he had bought.

"Paul, are the police really following

Ann?" she asked in a worried voice.

"Yes, I'm afraid so. I had to tell them

about Gerald calling at Bramley Lodge with

that story about Ann being a good imper-

sonator."

Steve nodded thoughtfully. "Poor Ann,

it seems a shame."

"I do hope Mr. Goldie hasn't left the

building," Temple briskly interrupted her

commiserations.

"I told the porter to detain him."

"Good. Now get a vase for the flowers,

darling."

"What on earth possessed you to buy

lilies?" she demanded for the second time.

"You'll soon see," he smiled carefully

arranging them in the large black vase she

had given him. Having completed this to

his satisfaction, he placed them on the

piano.

"Not there, Paul," cried Steve in dismay.

"They look ghastly, and besides they might

fall off it—"

The door opened silently, and Pryce in-

formed them that Mr. Goldie was waiting.

"Show him in, Pryce," said Temple at

once.

He seemed very much the same Mr. Goldie,

with the hesitant manner, and rather short-

sighted trick of blinking behind his spec-

tacles.

"You wanted to see me, Mr. Temple?" he

murmured gently, as if reluctant to intrude.

"Well . . . er . . . the fact of the matter

is, I'm thinking of changing my piano."

"Ah, now," protested Goldie, "it's such

a beautiful instrument—almost perfect, and

there are very few like it in the country

to-day." As if to emphasise his dismay

at the idea, he sat down and very quietly

ran his fingers over the keys. Soon he was

apparently oblivious of his audience, and

continued playing for some minutes.

"I . . . I . . . beg your pardon," he

apologised, coming out of his trance.

"Not at all, Mr. Goldie," said Steve gently.

"You play very well." He acknowledged her

praise with a slight bow. Then, as if he could not resist the temptation, started to play again. This time it was the familiar "Liebestraum." Temple leaned against the piano and gently lifted the lid.

"I'm sure it sounds better with the lid raised," he began, when the vase of lilies fell to the floor with a crash.

"I told you those flowers would fall off, Paul," cried Steve irritated by the mishap.

Temple smiled whimsically at Mr. Goldie. "I'm particularly fond of tiger lilies, aren't you, Mr. Goldie?"

The piano-tuner looked up quickly. "Yes . . . yes . . . very much," he replied politely.

Goldie resumed his playing while Steve replaced the flowers in the vase, which, fortunately, was not broken.

"Well, what do you really think of the piano?" asked Temple at length.

"I very much doubt if you would find a better instrument in this country, Mr. Temple."

"Then that settles it. I did seriously think of buying one of those new Remsteins . . ."

"No! No!" cried Mr. Goldie, almost in horror. "This is superior in every way."

"Well, it's a comfort to know that," said Temple easily. "I'm very glad you were able to call. Would you care for a drink?"

"No, thank you, I really must be going. I have an appointment in Chelsea."

"By Timothy! You do get about!" smiled Temple.

"Oh, that's nothing," said Mr. Goldie deprecatingly. "I spent two days in Nottingham last week."

"I shouldn't have thought it would have been worth your while to go that far."

Mr. Goldie shook his head wisely. "It really is surprising, Mr. Temple," he murmured, and Temple imagined the grey eyes gleamed for a moment. Then Goldie bowed himself out in an Old-World manner which greatly intrigued Steve.

"Well, what was behind that little scene?" she demanded deliberately, when the door had closed.

"Just an accident, my pet."

"An accident!" scoffed Steve, bursting into rather strained laughter. "I'm particularly fond of tiger lilies. Aren't you, Mr. Goldie?" she mimicked him almost perfectly.

"Apparently he is," said Temple coolly.

"What did you expect him to say?" challenged Steve.

"To be perfectly honest, I thought he would say: 'Excuse me, Mr. Temple, but they are not tiger lilies.'"

Mr. Brightman was irritated. In the first place, he had, following the Medusa Club "raid," been compelled to call a meeting of the Front Page Men at his flat in Hampstead.

Secondly, the news he had received at this meeting was by no means reassuring. He had just had a report that Lucky Gibson was still alive.

"I can't understand it. What could have made them leave the taxi?" he queried impatiently for the second time.

"Lucky must have recognised Jed," was Jimmy Mills' solution to the problem. But Ware stoutly denied this.

"He wasn't in a state to recognise anyone," he asserted emphatically.

"Well, I'll tell you one thing," said Mills, adding the merest suspicion of a splash to his whisky. "We've got to get him. If we don't he'll talk."

"They've got a warrant out for Jimmy, and I've a hunch that I'll be the next," said Brightman moodily.

There was a short silence, during which

everybody drank deeply and seemed none the better for it.

"I can't figure out how they managed to get back the Blakeley kid," went on Brightman. "It shows that somebody must know about the hide-out."

"Do you think Ginger's talking?" queried Mills.

Brightman shook his head.

"Well, we've got to find a new place to meet, and that's definite," decided Mills.

"And for the Lord's sake, let's keep away from Piccadilly," implored Swan Williams.

"The Medusa was perfect," retorted Brightman, somewhat offended, "if Rivoli hadn't started putting two and two together."

There was a swift succession of knocks on the outside door, and Brightman started up at once and went to open it. They heard a woman's voice outside, and Lina came in, remote and self-possessed as ever, though she was slightly out of breath.

"You're late, Lina," Brightman was protesting as they entered.

She nodded distantly, but offered no excuse.

"Did you see him?" eagerly demanded Brightman.

Lina slowly drew off her gloves.

"I spoke to him on the phone."

"You mean 'Front Page Man' Number One?" demanded Jimmy Mills.

"Yes," said Lina. "He was pleased about the Nottingham job."

"So 'e ought to be!" cried Jimmy.

"But," continued Lina firmly, "we've got to get Lucky before he talks."

"He's probably split the beans by now, though," muttered Ware dully.

"No," Lina contradicted emphatically. "Lucky hasn't talked yet."

They all looked at her inquiringly, and in answer to their unspoken question she murmured: "The Chief told me."

"The Chief!" echoed Swan. "He certainly keeps himself up to date. I'll say that for him."

Lina ignored this interruption. "The Chief told me to let you know that the hide-out on the river is quite safe. The police haven't spotted it."

"Then 'ow the dickens did the Blakeley kid do a bunk?" Mills questioned.

"I don't know," answered Lina quietly, "and neither does the Chief."

"Did he say anything about the Jewellers' Ball?" asked Brightman, who was now rather more cheerful.

"Yes. He wants us to go ahead."

"The Jewellers' Ball. What's that?" came Swan Williams' high-pitched falsetto.

"It's our next proposition," Brightman informed them.

"What's in it?" asked Jimmy Mills, pricking up his ears.

"A cool million," stated Brightman deliberately, amidst startled exclamations from the others.

"Every year the Birmingham Jewellers' Association holds a ball. It is their custom to display valuable pieces of jewellery of all descriptions at this function. This year, they are bringing the Carter Collection over from Paris. It will be on exhibition in the main lounge of the hotel."

"What's the Carter Collection, and when does it arrive?" demanded Swan Williams.

"It comprises an emerald necklace and two diamond-studded pendants. It's in London now, and a man called Paradise is taking the stuff up to Birmingham on Thursday."

"That doesn't leave us much time if we're going to do anything about Lucky," Swan pointed out.

Brightman nodded thoughtfully.

"Jimmy, you'd better look after Lucky," he decided.

Entering the hall of the Queen's Hospital that same afternoon, Hunter sniffed suspiciously at the antiseptic-laden air as he crossed the gleamly polished floor. For some reason he always felt rather uncomfortable in hospitals.

Intercepting a nurse who was hurrying past, Hunter asked for Doctor Henderson. At first she was inclined to be a little officious until he revealed his identity. Then she conducted him at once to a neat little office at the end of a long corridor.

Henderson came out of his office and smilingly shook hands with his visitor.

"Hello, Inspector. Sorry if I've kept you waiting."

"That's all right," murmured Hunter.

"I didn't ask you into the office because I expect you want to be getting along with the patient. He seems pretty fit, by the way—though he isn't exactly talkative."

"He'll talk all right in time," declared Hunter dryly.

Doctor Henderson called a nurse and instructed her to fetch Lucky Gibson from Ward Nine. While they were waiting, he asked:

"How are you taking him back to the Yard? We've got an ambulance, if that's any use."

"I've brought the police-car," said Hunter. "I'm taking no chances this time."

"I don't blame you," smiled the doctor, who knew all about the previous adventure. It was a very different Lucky Gibson who emerged rather truculently from a distant door in the company of the nurse. A few days of rational diet and correct treatment had completely restored his old larrikin qualities.

"What the 'ell do you want?" he snapped at Hunter.

"H'm, a very charming greeting after all we've been through together," grinned the Inspector, snapping a pair of handcuffs on Lucky's wrists before he could make any further protest. "Come along now."

He led his prisoner down the corridor and into the entrance hall. A muffled figure sitting on one of the chairs reserved for callers rose as they came through the door.

"Jimmy . . ." gasped Gibson with fear in his voice. "Jimmy, I didn't tell them—"

His words were cut short by two sharp revolver-cracks, and with a cry of anguish Lucky Gibson crumpled slowly on to the polished floor.

"If anybody moves from here in the next five minutes they'll get the same," threatened Mills, as he backed out of the door, leaving Hunter and Henderson gazing at each other in blank amazement.

"He's . . . he's killed him!" stammered the doctor at last. "In this hospital . . . it's not possible!"

"Anything's possible with the Front Page Men," said Hunter, waking into activity. "Where's your phone?"

"In the recess over yonder."

Hunter rushed across, and was about to pick up the receiver when the bell began to ring.

"Yes?" he demanded, impatient at the thought of delay. "Oh . . . yes, this is Hunter speaking. . . . Who are you?"

He inclined his head as if to make more certain of catching the name of his caller. But the name came over so plainly that even the doctor could hear it five yards away.

"This is the Reverend Charles Hargreaves . . ." said the voice.

Brightman watched Lina light her tenth cigarette and wondered if he would ever really get to know her, as he methodically attended to the wants of his guests. Piled the men with plenty of whisky . . . offered to mix Lina a cocktail of his own invention.

"I don't think we ought to have let him go alone," Swan Williams was saying about half an hour after Jimmy Mills had departed.

"Jimmy'll be all right," said Ware confidently. "He'll make a quick get-away. Always does. Look at the Nottingham job. As neat a bit of—"

"We are not interested in that any longer," interposed Brightman. "The next proposition is Birmingham."

"Has the Chief any ideas about how we're going to land this stuff?" asked Ware.

Lina shook her head. "Not yet. He's waiting for more information."

"One thing is quite certain," said Brightman. "We mustn't try anything at this end."

"Why not?" asked Lina, with the merest lift of her narrow eyebrows.

"Because," declared Brightman impressively, "there isn't a 'tec in Town who won't be watching the station on the day Paradise leaves for Birmingham."

The other men nodded in agreement.

"All the same," said Williams, "I hope you're not working on any fancy ideas of raiding the hotel. I've hung around affairs like this before to-day, and believe me, we shouldn't even get a sight of the stuff."

"I agree—the hotel is out!" said Brightman. "The train is our opportunity." He paused, then added thoughtfully: "Swan, I think you'd better trail this fellow Paradise. You can start to-morrow."

"That suits me," agreed Williams.

"We must know in advance what train he intends to leave on. That's very important."

"What's he like, and where do I find him?" asked Swan.

"He's a little man about forty. Rather grey about the temples, small moustache and a bit of a beard—French style, you know. He's staying at the Grand Palace Hotel in the Haymarket. You shouldn't have much difficulty in finding him there."

Brightman turned to Lina.

"Who is going to handle this stuff if we get it?"

Her eyes narrowed as she replied: "There's only one man who can handle it."

"And that is?"

"Von Zeilton."

"But—he's a German," put in Ware.

"What of it? Nobody in this country is big enough to handle a proposition like this."

"Yes, but von Zeilton," protested Williams, "I wouldn't trust him out of my sight. Why, what's to stop him—"

"The Chief will look after our interests," retorted Lina.

If the Front Page Men were worried over their plans to steal the Carter Collection, New Scotland Yard was even more harassed in its attempts to prevent the robbery. Sir Graham had already called two conferences on the subject, and as his mind was still far from easy he telephoned Paul Temple and asked him to drop in for a chat.

"What makes you feel so certain that the Front Page Men will be interested in the Carter Collection?" Temple asked curiously, after Sir Graham had outlined some of his ideas.

"Because it's the most valuable collection in the country," growled the Chief Commissioner. "And if anything happens to

it, I shudder to think what the papers'll say."

Temple appeared suitably impressed. "Is this man Paradise to be trusted?" he asked.

"Considering that watching over the Carter Collection is his full-time job, I should imagine so. We've checked up on him all right, don't worry. He's been known to the Jewellers' Association for years."

"Who's watching him?"

"Both Hunter and Digby will be on the train."

"Actually with Paradise?"

"Hunter will travel in his compartment. I've got Digby on his own, so that if he sees anything at all fishy he can follow it up."

"Not a bad idea," approved Temple. "It all seems fairly foolproof—unless, of course, Hunter should be outnumbered..."

"He has instructions to pull the communication cord at the first sign of anything suspicious—and the guard of the train will also be warned."

"You're sure they won't try anything at this end, or when the collection is at the hotel?"

"They'll be unlucky if they do," said Sir Graham. "No—the train is the vulnerable spot, and I'm pretty certain that's what they will concentrate on."

"You seem to have covered all contingencies there. Afraid I can't suggest anything more," smiled Temple.

Sir Graham was obviously gratified.

"It was a great pity they got Lucky Gibson," went on Temple. "Any news of Mills or Brightman?"

"No. They must be lying very low. But we'll get 'em all right before long."

"There's no warrant out for Brightman?"

"Not yet. I'm still waiting for something rather more definite. Expecting it any minute now."

Temple smiled. "Wrenson?"

Sir Graham nodded. He quickly initiated several forms, then turned to Temple again. "Well, any more news?"

"Yes, Sir Graham. It's about Ann Mitchell. You've got a man trailing her, haven't you?"

"That's right. After that story you told me about her being an impersonator..."

"Yes, of course, I expected as much. But I'm afraid your man is hardly up to scratch. She's spotted him."

"Confound it!" said Sir Graham, making a hasty note on his blotter.

"Has he found out anything?" asked Temple.

"Nothing of any great importance... at least..." He delved amidst a pile of papers and extracted a fairly lengthy report.

"Temple, do you happen to know if the Mitchells get on well together?"

Temple considered this for a while.

"Why, yes," he decided at last, "as far as I know. Why do you ask?"

"Because Ann Mitchell appears to rent a flat in Bloomsbury, and spends quite a lot of her time there. There doesn't seem to be anything sinister about it, though it may be that..."

"Well?"

"There might be another man..."

"Yes," conceded Temple, "there might."

Now he came to think of it he remembered seeing Ann out with another man—once at the Chelsea Arts Ball, and once at a private party. She was the type that would prefer the company of men, and Gerald's time was occupied a good deal with business affairs. All the same, dinners and dances were rather a different proposition from taking a flat in Bloomsbury.

His reflections were interrupted by the entrance of Reed, who brought in a letter marked "Urgent" for Sir Graham. With a muttered apology, Sir Graham tore open the envelope, and Reed quietly left the room.

It was not until the Chief Commissioner passed over the letter that Temple suddenly realised it might concern him.

"What do you think of that?" demanded Sir Graham, more than a little excited.

Temple picked up the letter and read:

"My dear Sir Graham,

"Just recently there seem to have been a great many rumors to the effect that the author of the novel 'The Front Page Men' is personally responsible for the amazing number of crimes committed by a gang of ruthless criminals, who for some unknown reason wish to be known as The Front Page Men. As the author of the book in question, I need hardly say that the rumors are without the slightest foundation, and that I deplore most fervently the wicked and criminal activities of this gang. I have been intending to write to you about this matter for quite a while, but circumstances over which I have no control compel me to conceal my identity. I trust, however, that you will readily believe me when I say that I am most certainly not connected with the despicable organisation who, for reasons best known to themselves, wish to be known as The Front Page Men."

"Your sincerely,

"Andrea Fortune."

Temple slowly re-read the letter, then held it up to the light and examined it carefully. There was no address at the top of the paper, which was of excellent quality. The signature was typed.

"Looks as if she used a portable typewriter," commented Sir Graham. "I'll get Watts on this straight away."

"What about the envelope—is there a postmark?" asked Temple.

Sir Graham rummaged in his wastepaper basket and brought the envelope to light. For some moments he scrutinised it under a powerful magnifying glass.

"This is interesting," he pronounced at length. "Funny we should be talking about Ann Mitchell's flat."

"Oh," said Temple, failing to see the connection. "Why do you say that?"

"Because this letter appears to have been posted in Bloomsbury," answered Forbes.

Before they could discuss the matter any further, the telephone rang, and Forbes picked up the receiver.

"Yes? Hello, Digby... yes... on the six-ten from Paddington. Well, tell Hunter to stick to him like glue, and if you see anything suspicious, just pounce on it for all you're worth. All right... good-bye, Digby." He thoughtfully replaced the receiver.

"Now everything's in order," he announced. "Mr. John Leonard Paradise leaves for Birmingham on the six-ten with Inspector Hunter... and a million pounds' worth of jewellery."

With its chocolate-and-yellow carriages gleaming in the evening sunshine, the six-ten slid away from the smoke of Paddington.

On opposite sides of a first-class compartment sat Inspector Hunter and Mr. John Leonard Paradise, a dapper little man, who held a small attache-case very carefully on his knees.

Hunter found his gaze returning time and again to the attache-case, until he almost imagined that he could see beyond that glossy brown cover to the sparkling diamonds that lay inside.

From time to time they carried on a desultory conversation, but both men were inclined to be somewhat reticent.

"What time do you make it, Inspector?" asked Paradise presently.

"It's about seven-forty. We should soon be getting into Leamington."

"H'm... fairly good train this."

"One of the fastest in the country," replied Hunter, indifferently.

The roar of the train changed its note as the brakes were gradually applied. "This must be Leamington," announced Hunter, as a few isolated villas came into view, to be followed by the rather disappointing railside suburbs of the royal spa.

"Not many people about on the platform," commented Paradise, peering out of the window.

"No, it's rather late," explained Hunter.

"What sort of a place is Leamington?"

"I've never actually stayed there for any length of time," said Hunter. "I've passed through occasionally by road... It's very like most of these spas... wide avenues, big shopping street, parks, gardens and so on." Before he could add to this description, the form of a ticket-collector appeared in the doorway of the compartment.

Waiting for him to clip the pieces of paste-board he had handed over, Hunter glanced casually out of the window and saw a man in policeman's uniform running along the platform.

"Hello, what's the matter with this fellow?" he remarked, as the man came up to their compartment.

"Anything the matter?" asked the ticket-collector.

"Yes. I'm looking for a man named Hunter—Inspector Hunter. He's supposed to be on this train."

"What is it, Sergeant?" snapped Hunter.

"You're wanted on the telephone—urgent. I believe it's the Chief Commissioner. We have special orders to hold the train."

"Oh," said Hunter, rising. "Where is the phone?"

"In the second of those huts, sir," replied the sergeant, indicating some temporary buildings which had been erected during alterations to the station.

"I'll find it. You stay here, Sergeant."

"That's all right, sir. The Chief Commissioner explained about Mr. Paradise."

"Good!"

Hunter left the compartment and made his way along the platform. He had no difficulty in locating the hut indicated, but it was some seconds before he saw the telephone in a rather gloomy distant corner. The receiver was dangling by its cord, and he snatched it up quickly.

For quite two minutes he failed to get any response. Then suddenly, to his surprise, he heard the train moving away.

"Hello..." called Hunter desperately. In his excitement, he snatched at the cord which connected the instrument to a box on the wall. It came away in his hand.

Hearing a slight noise behind him, Hunter turned sharply. Three men stood there. Two wore rather dark and untidy mackintoshes, and he had never seen them before. By the crude light of the oil-lamp suspended from the ceiling, however, Hunter recognised in the third the familiar features of Mr. Andrew Brightman.

Mr. Paradise sat blandly clutching his attache-case. The ticket-collector and the sergeant had retired to the corridor, as if they were reluctant to intrude upon his privacy.

If Mr. Paradise had listened carefully to their voices, he would have noticed that the sergeant's had undergone a complete change from the gruff tone adopted in keeping with

his appearance. Swan Williams had now resumed his high-pitched falsetto in addressing his colleague.

"Are the boys ready?" the ticket-collector was asking.

"Yes, they're standing by at the end of this coach," said Swan. "What about Digby?"

"Don't worry. He's been taken care of." Feeling a slight vibration, Swan looked out. "We're off!" He beckoned to the other to return to the compartment.

"My word, the inspector will have to be quick," said Paradise, as they opened the door.

"You'll be all right with me, sir," Swan assured him, adopting his gruff voice once more.

Nevertheless, Paradise was obviously a little alarmed as the train cleared the platform and headed for the Warwickshire countryside.

"Get the blinds down," suddenly hissed Swan Williams.

"O.K." The ticket-collector snatched down a blind in each hand.

"What... what is... this?" stammered Paradise, now plainly scared.

"If you open that mouth of yours..." threatened the falsetto voice.

Mr. Paradise fumbled in his coat-pocket and rather gingerly produced a revolver.

"If you don't stand back," he declared with terrified determination, "I warn you I shall shoot!"

His assailants backed a pace or two towards the corridor door. Then Mr. Paradise made the mistake of glancing desperately in the direction of the communication cord. The moment his eyes moved, Swan Williams suddenly thrust out a foot with amazing agility and kicked the revolver out of Paradise's hand.

There followed a terrific scuffle, and Paradise managed to let out a stifled scream a split second before Jed Ware—his ticket-collector's uniform all awry—placed a large hand over the little man's mouth.

"Open the door!" panted Jed, who had taken control of the situation. "We'll have to get rid of him."

The door swung open and a rush of air fluttered the blinds. Paradise still struggled desperately, clinging to Jed with terror in his eyes.

But the burly Ware freed himself, and with a tremendous heave flung the shrieking Paradise out on to the line.

"Jed! Another train—and—he's on the line!" whispered Williams in terror.

"Pull yourself together. He was done for, anyway," roughly retorted Jed Ware. He was more interested in the contents of the attache-case.

Steve crossed to a window and closed it, excluding the roar of traffic from below. "Was he married, Paul?" she asked.

"Who? Oh, you mean Paradise. I really don't know, darling. But he didn't seem the marrying type."

"These Front Page Men can't go on for ever, Paul," Steve declared. "Sooner or later they are bound to be caught."

"So they are," agreed Temple quite cheerfully, "sooner or later..."

"Paul—where does Mr. Goldie fit into all this? Does he fit in?"

"Certainly," replied Temple imperiously.

"Then do you think he is—"

"Andrea Fortune? No, darling, sorry to disappoint you."

"No, no. What I was going to say was—"

But the entry of Pryce prevented her saying it. To the patent surprise of his

master and mistress he announced that Mr. Mitchell had called. After they had exchanged inquiring looks, Temple ordered Pryce to show in the visitor.

"Hello, Gerald," smiled Steve, rising to meet him. "Is Ann with you?"

"No..." answered Mitchell, with some hesitation. "I'm... er... quite alone."

"You look worried to death," said Steve. "Is there anything wrong?"

"Yes," said Temple, "out with it, Gerald. Maybe we can help."

Mitchell bit his lip nervously, then blurted out:

"Paul—Ann has disappeared!"

"Disappeared?" echoed Temple.

Mitchell swallowed hard.

"I was rather late getting in last night—I stayed at the office till about nine reading some proofs. When I got home I found a note from Ann. She said that a girl friend of hers named Sandra Storm, who lives at Brighton, had been taken seriously ill, and that she had promised to spend the night with her. This didn't really worry me, because I knew that they had always been great friends, and that Ann would rush down there like a shot the moment she heard of Sandra being ill. This morning, though..."

He paused, overcome with sudden emotion.

"This morning, a card arrived for Ann. It was from Sandra, and was posted in Cairo."

"Cairo?"

"Yes—Sandra Storm and her husband are on a cruise. They set back on the sixteenth—according to the card."

"Then—Ann couldn't have gone to Brighton," exclaimed Steve in some alarm.

"No, she can't be in Brighton," agreed Mitchell, who was becoming more and more distracted. "But where is she? Where?"

He sunk his head in his hands, and Temple waited a few moments for him to recover before asking:

"Do you know what time she left the house?"

"The maid said about seven."

"When was the last time you saw her?"

"Yesterday morning. We did arrange to meet for lunch, but she rang through to the office and cancelled our appointment."

"Did she say why?"

"No... I don't quite remember... I think she said something about having a headache," answered Mitchell vaguely.

"Am I wrong, or have you been rather worried about Ann this past few weeks, Gerald?" asked Temple.

"Yes," said Mitchell quietly. "She's been acting rather strangely just lately. I don't quite know why, but she seems to have been rather—well, furtive and underhand about various things."

"Did she say anything to you about her being—followed?"

Mitchell looked rather alarmed. "Then she told you, too? She was under the impression that there was someone trailing her. I did my best to convince her that it was just her imagination, and yet—"

"Yes?"

"I couldn't help remembering that night when Steve heard Carol Forbes on the telephone," continued Mitchell.

"You still think it might have been Ann?" demanded Steve swiftly.

"Oh no! No!" cried Mitchell frantically. "It couldn't have been Ann." Then his voice quavered. "And yet... I... I suppose it could. Paul, you don't think Ann could be mixed up with... with the Front Page Men?"

"I really don't know, Gerald," admitted Temple quietly, and at that moment Carol Forbes burst in on them.

"Why, Carol! This is a nice surprise,"

cried Steve. "I forget whether you've met Gerald Mitchell."

"Oh, yes. How do you do, Mr. Mitchell? Strangely enough," she added, "it's because of your wife that I came here—it's quite a coincidence."

Steve looked puzzled.

"You came here because of my wife?" asked Mitchell.

"That's right," said Carol brightly. "I had a letter from her this morning asking me to meet her at a flat in Bloomsbury... well, read it for yourself."

She handed Mitchell an envelope, from which he extracted a small sheet of note-paper and read:

Flat K,

Tavistock Court, Bloomsbury.

Dear Carol, I should like to see you to-morrow about seven-thirty. Please come to the above address. Don't fail me; the matter is urgent.

Yours,

Ann Mitchell.

Rather dazedly, he handed the letter to Temple. "That's Ann's writing," he told them.

"I was worried about it," confessed Carol. "I kept thinking of that night when Steve received the telephone message. So I thought I'd try to discover if the note is genuine, because I haven't the slightest idea what Ann can want to see me about."

"It's genuine all right," Mitchell repeated. "You're positive about the handwriting?"

Insisted Temple.

"Absolutely."

There was silence for a few moments, until Carol suddenly demanded: "I say, is anything the matter?"

"Yes, Carol," said Steve. "Ann Mitchell disappeared last night."

While Carol was recovering from her astonishment, Temple asked:

"Gerald, did you know anything about this flat in Bloomsbury?"

"Good lord, no!" cried Mitchell in complete bewilderment. "This is news to me. Whose flat is it, anyway?"

"Presumably it's Ann's."

"But—but that's ridiculous!"

"Well, we can soon find out," said Temple smoothly.

"What are you going to do, Paul?" asked Steve.

"If Carol has no objection," continued Temple, "I think it would be a good idea if we all kept that appointment."

Carol and Steve found the approach to Tavistock Court singularly depressing, and did not fail to comment upon the fact.

Temple and Mitchell were silent as they walked to the end of the entrance hall in the direction of the lift.

Presently they were being taken upwards with a considerable amount of creaking and grinding. Their faces appeared a trifle strained in the glimmer of light from a tiny bulb in the lift. When it came to a standstill, Temple pushed back the gate and stepped out.

"What floor is this?" asked Steve.

"The fourth, I think. Might as well start from here as from anywhere, I suppose. There doesn't seem to be anybody about to direct us."

The others left the lift and began to wander along a corridor. Suddenly Carol called out: "Here it is, Paul."

"Yes, by Jove," confirmed Mitchell, "it's on the door—Flat K."

"By Timothy, I believe you're right!"

Temple paused, then knocked. As there was no reply, he rapped again, the knocks echoing dimly along the deserted corridor.

"There's no one in," decided Steve at length, and they regarded each other in perplexity.

"Paul, I hope there's nothing the matter," muttered Mitchell in some alarm.

"I don't like it, Gerald," admitted Temple, shaking his head.

"The flat is obviously empty," pronounced Carol, a little impatiently.

"Well, we'll soon find out," decided Temple, taking a bunch of skeleton keys from his pocket. He was usually prepared for emergencies. In less than five minutes the door clicked open.

Temple entered first, with Steve close behind him. They were in a fair-sized room, but it was difficult to distinguish anything beyond this fact, for the windows were concealed by heavy curtains.

Steve's foot touched something, and with a stifled scream she half turned towards the door. "Paul, there's someone on the floor!"

"Just a minute, I'll strike a match," he told her.

While he was fumbling, Carol called: "I've found the switch," and the room was flooded with light. Almost simultaneously, a scream from Steve pierced the air.

"Paul—it's Ann!" she gasped. "She's dead . . ."

They all ran towards the corner where Steve was standing, supporting herself against the wall.

At her feet lay the body of Ann Mitchell. "She's been stabbed!" cried Carol. "Look, there's the knife!"

"Don't touch it!" said Temple quickly.

"Ann!" shouted Mitchell hysterically, bending over her. "Ann!" He was almost demented with fury, when Temple gripped him by the arm.

"Listen!" he ordered forcefully. They stood in hushed silence.

Faintly from the flat above came the wistful refrain of "Liebestraum." It was the melody that Paul Temple instinctively associated with Mr. J. P. Goldie.

"Wait here!" said Temple, making for the door.

"Paul, where are you going?" demanded Steve in alarm.

"Upstairs!"

Temple pulled the door to behind him, and after a little while they could hear him running along the corridor.

"What's behind all this, Steve?" demanded Mitchell frantically. "Do you think Ann was . . . Oh, good heavens, I don't even think of it!"

"You'll have to pull yourself together, Gerald," urged Steve quietly.

"I wouldn't care if only I could get things in their right perspective," continued Mitchell desperately. "But somehow everything seems so terribly confused. What made Ann send for Miss Forbes? Whose flat is this? Why should Ann deceive me?"

"Gerald—you're only torturing yourself," murmured Steve gently.

Mitchell clasped and unclasped his hands, ran them through his hair, then paced up and down the room.

Steve breathed a sigh of relief when the door opened and Temple came in.

"There was no one!" he announced.

"But that's ridiculous!" exclaimed Mitchell.

"Why, we heard the piano! Someone must have been there," protested Carol.

"I wonder if he's climbed on to the roof," speculated Mitchell thoughtfully.

"Yes, that is possible," Temple admitted. "In that case he's almost certain to have got away by now."

He returned to their immediate situation.

"Gerald, I'm afraid we shall have to get in

touch with the Yard straight away about Ann."

Mitchell nodded silently.

"Come along, Gerald," said Steve, leading him to the door.

Temple paused to take a last look at the body of Ann Mitchell. Curiously, he examined the long, narrow knife. It might have been a duplicate of the one which had accounted for Tony Rivoli.

With his back to the mantelpiece, Brightman scowled at Jimmy Mills, who was perched on the edge of the table protesting vigorously.

"It's all very well talking, Brightman," snarled Jimmy, "but it's about time we saw some results."

"For heaven's sake, Jimmy, try to use your head!" snapped Brightman. "Can I help it if the stuff doesn't come through? You know I've always shared out—"

"Listen, Brightman," put in Swan Williams, "we had a tricky job on our hands with that Carter Collection, and it's about time we had our cut."

"Which means now—not next Christmas!" supplied Jed Ware.

Brightman spoke quietly now, though he was inwardly furious. "You know as well as I do that the Carter Collection has not been disposed of yet."

"Then it's about time it was!" rasped Jimmy Mills. "Things are getting pretty hot, and you know it. We want that dough—and the sooner we get it the sooner we can disappear."

"What do you expect me to do about it?" demanded Brightman impatiently. "You know very well that the Chief is handling the Carter Collection."

"If he has double-crossed us . . ." snarled Jimmy desperately, but the string of threats he was about to embark upon were cut short by Lina's familiar knock on the door.

As she came in, she read at once the expressions of doubt and suspicion on every face.

"What's the matter?" she asked.

"Oh—er—nothing—," answered Brightman smoothly. "We've just been having a little chat."

"Listen to me, Lina," burst in Jimmy Mills. "I'm tired of beating about the bush. We want to know—"

Brightman cut him short.

"Jimmy! I'll handle this."

Jimmy relapsed sulkily into an armchair.

"Now, Lina," went on Brightman evenly, "we were merely wondering if there is any news about the Carter Collection."

Brightman thought he noticed her expression change for a moment, as though she resented the inquiry. But her voice was as calm and unemotional as ever.

"Von Zelton is flying from Munich," she announced. "He's meeting the Chief tomorrow night."

"Good!" approved Brightman.

"If von Zelton closes the deal," said Lina, "you should make the best part of twenty thousand each."

"We earned it!" snorted Ware.

"And what," demanded Jimmy Mills with a note of sarcasm in his voice, "does Front Page Man Number One get out of it?"

There was a significant silence for a moment. Then Lina looked round and said: "Something's in the wind. You may as well tell me now as later."

Brightman fidgeted uneasily.

"Lina, the boys are getting anxious," he told her. "They think it's about time the Chief came out into the open."

"And what do you think, Andrew?" she asked in a steady tone.

"I agree with them," said Brightman.

The girl's features betrayed no consciousness of the crisis thrust upon her.

"Before I came here to-night," she announced, "the Front Page Man gave me a message. He is meeting von Zelton tomorrow night at nine . . . at the Glass Bowl . . ."

"That's all very well," said Swan Williams impatiently, "but how are we to know . . . ?" Something in her expression reduced him to silence.

"The Chief," said Lina slowly, "is anxious for you all to be there . . ."

In the flat immediately below, a middle-aged man took off the headphones he had been wearing and thoughtfully rubbed his ears.

"Mr. Temple, sir!" respectfully announced Sergeant Leopold, and Sir Graham Forbes rose from his desk to welcome the novelist.

"Hallo, Temple, I hope I haven't dragged you away from a pleasant dinner," he began.

"No, not at all, Sir Graham. I was late getting your phone message," answered Temple.

Forbes opened a drawer and produced a postcard.

"I thought this might interest you."

"The Front Page Men are meeting at the Glass Bowl to-night at nine . . . A Friend of Justice," read Temple.

He turned the card over. "H'm—seems pretty crude, doesn't it?" he commented reflectively.

"Yes, that's what I thought," agreed Forbes.

"Have you had it tested?"

"Yes. Apparently it was written by a woman."

"That's fairly obvious, even to an amateur like myself. Haven't you any idea who wrote it?"

Forbes shook his head. "It's nothing like the handwriting of the woman who sent the letter signed 'Andrea Fortune.'"

"At the rate we're progressing," murmured Temple, "half the underworld of London will be involved in this case before we have finished."

Sir Graham threw the card back into his drawer with an impatient gesture.

"By the way," continued Temple, "have you heard anything from Wrenson lately?"

"I had his report through this morning."

"Ah, this sounds more like it," approved Temple, who always admired Wrenson.

"What does he say?"

"He advises me to pick up Jimmy Mills, Brightman, Jed Ware, Swan Williams, and a girl named Lina Fresnay."

Temple, who had been nodding thoughtfully as each name was mentioned, looked up inquiringly at the last.

"Lina Fresnay? Is that her real name?"

"As far as we know. There's no trace of her in our records."

"H'm. Well, Wrenson appears to have the gang very neatly tabulated. Not quite so slap-dash and dramatic as some people seemed to think."

"Yes, Wrenson's done well up to a point."

"You mean?"

"He's obviously quite mystified about the identity of Front Page Man Number One."

"And I would be the last to blame him for that," smiled Temple. "By the way, I hope Carol is none the worse for our little adventure the other evening. The poor kid was pretty upset at the time, I could see."

"Yes, it shook her up quite a lot. She's been very quiet just lately. I'm hoping I won't get her down."

"It set Steve back pretty badly, too, just as I was hoping she'd recovered from that last affair," said Temple.

"Yes, and talking of nerves, we had Mitchell in this morning. He seems to be on the verge of a breakdown."

"That was to be expected. He's a very nervous type, of course. Very easily flustered," Chief Inspector Reed came in with a sheet of reports.

"I'm thinkin' Hodges is havin' a tough time on this Bloomsbury case," he commented.

"Yes," nodded Sir Graham. "It's a complete mystery. I can't think how a woman like Ann Mitchell should get mixed up in this business." He paused before adding thoughtfully: "Unless, of course, she should happen to be Andrea Fortune."

"In that case," argued Temple, "why should the gang wish to destroy its master-mind? And what's more . . ."

He paused as the door opened noisily and Hunter came in.

"I've picked up Jimmy Mills!" he announced breathlessly.

"Good man!" applauded the Chief Commissioner.

"I've been trailing him since three o'clock this afternoon," panted Hunter. "He's in a devil of a state, and I reckon he'll talk if . . ."

"Let's have him in here," said Forbes.

Hunter opened the door, and they heard the voice of Jimmy Mills engaged in heated argument with Sergeant Leopold. At a nod from Hunter, Jimmy was thrust into the room, closely followed by the sergeant.

"What the 'ell is the idea of bringin' me here?" yelled Jimmy. "You've got nothin' against me . . ."

"If you'll be quiet for a minute, Mills, I'm going to charge you with murder of Lucky Gibson, and also being implicated with the death of Sergeant Donovan, Tony Rivoli, and . . ."

"You leave me alone!" shouted Jimmy. "Leave me alone, or I'll . . ."

"You'll tell us the truth," said the Chief Commissioner with one of his penetrating looks, "and you can start by telling us who is the Front Page Man."

Jimmy Mills' demeanor suddenly underwent a complete change.

"I don't know," he whispered hoarsely.

"Jimmy, I should strongly advise you in your own interests to talk," said Sir Graham.

"Ay, ye've got nothing to lose," Reed pointed out.

Mills seemed to be torn by an inward struggle.

"All right," he gasped after a while, "I'll talk!" Then he seemed scared of his decision, but Hunter was on him in a flash.

"Who is Front Page Man Number One?" he questioned.

"There was silence for a few seconds. Then: 'Nobody knows,' whispered Jimmy, 'except—the girl!'"

"You mean Lina Presnay?" asked Temple.

"That's right."

"Doesn't Brightman know?"

Jimmy shook his head emphatically. Once more he licked his lips. "The gang's meeting to-night at the Glass Bowl," he informed them.

"Ah," grunted Forbes, "the Glass Bowl, eh? What's the idea of this meeting?"

"A man named von Zeltan is coming over from Munich. He's a 'fence'—come to get the Carter Collection."

"And he's going to be at the Glass Bowl?" asked Forbes.

"Yes, that's where he's meeting . . . the Chief . . ."

"You mean the Front Page Man?" demanded Hunter incredulously.

"Let's get this straight," interrupted Sir Graham. "You mean the Front Page Man

will be at the Glass Bowl to-night with von Zeltan—and the Carter Collection?"

"Yes," cried Jimmy hysterically. "Yes! Yes!"

"Take him away, Sergeant," ordered Forbes swiftly, and turned towards Reed.

"I shall want the Glass Bowl surrounded, Mac. Take as many men as you want."

Reed nodded briskly.

"And tell Thompson to watch all the airports for von Zeltan," went on Forbes, turning to Hunter, who hurriedly left the room to obey this order.

Sir Graham snatched up the telephone. His face was set and grim.

"Harcourt? This is the Chief Commissioner. I want the Flying Squad!"

As the first police-car came into sight the small group of loungers outside the Glass Bowl vanished swiftly into the heavy mist which was swirling in from the river, and by the time the last car had lurched to a standstill there was not a soul to be seen.

The police spread themselves silently around the tavern, and Reed marshalled the men he had detailed to accompany him.

In less than two minutes a sergeant reported to Reed that the house was completely surrounded. The Chief Inspector took a last look round, pushed open the front door and entered with a detachment of men.

When they came to the door of the bar-parlor, the noisy chatter faded until the only sounds were those of uneasy shuffling.

Reed stepped into the room. He rapidly surveyed the faces of everybody present, decided they were not the men he sought, and turned to his colleagues.

"Hunter, Rogers, Thornton, Deal and Priestly—follow me. The rest stay here."

As he turned to go, he warned the customers to remain in the bar.

Reed then went along the passage to the tap-room. The only customers, however, were a couple of Lascar sailors and three local hangers-on, whom he recognised by sight.

"Upstairs!" commanded Mac briefly, and his men fled as noiselessly as possible up the narrow wooden staircase. At the top, Reed motioned to them to remain silent while he went along to each of the four doors and listened for some minutes. Outside the farthest door he paused, and, hearing a certain amount of desultory conversation inside, beckoned cautiously to his companions.

At a signal from the Chief Inspector each produced a revolver. He waited for a moment, then seized the knob firmly and flung open the door.

Three figures seated by the fire swung round as one man.

"The police!" cried Swan Williams.

"If any of ye move, it'll be the last time ye'll ever . . ." snapped Reed, but the rest of his words were cut short by a shot. Slightly behind the others, Jed Ware had quickly produced a gun, aimed at the electric bulb, and reduced the room to darkness. The four men dropped to their knees, taking cover behind chairs and any other article of furniture that was handy. Standing in the narrow doorway, the police offered an easy target, and they had to back out into the corridor, dragging Thornton and Rogers, both of whom had been hit, out of the line of fire.

Reed sent for more men, and decided to force the issue. Ordering his men to bring along an ancient horsehair sofa which stood on the landing, he had it pushed into the doorway, thus affording them some measure of protection.

Two revolvers still blazing, but the police now brought a small machine-gun into play,

and it was not long before the Front Page Men were silent.

Reed went into the room as the smoke cleared away, and curiously surveyed the inert forms by the light of a torch.

There was no sign of Front Page Man Number One.

"Well, I must say you seem to bear a charmed life, Hunter," said Sir Graham Forbes rather grimly the next morning.

"How are the others?"

"Thornton's pretty bad, sir," Hunter informed him.

"Tut! Tut! And Rogers?"

"Oh, it turned out that he wasn't badly hurt after all. The lucky devil had his cigarette-case in his breast-pocket, and the bullet went off that and just grazed his shoulder."

"Is Mac all right?" asked Temple, who was standing by the Commissioner's desk.

"Not a scratch!" grinned Hunter. "Heaven only knows how they missed him!"

Sir Graham handed round his cigarettes and slowly lit one for himself.

"It's a great pity you didn't manage to get your hands on Lina Presnay," he murmured regretfully. "According to a report I have here, she was in the bar-parlor when you arrived."

"I can't understand it!" said Hunter, wrinkling his forehead. "Both Mac and I looked round carefully. Of course, it was thick with smoke . . . but even so, she must have slipped through the cordon somehow."

"Bad management somewhere," growled Forbes. "What about Brightman?"

"He's in a pretty bad way," replied Hunter.

"They all are, except for Swan Williams."

"Have you questioned him?"

"Yes, sir."

"H'm. Won't talk, I suppose?"

"He'll talk all right, but he doesn't seem to know a great deal."

"Just as I expected," said Temple. "They were working in the dark most of the time, is Brightman likely to be well enough to say anything soon?"

"He was a little better this morning," answered Hunter. "As a matter of fact, Mac's with him at the moment."

"We shouldn't have acted so hastily," reflected Sir Graham. "If we'd waited, we'd probably have got the Front Page Man. I shouldn't wonder if the sight of the police-cars scared him away."

Temple puffed a neat smoke-ring into the air.

"The Front Page Man never had any intention of going near the Glass Bowl last night," he announced calmly.

"Why do you say that?" demanded Forbes sharply.

Temple leaned forward in his chair.

"Von Zeltan arrives from Munich with the express purpose of buying the Carter Collection from the Front Page Men. But Front Page Man Number One has seen the red light. Things are getting a bit too hot. He therefore arranges for the gang to wait for him at the Glass Bowl, while he, personally, sees von Zeltan elsewhere and clinches the deal. Of course, if it should happen that the Glass Bowl came to be raided that particular evening, well—that was a bit of bad luck for the gang."

"You mean he double-crossed them!" said Hunter excitedly.

Temple nodded.

"Then that explains the note I received—telling us about the meeting at the Glass Bowl," deliberated Forbes.

"It does seem to fit in," smiled Temple.

They heard a knock at the door, and Reed came in.

"Hallo, Mac. You don't seem very pleased

to find yourself alive," Forbes greeted him. "I've just been having a friendly little chat with an oyster," said Reed glumly.

"Won't Brightman talk?"
"Talk! Ye have the devil's own job to make the blighter nod!" Reed ruffled his sandy hair in vexation.

"Sir Graham," Hunter put in, "if the Front Page Man wasn't at the Glass Bowl—"
"I'm not worried about that so much," replied Sir Graham briefly. "I'm inclined to accept Temple's theory that he had no intention of turning up at the Glass Bowl. What I am worried about is the fact that the girl slipped through our fingers."

"If it comes to that, who noticed the girl in the bar-parlor?" asked Reed. "I'm sure I didn't."

"Come to think of it, Mac, I did see a young woman—she was on the right-hand side. But it didn't occur to me that she would be Lina Fresnay."

"Why not?" asked Temple quickly.
"Well, she was rather muffled up, and not particularly well dressed. I thought she might be one of the regular customers."

"Ay, we expected to find her with the rest of the gang," added Mac.

"She wasn't the only person missing from the bar-parlor, either," continued Hunter. "When we first entered I noticed a parson sitting in one of the alcove affairs. After the shooting he seemed to have miraculously disappeared."

"Could it be our old friend the Reverend Charles Hargreaves?" queried Temple pleasantly.

"Hargreaves!" cried Hunter. "Why, that's the fellow who rang me up at the hospital to warn me that . . ."

The telephone rang. It was Sergeant Leopold, who told Sir Graham that there was a caller waiting to see him.

"Eh? I can't see anyone now," barked Sir Graham. "What's that? Who? Oh? Hargreaves! . . . All right, send him in. . . ." He replaced the receiver.

"Why this is the man I was talking about!" exclaimed Hunter in complete amazement.

"The Reverend Charles Hargreaves," announced Sergeant Leopold, and all eyes were turned on the door.

With a slight smile curving his whimsical mouth, the Reverend Hargreaves shook hands with Sir Graham and then turned to Temple.

"I hoped we should meet again, Mr. Temple—and here we are," smiled Hargreaves.

Hunter, however, was not to be denied.

"Sir Graham, this is the man who was at the Glass Bowl on the night of the raid—I'll swear to that!" he insisted.

The Chief Commissioner smiled rather grimly.

"That's all right, Hunter. He won't try to get away." Sir Graham paused as if he were making a decision; then announced:

"Gentlemen, may I present an old colleague of mine—Gilbert Wrenson, of the Intelligence Department?"

"How do you do?" Hunter managed to stammer at length.

"I'm very well, thank you, Inspector," smiled Wrenson pleasantly. "Well, Temple, I hope we haven't been treading on each other's toes too often."

"No," laughed the novelist, "but that get-up of yours had me completely baffled at first. I racked my brain for hours, trying to think where I'd seen you before."

"Yes, it seems to have been fairly successful," agreed Wrenson.

"Gilbert," said Forbes presently, "who is this Front Page Man?"

Wrenson eased his clerical collar uncomfortably.

"I wish I knew," he had to admit. "Nobody knows except Lina Fresnay. Not even Brightman."

With a muttered imprecation Forbes leaned back wearily in his chair and closed his eyes.

"I think I've worked harder on this case, and taken more risks than ever in my life before, and yet, somehow, I haven't got the results I've aimed at," admitted Wrenson. "I fixed up a microphone in the Hampstead flat, and got Sir Graham to hold up the arrests of Mills and Brightman as long as possible, so that I could listen to their meetings. That was how I heard about the proposed attack on Lucky Gibson at the hospital. I got in touch with Hunter, but unfortunately was just too late. I also had a pretty good idea of how the gang worked the Nottingham affair; but at the time was unable to do anything about it—except be on the spot when it happened."

"You've done remarkably well," said Temple, with considerable respect in his voice.

"Up to a point, yes," nodded Wrenson. "I was lucky to get the Blakeley child back safe and sound. They'd taken him to a deserted tinworks on the river, owned by a rat-faced little devil named Ginger Ricketts. Your old pal Chubby Wilson was really responsible for my getting a clue in that business. I was in the Seamen's Hostel one night preparing for one of the weekly sing-songs, when a note came for Chubby. It said: 'Be at Redhouse Wharf to-night at nine.' I delivered the note, of course, then trailed Chubby for all I was worth!"

"What made you go to the Glass Bowl last night?" demanded Forbes curiously.

"I was there waiting for a gentleman I'd give ten years of my life to meet—Front Page Man Number One," answered Wrenson simply.

"But what made you think he'd be there?" Hunter was anxious to learn.

"I listened in to a jolly little meeting the night before last. Lina Fresnay definitely promised Brightman and the gang that they would meet the Front Page Man last night at the Glass Bowl, together with another interesting gentleman named von Zelton."

"Yes, Jimmy told us about him, I've had a warrant issued. Have you found out anything about von Zelton?"

"Not a great deal. He's the biggest 'fence' in Europe, of course. And there's not the slightest doubt what he's over here for."

"Temple thinks, and I'm inclined to agree with him," said Forbes, "that the Chief intended to get the gang together at the Glass Bowl and then double-cross them."

"That's what he intended all right, and he's got away with it. Our only chance now is if we can pick up von Zelton, and find out where he's arranged to meet the Front Page Man."

"Maybe we'll get the girl yet," hazarded Forbes.

"She was at the Glass Bowl last night, and in view of what's happened, that rather surprises me," frowned Wrenson. "I can't quite see why the Front Page Man should want to double-cross her. After all, she's the only person who knows his real identity."

"Perhaps she was there for a purpose," said Forbes. "To see that all the gang turned up, for instance."

"Soon after the police arrived, she slipped out of one of the side entrances . . . that would be when the shooting started," recalled Wrenson. "I did my best to follow her, but it was very misty by the river. I made one interesting discovery, though."

She dropped her handbag, and there was this card inside."

The card was just a plain piece of pasteboard, on which was scribbled: "Mr. Wallace Sabina . . . The Autumn Hotel."

"Who on earth is Wallace Sabina?" asked Temple, leaning over Sir Graham's shoulder. "If you look underneath, you'll see the letter 'V.Z.'," Wrenson pointed out.

"By Jove!" ejaculated Sir Graham. "V.Z.—that von Zelton!" exclaimed Hunter.

"Great Scott! It's just occurred to me—Sabina must be the Front Page Man, and he's waiting for von Zelton at the Autumn Hotel," said Wrenson, thumping the desk.

"Then von Zelton mustn't reach him, whatever happens," decided the Chief Commissioner.

"Why not?" demanded Temple, to everybody's surprise.

"But surely, Temple, you see . . ."
"I have always thought killing two birds with one stone rather a pleasant occupation," said Temple, rather cryptically.

Any further argument was cut short by the telephone ringing. Reed, who was nearest, picked up the receiver.

"Chief Commissioner's Office . . . Oh, hello, Thompson . . . Ye've what? Good man! Stick to him like glue. Ay, bring him back here as soon as ye can!"

"Who was it?" asked Forbes.

"It's Thompson, speaking from Croydon," replied Reed. "They've got von Zelton. He's just arrived by special plane."

A rather short, fairly well-built little man placed his elbows on the counter of the reception office in the dowdy lobby of the Autumn Hotel.

"Good morning!" The little man spoke in a thick guttural accent. "I believe you have a gentleman staying here I wish to see."

"What name, sir?"

"The gentleman's name is Mr. Wallace Sabina."

"Oh, yes, sir. Mr. Sabina is in Room Seventy-four. I believe he's expecting you." He summoned a page.

"What name shall I say, sir?"

"My name," he said softly, "is Herr von Zelton."

As the page opened the door, Mr. Wallace Sabina rose from a small writing-desk in the far corner of his room and came to welcome his guest.

"I am a little late, eh?" smiled von Zelton.

"I had to take a special plane . . . and then this traffic . . . It was very difficult this morning."

Sabina nodded understandingly.

"I'm sorry to have brought you all this way, von Zelton, but this matter is urgent, and I think well worth your journey. Von Zelton . . . you've heard of the Carter Collection?"

"But who has not, my friend?"

"Exactly," nodded Sabina.

"It is, I am told, worth about two hundred thousand pounds in your money," continued von Zelton.

"You seem to have been misinformed, my friend. It is worth . . . a million!"

The telephone shrilled, and with a muttered imprecation at the interruption, Sabina excused himself, and picked up the receiver.

"Hello—yes, this is Sabina . . ."

He recognised Lina's voice immediately. For once, she was excited, and no longer spoke in her unhurried, level tones.

"This is bad news," she whispered urgently.

"What do you mean? Where are you?"

"Not far from Scotland Yard. They've got von Zelton."

"Don't be silly—be here now!"

"I've just seen them take him into the Yard."
"But I tell you, von Zelton is here!" Sabina was quite angry now. "Lina, if this is a joke—"

"It's no joke for any of us," came her gleeful voice. "I can't stay any longer—there's a plain-clothes man just passed this box and . . . good-bye!"

Sabina slammed down the receiver, looking rather bewildered, then seemed as if he were about to pick it up again.

A strange voice suddenly interrupted him in his plans.

"Put that phone down, Mr. Sabina!" The receiver clattered on to its rest once more.

"Then . . . then you're not von Zelton!" gasped Sabina in alarm.

"No," said the clear, firm voice, without a trace of accent.

"Put that gun down!" cried Sabina desperately. "If it's a question of money . . ."

"It is not a question of money," coldly replied the other.

"Then what is it . . . what do you want?"

"I want revenge!" There was a soft, sinister inflection in his voice, which, however, grew louder until he was almost screaming: "Revenge! Revenge!"

The revolver was thrust ominously forward.

"No! No!" cried Sabina.

The little man recovered himself slightly. "Do you remember Lester Granville, the actor?" he asked in very deliberate tones. "His child was kidnapped. His only daughter. He paid seven thousand pounds for her return. . . . He advanced a step, and once more his voice rose. "But she was not returned! She was not returned!"

"Don't shoot!" begged Sabina hysterically.

But Lester Granville shot four times with cold deliberation. Then, with a final contemptuous glance at the body that had been Gerald Mitchell, he swiftly opened the door, and walked casually along the corridor.

With determined expressions on their faces, four men got out of a police car and strode purposefully into the entrance hall of the Autumn Hotel. Their leader went up to the manager and introduced himself at once.

"I am Sir Graham Forbes, of New Scotland Yard."

"You haven't lost much time," commented the manager admiringly. "Why, it's only about five minutes since I telephoned . . ."

"Telephoned?"

"About the suicide . . ."

Sir Graham shot an inquiring glance at Reed, Hunter and Paul Temple. Then he turned to the manager again.

"I'm not concerned with your suicide at the moment. I'm making some inquiries about a Mr. Wallace Sabina."

"But . . . it is Mr. Sabina!" cried the manager excitedly.

"Show us his room," ordered Sir Graham at once, and the manager led the way upstairs.

When he opened the door, and disclosed the body with its features grotesquely distorted, the three Scotland Yard men gasped.

Only Paul Temple betrayed not the slightest sign of surprise at the body of Gerald Mitchell.

Sir Graham began firing a string of questions at the manager, but the latter was not able to help him very much. He suggested that his reception clerk might know

more about Wallace Sabina, and telephoned down for him.

"Well, if it's suicide, he made a pretty good job of it," commented Mac, looking at the body.

"Suicide!" scoffed Forbes. "How the devil could a man pump four bullets into himself like this?"

Paul Temple spoke for the first time since they had entered the room. "Would you mind if I asked the reception clerk some questions, Sir Graham? I have rather an interesting theory about the murder . . . and if it all fits in . . ."

"All right, Temple, go ahead," gruffly agreed Forbes, and just then the man arrived.

"I am rather interested in the gentleman who visited Mr. Sabina," began Temple.

"You mean Mr. von Zelton, sir?"

There was an exclamation from Hunter, but Temple ignored it.

"Exactly," he continued evenly. "I mean Mr. von Zelton. How old would you say he was?"

"Oh, it's difficult to say, sir. Perhaps about fifty-five."

"When did he arrive?"

"About an hour ago, sir, as far as I can judge."

"Did Sabina say that he was expecting a Mr. von Zelton?"

"Yes, sir, he told me that as soon as he'd registered."

"And this Mr. von Zelton—you're quite sure he was a foreigner?"

"I'd stake my life on it, sir," replied the clerk, with considerable emphasis.

"I see," murmured Temple reflectively. Then he dismissed the clerk, who went out with the manager.

"How could it be von Zelton?" demanded Forbes irritably, as Hunter closed the door.

"You don't think Thompson picked up the wrong laddie?" suggested Reed.

"Not a chance!" replied Hunter. "The fellow we picked up at Croydon was von Zelton all right. I checked up on his pictures."

"Yes, of course," agreed Sir Graham impatiently. "That was the real von Zelton."

"Then who the devil was this fellow? He must have known a darn sight more than we do about the Front Page Men," said Hunter.

"Ay, and he must have been a pretty good actor, too," added Reed.

"By Timothy!" ejaculated Temple suddenly.

Forbes looked up suspiciously. "Well, Temple, what is it?"

"Oh, nothing," replied the novelist, looking rather embarrassed. The telephone started ringing, and saved him any further explanation.

Forbes answered it.

"This may be for Sabina," he muttered. But it proved to be Wrenson, speaking from the Yard.

"Well, I'll be hanged!" Sir Graham exclaimed, as he replaced the receiver. In response to the eager looks of inquiry from his subordinates, he announced:

"About five minutes ago a parcel was handed in at the Yard. It was addressed to the Reverend Charles Hargreaves."

He paused. "It was the Carter Collection."

His colleagues were duly impressed.

"It must have been taken from Mitchell by this . . . this fellow who impersonated von Zelton," decided Hunter, wrinkling his brow.

"So, whoever he was, he couldn't have been a crook."

Temple smiled quietly.

"Well, I'm off back to the Yard. Can't see much point in staying here. You fellows

look after the doctor and the photographer when they get here," ordered Sir Graham.

"Coming, Temple?"

Temple nodded. They walked downstairs, discussing the case, and while Sir Graham went to have a final word with the manager, Temple asked permission to use the telephone. He dialled the number of his flat, and soon heard Steve's voice.

"Hello, darling, I just rang up to warn you that I may be rather late to-night . . . yes . . . well, I couldn't say just how late . . . oh, yes, darling, perfectly respectable! As a matter of fact, I'm going to see an old friend of ours . . . yes . . . a Mr. Goldie."

It was late afternoon, and at last Steve had got her husband to herself.

"Tell me, Paul, when did you first suspect Gerald?" she demanded eagerly.

"The day he came to Bramley Lodge and told us about Ann being good at impersonating people. I couldn't quite see the point in that . . . after all, if one is reasonably fond of one's wife, and discovers she has criminal instincts, one doesn't rush to the nearest police station. Gerald knew I was almost bound to go to Sir Graham with such valuable information."

"But what was his point?" persisted Steve.

"I haven't quite figured that out," replied Temple thoughtfully. "He must have persuaded Ann to impersonate Carol over the telephone without her realising the significance of it. He probably bluffed her that it was just a practical joke."

"Yes, but later she must have realised that . . ."

"Later, Ann realised many things, Steve, but I've a feeling he had some devilish hold over her in some way. That's why she tried to get away, and took that flat in Bloomsbury."

"Gerald, of course, tried to throw suspicion on Ann."

"Yes. Because he wasn't at all sure just how much Ann knew about him, and how much she had told the police."

"Then you think he killed Ann—suspecting that she was going to tell Carol Forbes all she knew?"

Temple nodded. "Yes, he must have brought that off very cleverly."

But it was at Tavistock Court that he first really gave the show away. If you remember, Gerald tried to play the complete innocent about Tavistock Court. Yet he knew which button to press in the lift to take us to the right floor. How could he have known that without visiting the place beforehand?"

"And there was another point which rather interested me. After we had heard Goldie in the flat above . . ."

"Then it was Goldie?"

"Of course. We had quite a little chat together."

"But—you said the flat was deserted."

Steve reminded him.

Temple smiled. "Yes, that little brain-wave occurred to me on the way down. And Gerald said: 'I wonder if he's climbed on to the roof!'"

"Would it have been possible for Mr. Goldie to have climbed on to the roof?"

"That's just the point. The flat was being thoroughly overhauled, and there was an opening above one of the windows, covered by a tarpaulin. Obviously, Gerald knew all about that."

"Who is Mr. Goldie?"

"Ah," murmured Temple, with a slightly humorous twitch of his mobile mouth.

"Mr. J. P. Goldie . . . well, I believe he's rather a meek little man with a pas-

sion for horticulture. Of course, I've never actually met him . . .

"Never met him!" repeated Steve in a startled voice.

"But, Paul . . ."

"Oh, yes, darling, I know what you're thinking. But our Mr. Goldie isn't the Mr. Goldie. In fact, he isn't a Mr. Goldie at all."

"Then who is he?"

"His name's Granville—Lester Granville," explained Temple quietly. "Does that convey anything to you?"

"You mean the actor?"

"I do."

Steve shuddered. She remembered working on the Granville case with half a dozen fellow reporters in her newspaper days. It had been one of the most unpleasant cases she had covered.

"That poor man . . . his daughter . . ."

she faltered.

"The effect on Granville was almost unbelievable," continued Temple. "He went nearly demented with fury, left the stage at once, and has since devoted all his time to tracking down the criminals responsible for his daughter's death. And Granville was no fool, Steve! He knew what he was doing all right. He realised from the start that it was quite hopeless for him to make a thorough investigation, unless he could first of all manage to conceal his real identity. And so . . ."

"He became Mr. J. P. Goldie," prompted Steve.

Temple nodded. "It was a clever move. Actually, Granville had known the real Mr. Goldie for quite a little while. He was, in fact, by way of being a friend of his. Fortunately, Granville was a pretty good musician, and had often discussed the technical problems of piano-tuning with Goldie. So he soon settled down to the work."

"Yes, but darling, how did you discover he wasn't the real Mr. Goldie?" asked Steve.

"Well, I had my suspicions from the first. I knew he was either connected with the gang or making some sort of private investigation. Then one day I decided to visit Clapham and Thompson's in Regent Street. Goldie used to work there, remember. The fellow in charge described him absolutely to a T. It really did look as if my suspicions were unfounded. Then suddenly, just as I was leaving, the salesman said: 'I expect the old boy is still crazy over lilies.' That remark rather fascinated me, and I soon discovered my first clue. The real Mr. Goldie was considered an expert on certain flowers, and particularly lilies."

Steve's face lit up. "So that was why you brought those lilies home that day Mr. Goldie was here?"

"Exactly. I literally scoured London for the finest lilies in the country. But Goldie was quite unimpressed by them. He didn't even make a single comment. Then, as a final test, I deliberately called them tiger lilies. Now, no expert would stand for that! They were quite obviously nothing of the kind. But Goldie didn't contradict me. In fact, to put it bluntly, as far as he was concerned, they might just as well have been the bluebells of Scotland!"

"But, Paul, how did you discover he was Lester Granville?"

"If you'll swear not to breathe a word, I'll tell you," he whispered, looking into her eyes. "Granville told me himself."

For a moment Steve was taken aback. "When did he tell you?"

"That night in Bloomsbury."

"What was he doing at Tavistock Court?"

"Just keeping his eye on Gerald Mitchell."

You see, Goldie, or rather Granville, had already discovered that Gerald was Front Page Man Number One.

"It's rather a curious story. At the time when Granville's child disappeared, he was playing in a show called 'Mist Over the Moon.' Lydia Royal, alias Ann Mitchell, also had a small part in the cast, and she became quite friendly with Granville's little girl. It was through her, in fact, that Gerald organised the kidnapping. Though Ann, of course, was quite ignorant of that."

"What made Goldie first suspicious of Gerald?"

"Well, when the Front Page Men came into existence Goldie suddenly realised that the novel, from which the gang apparently took its title, was published by none other than Lydia Royal's husband, Gerald Mitchell. This made him think. And suddenly he realised how very friendly Ann had been towards his little girl."

"So he suspected Ann," put in Steve quickly.

"Yes, I'm afraid he did. Nevertheless, this helped to put him on the right track where Gerald was concerned. Oddly enough, however, his investigations led him to believe that Brightman was the leader of the gang, and it wasn't until the last week or so that he realised that Gerald himself was Front Page Man Number One."

Steve frowned thoughtfully. "I can't quite see why Gerald called his organisation The Front Page Men. It seems that by doing so he automatically drew attention to himself."

"Exactly!" Temple thumped the small table until the teacups rattled. "Don't you see that was really a brilliant psychological move? The police knew he was the publisher of the novel 'The Front Page Men.' They knew he was telling the truth about the novel being submitted out of the blue by the mysterious Andrea Fortune. This put him in a really excellent position. In the eyes of the law, he was merely the bright but somewhat bewildered young book publisher. Certainly, it automatically connected him with the case, but it enabled the police to dismiss him as being an insignificant factor. The same move was made by Andrew Brightman, who deliberately brought himself to the notice of the police by saying that his daughter had been kidnapped. This, again, was a very carefully planned move on Brightman's part, for it also enabled him to throw suspicion on Mr. Goldie."

"It was particularly clever of Gerald to contrive to be on both sides of the fence at the same time—why, he even went with you on that river trip," recalled Steve.

"Yes," agreed her husband, "and he acted pretty scared, too. In fact, I think Gerald was a much better actor than Ann."

"But this doesn't solve the mystery of Andrea Fortune," went on Steve. "Do you think she wrote that letter Sir Graham received?"

"I know she did," replied Temple quietly. Neither spoke for a few moments. Then Steve asked:

"What are you thinking of?"

Temple placed a hand lightly on her shoulder. "Of a certain newspaper reporter I used to know. A girl by the name of Steve Trent . . ." He paused, then added, "and, of course, she was very, very clever."

"Why do you say that?"

"Because she married a popular novelist," resumed Temple, "who was laboring under the impression that nobody in his family could possibly write anything except himself. And just to prove him wrong, what do you think she did?"

"She wrote a book?"

"That's exactly what she did. And she sent it to a small literary agency, with strict instructions that all royalties be made payable to the London and General Hospital in Gerard Street. And the name of the book, my sweet, was 'The Front Page Men.' And the name of the author was Andrea Fortune."

"Paul, you know that . . .?"

"I know that you are Andrea Fortune," said Paul Temple quietly.

"Darling, I'm so glad you know," confessed Steve impulsively. "I've been dreadfully worried about the whole business. Of course, I knew that the book had nothing to do with the real Front Page Men, but I somehow couldn't bring myself to admit—"

She broke off quickly. "You're not annoyed, darling?"

"Of course not," he told her gently. "But by Timothy, I hope you're not writing a sequel!"

Steve laughed. "No, darling, I'm not. I think Andrea Fortune had better retire as gracefully as possible."

Steve poked the fire, then turned on him again.

"Paul, did you see Goldie—or rather Granville—after you telephoned yesterday?"

"Yes," replied Temple softly.

"Why! If you knew all there was to know . . ."

"I realised that Lester Granville was the only man who could have impersonated you Zelton," said Temple slowly.

"Then Granville murdered Gerald Mitchell?"

"He did."

"Does Sir Graham know?" demanded Steve.

Temple shook his head. "I haven't told him—yet."

"Paul, what's going to happen? What are you going to do?"

Temple did not answer at once. "Last night," he said quietly, "Granville told me the whole story. I don't think anyone will ever realise what the child meant to him, Steve. He was determined to get Mitchell—no matter what might happen to himself."

"Paul, what are you going to do?" repeated Steve anxiously.

"He talked about leaving for South America," her husband informed her. "I begged him to stay and confess. I told him, quite honestly, that after the terrible happenings of the past three months it was almost impossible to say what might be the result."

"And if he doesn't stay?"

"If he doesn't stay, repeated the novelist thoughtfully, "Bon voyage, Mr. Goldie!"

"I hope for his own peace of mind . . ." began Steve, then stopped, as the faint strains of the piano filtered in from the next room.

Someone with a gentle, almost wistful touch was playing the familiar "Liebestraum."

Temple clasped Steve's hand, and they listened until the last melancholy note had faded into soft echoes. Then Temple looked up to see Pryce standing beside him.

"What is it, Pryce?"

"It's the piano-tuner, sir," he said. "Mr. Goldie. Mr. J. P. Goldie."

THE END.

(All characters in this novel are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.)

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